

THE
NEW MONK,
A ROMANCE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY R. S. ESQ.

Quis ignorat, maximam illecebram esse peccandi impunitatis spem?

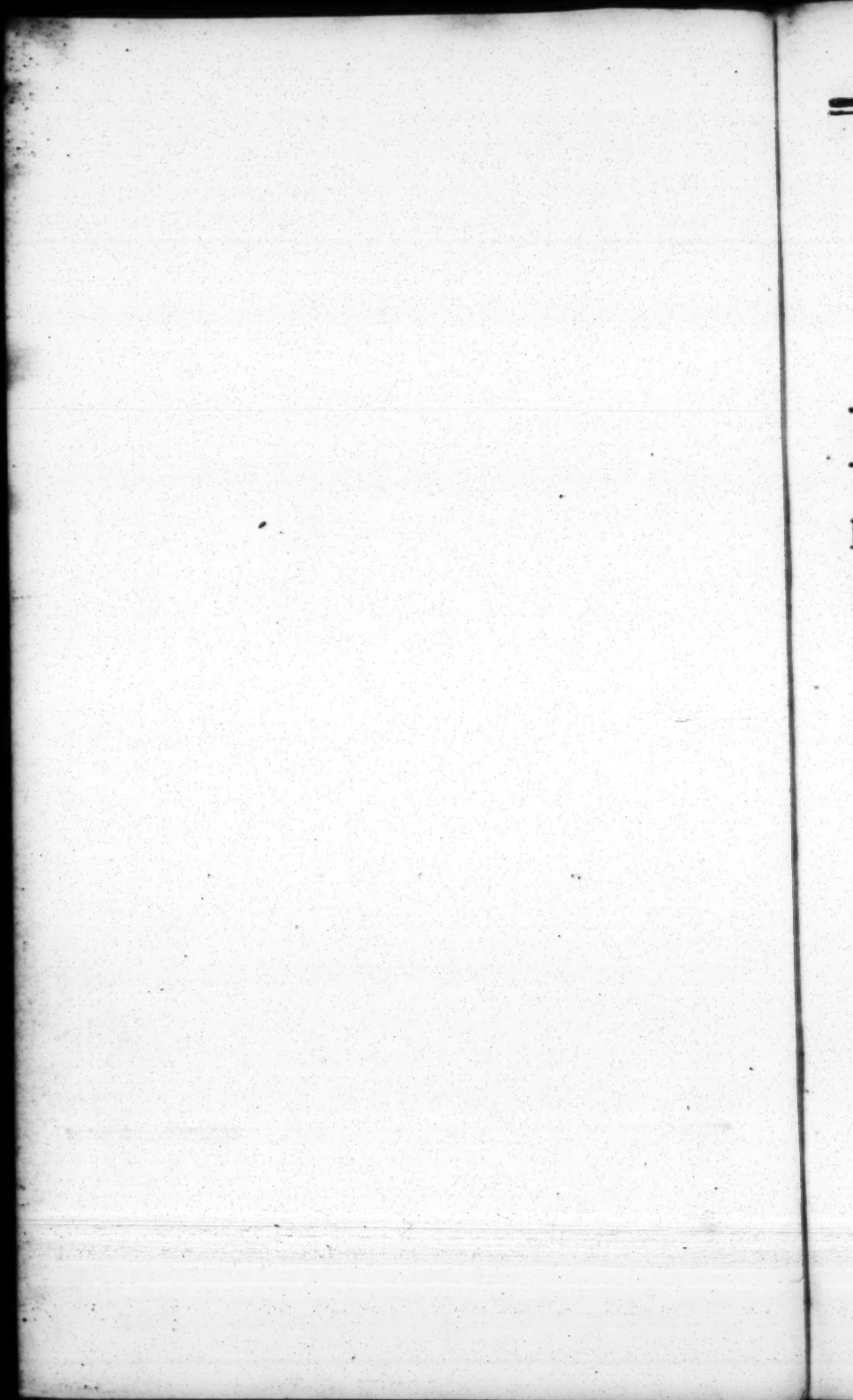
CICERO.

Who is ignorant, that it is the hopes of impunity which is the
greatest temptation to sin?

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

BEFORE my readers proceed to the perusal of the "New Monk," for a few minutes I must request their serious attention. I wish to explain to them the reason of its name, and the cause of its creation. Without meaning any personal attack on Mr. Lewis as a man, I must be allowed to combat him as an author. I read his "Monk" with horror: I there saw scenes displayed to the broad eye of day, which
are

are “prodigal enough, if they unveil their aspect to the moon.” I beheld obscenity decorated in all the lustre of genius, religion hooded by prejudice, and a vast phalanx of mischief levelled at the morals of mankind. Whatever the scholastic pedant may affirm to the contrary, it is my opinion, and it must be the opinion of every studier of the world, that at this æra, the first seeds which are sown in the minds of the youth of both sexes, are collected from the Novels and Romances of the day. Ought we not, then, to be careful of the principles and sentiments which

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are

are diffused through this species of writing? Ought we not to cry down the voice of ribaldry, let its accents be ever so modulated?

I fully grant the weight of every merit that the "Monk" possesses: with all its wildness the language is animated, and that elegance barbs the arrow, and touches it with poison. The eye that would close against a tale of unvarnished vice, will dwell with delight upon the polished periods of the "Monk." Evil, I know, has been its effect, and evil will continue to be its effect, whilst it is read in England, both
by

by men and women, with an ardent avidity that reflects disgrace on their understanding, if not a libel upon their hearts.

I have fought, by a ridicule of its worst parts, by only substituting one appetite for another, to display the grossness of the idea, and to call a blush of contrition over the cheeks of those who have dwelt with pleasure on its pages. By the character of Pentateuch, I mean not to cast a shade upon religion : Heaven forbid that I should seek to obscure that form, which every thinking man must consider as the source of
“ light,

“light, and splendour, and joy!” Whatever may have been the intentions of the author of the “Monk,” such is the tendency of his book. Those who recollect his observations on the Scriptures, will subscribe to the truth of my assertions. Aware that the absurdities of cant and superstition were the first foes of religion, that they were the parents of infidelity, I have made the hero of my story one of those Methodists, who, possessing neither goodness nor common sense, exalting themselves as the preachers of heaven, are the will-o’th-whisps of society, who conduct

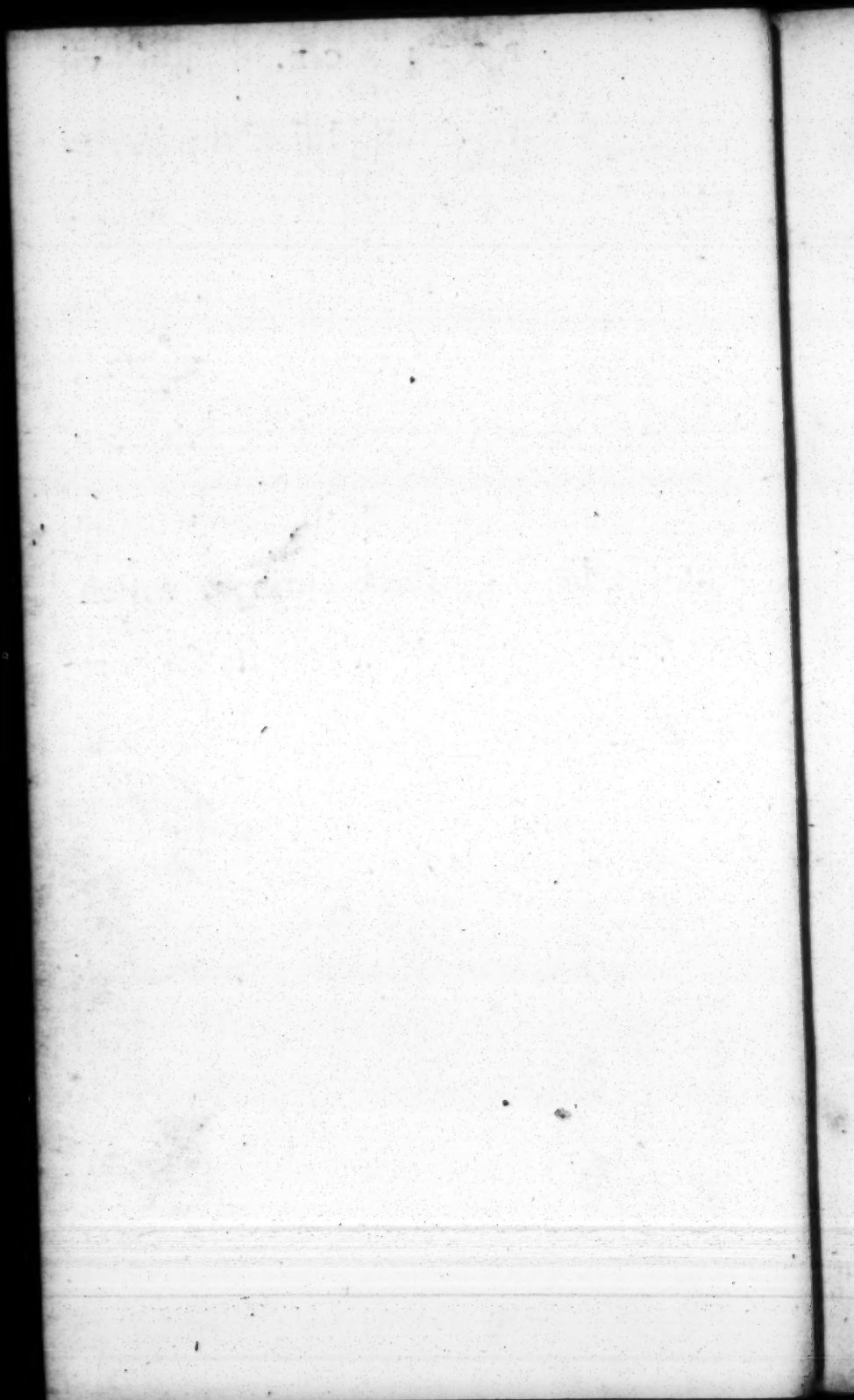
duct their followers, through the labyrinths of folly, to the darkest depths of fanatic terrors.

I have glided slightly over those parts, where there is the least to condemn. My aim is to set in a ridiculous and a disgusting light, a style of writing, which only waited for toleration to become general. It inoculates the heart for the admission of every vice ; and strong indeed must be the constitution, that it does not affect with feelings which are the degradation of human nature.

Now

Now I have accomplished my intentions, I must leave the public to judge : whatever may be its decision, it cannot brand me as an enemy to mankind, which he must be, who, by corrupting the minds of its youth, poisons the fountain-head of those springs, which at a future day ought to be its support and glory.

London, May 22, 1798.



T H E
N E W M O N K.

C H A P. I.

————— “ I grant him bloody,
“ Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
“ Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
“ That has a name.” —————

SHAKESPEARE.

SCARCELY had the doors of one of those temples, frequented by the followers of Whitfield, been opened, when, at the same instant, it was filled by rushing torrents of impatient auditors.—Imagine not, that such assortment there assembled from purest motives of *crystal* piety or hungry admonition.—

VOL I.

B

No!—

No! — 'Perhaps an odd dozen or two might be thus influenced: but I can answer for the remaining part, whose sole errand consisted in displaying faces of the most snowy complexion, with rows of teeth, some like the *most* unblemished ivory, whilst others could claim kindred with mahogany, or coal. Let the grand attraction be what it would, the place was stuffed almost to suffocation.— Grunts, groans, screams, and cries of all tones, both from fat and lean, ascended and rattled, in loud and redoubled echos, through the vaulted roof of this close pent medley of human creatures.

In this state were affairs, when two new comers entered: on purpose they had run near a mile, swift as Arabian coursers; t'was all to nothing!—good places they could not get:—however, the old woman elbowed it away for a considerable length of time, heedless of the exclamations—"Damn the woman, where the devil would she be?"—"O Christ! this woman's elbow!"—"Lord, Ma'am, how you squeeze!" "Jasus God, my toe"—

toe!"—She was resolute:—deaf to abuse;—worked her way into the place directly under the pulpit. Her unfortunate companion, with utmost fear, crept after; taking advantage by her strength of arms. "Oh Jemminy!" roared the female elder, "how I sweat!—how I am scrouged!—I will never get to my pew, surely!—and as I hope to be saved, the unmannerly negers have got all the seats."

Two elegant sprigs of fashion, on hearing this, who were firmly stationed hard by, most cordially, benevolently, politely, philanthropically, and discreetly, without thought or ceremony, gave up their places, and took stand on each side the females, whom they now surveyed. The one was old, withered, and pitted with the small-pox; blind of one eye: the other, ashamed of its neighbour, looked outwards. A wig of a bright crimsonish hue became a sort of spencer for a few stragglers, that played in curls, of a single hair each, in beautiful meanders on her leathery forehead. The other was young;—no beauty can come up to her's; the Venus

is a child to her, an unformed six months;—every thing possible, that is impossible to conceive, is a *baggetelle* to her. All the Houriés, Silphs, Dryads, Hamadryads, Goddesses, Demi-goddesses, and beauties of every description, are damaged water in comparison—in short, comparisons of all kinds are odious. Such, suppose, was the angel, one of the youthful males placed himself beside.

“You are the *most* beautiful of women, without the least shadow of an idea,” said he, “and an utter stranger here, no doubt, you must be, or impossible! charms like these would have shone in the brightest rays throughout the west end.” She was silent as the most serene day; not a zephyr escaped her lip. “I am well known, Madam,” continued he; “and should me or mine, even now, or at any given time, have it in their power to render you, or your’s, the most trifling, or most important service, command it.” She must answer that, or politeness she has none, said he to himself. Clottleberry was mistaken most egregiously; she shook her
ambrosial

ambrosial curls, and gave a nod. Patience is a virtue, thought he ; then turning to the companion of his silent fair, " Is this lady dumb?—perhaps she's French: or "—" No, Sir—Child, what's the matter? why don't you answer the gentleman?" squeaked this adorable lump.

" Dear Aunt, I don't know the gentleman ; 'tis not the custom in the country."

" Country!—highty-tighty! Lord ha mercy! who minds that?—nobody but asses, bumkins, and buxom brawny-made girls:—talk of the country—it's the custom here in town, and that's all we ought to mind; I command you, Ma'am, to speak immediately:—you know, child, how nervous I be; how I don't like contradictions; and that you will do it."

'Twas all water poured into the boundless ocean—her niece was still silent. Her admirer gazed upon her with rapture infinite, whilst the old lady gabbled an apology for her stupid relation, as she termed it.

"I give you my word and truth," said she, "gentlemen, the girl is quite young; knows no more of manners than my ——."

Here she was interrupted by *her* attendant; who, with a significant look, said, He took her; knew her meaning: 'twas clear as ditch water.—"Lord, Sir,—yet she is my own sister's daughter, who blockaded this here young girl in an old pig-stye of a place she says was once full of Nuns and Friars."

"A monastery," returned Clottleberry.

"True as I am a maid.—And would you believe it? a young high-bred Lord took a strange hankering after this child's mother, Olivia, who was pretty withal—howsoever, they married unknown to his father:—but murder will out:—the old boy knew it, and, in a terrible anger, frightens his son, so that he ran off with his wife, the Lord knows where: and the papa comes to us; astonishes my sister into fits; breaks all my father's work-tools; (who, God knows, was as good a cork-cutter as any 'in town) throws him into Bridewell, and swore, for half a farthing, he would ravish me; and then flounced out
of

of the shop with my sister's little brat, then a boy, going of two years old, come Lent : but the poor child took it so much to heart, that we since heard he is dead."

"What a terrible old fleshy villain ! pray what was that he threatened you with ?"

"Ravishment ! as God's my judge ; and, to aggravate me (which was worse than if he did it), he said, "t'was only for my damned ugly, blear-eyed face, or he would out of revenge. Indeed it's like him.

"Well, but hear : Madame Olivia staid abroad till her husband died, and then come to England, without a rag to cover her back—'twas all my eye, to apply to her father in-law, who was married, and got a fine son ; but the hard-hearted wretch would only allow her this frightful forsaken nun's nest to live in, on condition he might never be bothered again with her. There she staid till the iron-minded monster died ; the steward turned her out, and now she is come to town, to see and get leave of his son to remain there."

"Angel of narrative," said Pelhembourgh ;
" why you have been nurtured by Joe Miller, and studied page 18 under the direction of a scientific. Sure some demon of eloquence protects you ; ne'er, till this moment—this heav'nly moment, did mine ear drink such nectareous delight—Mine eyes, mercy ye stars ! grow dim with too much pleasure."

" 'Tis too much—I intreat you answer me ; have you an aversion to matrimony ?"

" Now you touch my internals ; you are too sudden ; how could I refuse so polite, generous, handsome, and likely a young fellow as——"

" What, yonder sitting on the charity box ?" interrupted Pelhembourgh : " at least he seems the happy being of your attention."

The poor devil was struck rather in a heap, as she wished to glance directly on the object of her conversation ; but unluckily her eye, like a patent-gun, shot round the top of her ear, and appeared to be fixed on the person

son just mentioned, who was some distance behind her.

"May I ask," said Clottleberry, "the name of that nobleman, of whom you were just now speaking?"

"The Marquis of Thraddlestones."

"We're as intimate as brothers—he's not in town now; is a good fellow, and I'll warrant, if the lovely Ann Maria Augusta will permit me to be her advocate, the business shall soon be settled."

The goddess of sweetness tickled the corners of Ann Maria Augusta's lovely mouth, and produced a smile that would outdo the most able practitioner in the art of external expression: her eyes instinctively raised their large orbs aloft, and beamed, in native luxuriance, on he who proffered kindness. The ever-clacking Barbara rattled out loud and shrill thanks; adding her astonishment at the increasing crowd, heat, smell, and length of time of the approach of the preacher.

"What, are you ignorant," said Pelhembourgh, "that the celebrated, reverend, and

wondrous Joshua Pentateuch delivers sermonic evaporation in this place to-day and next Sunday? All London is in a bustle—and he never preaches without suffocations innumerable, mutilations many, and losses without number; why he is actually known to make his discourse according as he thinks the people ought to be punished. The less animated he is, the more peaceable and quiet are his hearers; but when he is agitated, they are restless, grow faint, kick, squeeze, cry, rave, and tear, until he imagines they are done enough; then he resumes his old train, and coolly takes his leave. Why he always calculates by what is to be said, of the accidents that shall happen, and does it to such a nicety, that he seldom errs above one miscarriage, four broken shins, and an old woman squeezed to death unintentionally.”

“Oh dear! yes; God, in his infinite mercy, forbid, that I should be ignorant of such a blessing.—Oh! the dear man—then his delivery. Child, you’ll be hardly able to

contain yourself—I dare say now you will wish to run up and kiss him in the act of divine exclamation (addressing herself to Ann Maria Augusta); but you must not, child, should you want ever so. Then turning to Clottleberry, “you see the girl’s silly as a bottle-stopper.”

“The stopper part remains to be proved, Madam; and as for the bottle, suppose we leave that to you. The earthly, as well as spiritual blessings of this life, from your youth and complexion, seem to hint that you are possessed of deep knowledge in those affairs.”

Bucram Barbara could discover an air of quizzing in the above speech; therefore, seeming to be inattentive, she replied, “Mr. Pentateuch, they say, has deep knowledge in the affairs of his congregation.”

“Yes, unparalleled are his presents, attentions, and discourses; and, from his great knowledge in geography, he has become quite the fashion amongst the females of *ton*, as a preceptor in the use of the globes; and

his entire title throughout this city is the Reverend of the west end."

"Oh yes! his parts are great, every one knows."

"That point still remains somewhat undecided. His education has been ample, having been left, whilst an infant, at the door of a nobleman, under whose care he remained nearly till now. At the age of seven months, all his teeth were perfect. At a year old, his hair curled close into the nape of his neck, resembling the neatest clerical appearance possible, as an earnest of his future greatness; at five he is said to have delivered a sermon to Lord S——'s servants in the hall out of the porter's chair. In short, from his upright, perfect, composed, and more than singular austerity, every one wonders at the man, and says he's more than mortal—he is now thirty, and not one hour of the day has been passed but in the mortifications of the flesh."

"Bless me, that's a bad disorder; in the end it generally carries off the poor creature—

ture—a mortification : in what part of his flesh ? I wonder he attends chapel.”

“ ’Tis entirely owing to his eyes,” continued our narrator ; and since he has been chosen Divine Extraordinary to this chapel, his mortification, from observation, has been greater than ever : in the whole course of his life he was never once known to deviate from order, decency, or decorum. In short, his person is unpolluted, and his chastity surpasses the moon’s : for instance, they say he does not know the difference between a man and a woman.”

“ He wears breeches certainly,” spoke for the second time, Ann Maria Augusta :—
“ Christ, child, you are always making a hole in your manners ; what a question ! these subjects fit for young women to handle ! Fye, child—fye ! you should not seem to know whether they were there or not, nor that ever such a thing had been there ; and, to prevent impertinent curiosity, you should think every body of the same gender with yourself. You are always giving one to understand,

understand, and bringing up in one's mind, that men have breeches; and that these breeches have waistband, pockets, and flap; and that these pockets, waistband, and flap, contain ——."

The noise made by the people, at this instant, proclaimed the arrival of the Reverend. Impatient every one to have a peep, men bestrode the shoulders of women, and boys upon men; so that from the huge mass of human pyramids, it appeared more like a collection of tumblers, than a congregation of Methodists. Even the pendent chandeliers held clusters of living creatures. By this time the object of attraction reached the pulpit.

He was a man erect, and looked straight forwards; his stature long, and visage rather inclining to the lanthorny; a sharp, but aquiline nasal promontory over-shadowed a mouth, in form like the all-powerful bow of the Easterns. A manly fallow marked his complexion; and two large eyes played in sweet thought, in a sort of living bower, formed

formed by his projecting brows, which described a couple of perfect arches ; each a semi-circle of thirty. Still there was such a something, not pomposity, but somewhat stronger, in his look and manner, that forced universal fear and expectation. In short, no one could bear his eyes, when fixed upon them ; their penetration, fire, and charm were such, as even to outdo the rattlesnake's. Such was Joshua Pentateuch, preacher, surnamed " the Reverend of the West End."

Ann Maria Augusta gazed on him with eager pleasure ; her heart beat with violence inexpressible ; and she felt some odd sensations at that moment, till then unknown to her. He commenced ;—not a whisper was heard. Our company were more than commonly attentive. He roared like the horrors of a tempest ; and raved louder than the north wind, as he pronounced the eternal damnation of his hearers, whom he called wretches, detestable even to the day ; and that the devil would make needle-cases of their carcases. Loud groans became common ;

mon; and, continues he, "Go home, settle your worldly rights, and prepare for instant darkness; prepare for the journey you have to go; think not on your sins, lest the ground should swallow you up, and by that means deprive an honest man of that, by which he earns a livelihood, and supports, perhaps, a helpless offspring.—Why do I stay?" continued he, "am I not amidst a sea of poison? begone out of my presence; you all riot in sinful indecencies and worldly abominations."

This discourse existed for a considerable length, accompanied by the ebbs and flows amidst the crowd, in squeezing, according to the spirit or calm parts of the sermon. When it concluded, he descended, and passed slowly, with his hands in his breeches pocket, and his eyes cast up. In this manner he proceeded, stepping a measured pace, till he reached the outer door; turned to the right-hand, and vanished from the gazing multitude.

Ann Maria Augusta followed him with her eyes, till he turned the corner; she sighed in her sleeve, and exclaimed, "How she should like him to teach her Geography! perhaps his terms are too high," said she to herself: "perhaps I may never see him more!"

Lord Clottleberry observed her attention. "Are you satisfied? does our orator answer all expectations?"

"Oh enchanting man! divine creature! his voice has perfectly astonished me: his sentiments have raised my feelings too, too high above myself. Ah! sweet Aunt, do prevail on my mother to let him teach me Geography."

"*Me! me!* I prevail upon her," replied Barbara; "no, Miss; I don't like him; he's an ugly, long, withered fellow: he indeed makes me quite nervous with his eyes: I never saw so horrible a beast; and I hope, from my heart, never to see such another. But when he talks of people dying, and of the devil, and needle-cases, and consciences,

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I was verily all of a shake, from top to toe : no, indeed he shan't, as long as I am Miss Barbara. Jemminy ! if I had been married, I would not have answered for the consequences : why the child might have been marked with a devil ;—he is quite out of my books.”

“ You are right, Miss Barbara,” answered Pelhembourgh ; “ he enforces too loudly his arguments ; and must add, he was rather out, when he compared an old maid to a pot of preserves, spoiled by laying by.”

The crowd had by this nearly ouzed out of the chapel, when the young heroes civilly offered their services in attending them home.

“ Lord, Sir,” affecting to blush, “ I should lose my character, were I to permit such a liberty ; my sister is particular, and would lecture me for a month. Besides, I am totally ignorant of your names.”

“ Mine is Lord Charles Clottleberry (as charity begins at home), and my friend the Honourable Montague Pelhembourgh.”

“ I

"I shall, gentlemen, tell my sister of your handsome offer, and will let you know.— Where may I send?"

"We are always found at the St. James's or Mount coffee-houses," said Montague: "but permit me, Madam, ere I bid adieu, perhaps for ever ——."

"I entreat you be moderate; I know your passion is strong; and, to prove that I will hereafter reward it, and perhaps prevent suicide, here take it:" upon which, with little ceremony, she stuck out her chin, puckered her mouth together, and darted forward her lips with great agility.

The deed was done, the Honourable wiped his mouth, and spit. Barbara hastened out of chapel, and the angelic Ann Maria Augusta followed slowly, in dumb but rapturous silence.

"Here's a mess," cried the object of Barbara's delight.—"What do you think of me now: you have some consolation;—the young one is beautiful, but the old one, I smell her yet."

"I

"I cannot express," said Clottleberry, "how much I admire Ann Maria Augusta. I am in for it, and love her to distraction already. Since the death of my father, my uncle, Lord Murtem, has often insisted on my being married; and what I have now beheld, by Heavens shall be the object."

"Why, my dear Charles, you are mad: what, marry the grand-daughter of a London cork-cutter?"

"Remember, my dear fellow, she is grand-daughter to the Marquis of Thraddlestones; besides her beauty, wit, and sense: and I should be too fashionable, did I think of offering myself on any other terms than that of making her my wife."

"Pugh! pugh! sensible; what the devil did she say; she only spoke twice; and then it was to enquire about the parson's breeches. Notable wit indeed."

"You mistook—it was her innocence."

"Well, well, come let us be off; I'm for the new play; off to the theatre, my boy—there's wives in plenty."

"It

"It is not in my power ; you know I only came to town last night, and must now call on my sister, who is at a celebrated boarding-school near here ; she is just blushing seventeen, full of youthful energy and romance."

"How can you be so damned stupid, Clottle, as to let Alice be there till now ;—why, all the prime of her excellence and worth will be lost : pugh ! she must come out this winter."

"No, my friend, I think the longer she is unacquainted with the tempestuous scenes of fashionable levities, the better."

"Sublime morality, away ; you'll outdo the old parson, my boy. I hope your new love will put some spirit into you, or I am sure you'll both be taken off in a fit of the horrors before the dimpling honey-moon is extinguished. Farewell, man of thought ; and if ever my service should be useful in amusing our female cyclops, I am your's ;—now to your own cogitations—Adieu !"

"That's

“That’s a good fellow,” mused Charles ;
“but he wants thought.”

The night was hastening in long strides to her usual nocturnal possessions ; the candles for evening prayers were not yet lighted ; the beams of the waking moon shot in large volumes through the leaden casements ; and the apertures between the poor’s-box and the pulpit monopolized the greatest part of the rays. Lord Clottleberry found himself unable to leave the spot. Ann Maria Augusta filled his mind with love ;—he gazed on the seat where her lovely form had rested. Unable to support these reflections, he reclined himself against a friendly pew, nearly the nineteenth from the pulpit.—The damp air, left by the late congregation, now cooled, and breathed along the silent aisles : Cynthia’s lustre fluttered in long streaks into the chapel through dirty windows, silvering the carved work of the rostrum, and tipping the scattered prayer and other books with a million, nay, a hundred million of colours. Silence smothered every
little

little fly in the sacred mansion : no sound was heard ; only now and then a post bell, or walking vnder, in the adjoining street.

Who could help being overcome in so charming a scene ? sleep insensibly stole over him, and the comfortable pallet on which he rested continued to influence his slumbers.

He fancied himself in Westminster Abbey, but it was not dark ; all was as a large transparency ; every monument was animated ; and each lachrymal attendant cheered up, and held a coloured lamp ;—the organist rattled, and choristers rung in loud peals the stupendous roof : The altar was magnificent ; the Gothic seats were crowded with multitudes ; Ann Maria Augusta, arrayed in bridal white, appeared at the matrimonial shrine. Suddenly the cloister-door unclosed, and a long train-band of clerks and sextons, at whose head, in solemn gravity, walked the preacher he had not long since heard, drew near Ann Maria.

“ Where is the bridegroom ? ” said the dream-engendered priest.

The

The youth advanced—she saw him; a crimson hue spread her cheek. She presented her hand; 'twas beautiful white and red. The youth threw himself at her feet. She stepped back for a moment; then in delight, impossible to be uttered, "Yes," she exclaimed, "'tis he! 'tis destined he!"

Her arms were extended, and she was just upon the throw, when one nobody knew squeezed in between them. His form was much above the gigantic; his complexion of a natural pea green; his two eye-balls of livid flame, set in faint yellow sockets; his mouth breathed forth large volumes (folio we presume) of fire and smoke; and on his forehead was printed, in the black letter, properly punctuated—"Hyprocisy! Lust! Cruelty!"

Ann Maria Augusta shrieked (as well she might); the horrible creature clasped her round the waist, and kissed her with great vociferation. Clottleberry flew to her aid; a loud clap of thunder was heard; the cathedral shook; the monuments partook of the
3 general

general paralytic affection; the motion, in a twinkling, extinguished their lamps; the multitude, Clerks and Sextons, shot off in an instant. The place was one mass of sable smoke, and appeared to vomit flame with some difficulty. The monster howled, and withdrew into the yawning gulph; and in his exit, seemed to drag Ann Maria Augusta with him. It would not do; she extricated herself, yet left a robe of the whitest lawn paper in his possession. In a moment one wing of the richest splendour adhered itself to the arms (not the shoulders) of Ann Maria Augusta. She darted upwards, crying, "Charles! we shall meet above!" and was lost in the nunneries.

At the same moment the upper part of the building vanished; sweet and solemn harmonious and delightful voices were heard. She was just entering: the rays dazzled all descriptions. Lord Clottleberry's eyes ached; he closed them, and sunk upon the ground.

When he awoke, he found himself in the chapel, prostrate on the pavement. He could hardly think he had dreamt. The candles had been lighted for evening prayers during his sleep; and a few stragglers were then entering. Charles rose; he had had no dinner, therefore bent his way towards a tavern, his mind fraught with his late somniferous adventure. He already drew near the porch, when his ideas were arrested by the perception of an odd shadow on the opposite wall. He looked round, and beheld a person habited in a large box coat, buttoned close over his chin, sneaking sily up to the receptacle for alms. Our hero's curiosity was excited: he imagined, probably, that the man's designs might not be very gracious towards the object he approached. The shadow thrown by the gallery, obscured him from the stranger, who drew, from beneath his sleeve, a paper, which he placed in a hurry on that affair. He then retired with precipitation, and hid himself.

“ This

“ This is some love business; I fancy I may as well off, as my service here cannot be wanted.” He then proceeded a second time to the porch; but on his attempting to descend a few little steps, his breast was assailed by the head of a Mr. —. The concussion of faces was so great, that each was prostrate in an instant. Lord Charles being the first up, seized his sword-stick.

“ How Sir! damn you, where were your eyes?”

“ What the devil (returned the other, who now was erect, whom by his voice was known to be Pelhembourgh) is it you, Clot-leberry? In, in, they will be here immediately!”

“ Who? who?”

“ Make haste in, I tell you, they are just coming; the whole posse—old bitch and
c 2 all.”

all." They entered once more the place of worship; and getting behind a pillar, "Now," said our hero, "What is all this about?"

"Oh Charles! feast! feast! my boy, such picking! I have marked four already; all young, lovely, and languishing. Know then, that the pious father we heard preach this morning, took an abstemious family dinner with the Mistress of the boarding-school near us, and has prevailed on her, fry and all, to attend this evening, when he is again to hold forth. By the by, he teaches the misses where they may find the source of the Nile; the collossus of Rhodes, and other curiosities, equally worthy their observation, and his investigation. It being now indispensibly necessary, that every female seminary should have its favourite instructor; and this sage man is all the rage. There is an old saying, "If you'll scratch my elbows, I'll scratch your &c;" or, in other words, "one good turn deserves another;"

another ;” for I understand that something stands between this old Duenna and her friend the geographist, more than the world is aware of.”

“ You scandalous thief, to stain this snowy character with a blot ; besides, you kill two birds with one stone ; for, by mentioning him, you lug the unfortunate she shepherd into the mess ; but they, you may depend on it, will be all veiled, on purpose to prevent such impertinent face-gazers as yourself seeing.”

“ Here they come, by God !—keep close, —they pass this way.”

“ O ho !” said Lord Charles to himself ; “ here we have it ; letter, poor-box, love, and all.”

The female levee proceeded up the aisle where the beaux were stationed. They
c 3 nearly

nearly all passed the sacred deposit, (Charles began to despair of seeing an end to this affair) when, in slipping in her mite, one of the ladies affected to drop her donation. As she stooped to pick it up, the light flashed in her face. At the same moment, she, with all the dexterity of one of the nimble-fingered tribe, removed the letter, crammed it down her breast, slipped in her money, and soon regained her rank in the procession. Pelhembourgh was not idle; for whilst his friend was taking observations, he, "ever and anon," caught a straggling hand or two, which he kissed and complimented.

The instant Lord Charles saw the face of her who had secured the paper, he recognized his sister Alice, and swore that the male part of the business should answer him the contents of his epistle. The usual interesting debate took place between the *preacher* and *himself*, with this addition, he was more animated than usual. The candles trembled in

in the troubled air ; the pulpit groaned under reiterated applications of the fist ; and the congregation kept up a constant fidget ; by which means a perfect unity of parts kept each from appearing in stronger colours than its neighbour. The people evacuated their seats, and as usual, our two heroes lagged behind. The knight of the furtout quitted his concealment, and hastened to leave the church. Ere that could take place, Clottleberry stopped him ; “ I demand your name, and contents of that letter.”

“ Of that letter ? and by what authority do you make that impertinent demand ? ”

“ By a title I am now ashamed of ; reply instantly, or (he drew his sword-stick) you shall answer me with your life.”

“ No, that shall be the place of my sword ; 'tis rather a long answer to be sure. Come on ;—his stick was unsheathed.”

In this state were things, when Montague Pelhembourgh thought proper to interfere; "High aloft in ambient ether waved the avenging steel;"—he strode in between them.

"Hold! Charles Clottleberry, remember, there is a proper place for every thing:"—the stranger dropped his point.

"Clottleberry," he cried, "is it you? Charles, have you quite forgot to remember Henry Mountfardington?"

Lord Charles was surprised; they shook hands in the fulness of their hearts:—but interrogated Charles, "What are you then engaged in a clandestine correspondence with my sister, whose affections—" "have ever been, and still are, totally mine," said Henry. "Come, let us adjourn to an hotel, or tavern, and you shall know every thing:—we are all friends I hope?"

"Oh,

"Oh, perfectly (cried Pelhembourgh); God bless you, bucks, adieu!" and darted away instantly.

"Friend," continued Mountfardington, "my name at the hotel is that of Fortesque."

"What?" said Charles, surprised again, "are you Fortesque?—you!"

"The same; perhaps from your sister you may have heard my history."

At this very moment, the Sexton loudly vociferated, "Hollow, you there, come out, or may I never be buried, if I do not lock you in." The two noblemen withdrew—Charles was hungry.

"Well, Ann Maria," said the Aunt, "what do you think of our beaux? surely you will own Lord Clottleberry is a decent sort of personage: child, he seems to wish

to know more of you;—little pimples have become great sores. But as for Mr. Pelhembourgh—Oh dear! Oh dear! did you mind his eye?"—"What has he but one, Aunt?" interrupted Ann Maria Augusta."

"It's nothing to you Miss, if he had no place for any. Lord Clottleberry might as well have had none, considering the choice he's made."

"Pardon me, dear Aunt, I did see his eye."

They proceeded in silence some paces; the old lady could not keep it. "You did then see it at last; so bright! so liquid! so striking! so blue! and so wicked! as I am what I am, if ever man should—it should be the Honourable Mr. Montague Pelhembourgh. Well now, niece, I told you so—I told you so: how quietly he plucked the ripe cherries I presented him with: did you
but

but observe the modest air with which he kissed me? If ever a man kissed another well, he did me that time!"

On rattled the clapper of this stricken old ewe till they gained an adjoining street, in which they dwelt. A whole mob of ragga-muffins swarmed in such profusion, that stopped up the way entirely. However, it in some manner opened, so as to form a circle, and our fair footpads could plainly perceive a woman, whose figure appeared once to have been animated by reason; but from her gestures, voice, and dress, a derangement of all might, without any difficulty, be perceived. Large poppies hung at her ears; a piece of turf was bound round her head, in which was birds' wings and pigeons' legs. Her face was of a straw fallow colour; her eyes were sunk very deep in her head; they had either a fixed stare, or they were wild and unsettled. Such was this unfortunate creature, who, in a melancholy voice, sung the following ballad:

Behold ! vile brutes of this creation,
Her whom every mortal knows :
That wraps in sleep of long duration
Useless cares and endless woes.

The moon I carry in my pocket,
The winds I garter round my knee,
Can raise life's embers from the socket,
And proud, defy eternity.

In mobs of witches, ghosts, and goblins,
I unheeded oft will go :
Midst bleeding bones, or caldron's wablings,
" On the light fantastic toe."

Still, still, regard my proffer'd powers !
This may secure a joint of meat :
And this, compos'd in famine's bowers,
May 'xcite the fated man to eat.

If any maid has lost her apron,
Or whatever else it be
Take this vial with the paper on,
The lost return'd she'll quickly see.

This,

This, false blushes swift creating,
Faithful covers many a cheek ;
This eruption quick abating
Leaves a pleasing veiny streak.

Then silent while this book I over,
On each leaf's the fate of some :
And as I tear it from the cover,
Certain's fix'd the mortal's doom.

“ Dear Aunt ! ” said Ann Maria, “ is she mad ? ”

“ Mad ! aye, as a March hare, or Mungo in April. I remember her a very decent creature ; but by her picking, stealing, lying, and slandering, she's had a judgment. I am sure she is more fit for Bedlam than the open air. If I were Justice Addington, I know what I know should be done by her.”

The unfortunate heard this last sentence ; she advanced towards the pair : she frowned on Aunt, and then turned to her niece—

Lady !

Lady ! lady ! lady ! here,
In thy pocket this leaf put :
Torn from the book which mortals fear,
Wrote in dirty juice with foot.

Ann Maria Augusta stretched forth her lovely hand, and took the secret present. Impatiently she now wished to be home, to read her fortune. Old Barbara said, rather disappointed at not being the first object of the woman's attention, " Well, creature ! have you not any thing for me ? " The woman, rather vexed I suppose by this, replied,

Yes, lovely ! yes ! but you're too old
To have your fate in secret told :
I never give my leaves so nice
To those who've seen age twenty, thrice.
I always loud in public tell
The doom of those, that hot in hell
Lead apes ; and mend the devil's holes
In breeches form'd of burning coals.

But

But I'm astonish'd at thy boldness,
Thy active warmth, and mindly coldness :
What could'st thou do, should'st thou entrap
A youthful lover, on whose lap
Thou'd sit and laugh, affect the loving ?
Alas ! the sweets are in the proving ;
And, like a nut, remain at length,
Thou could'st not crack for want of strength.
For shame ! O lambkin of three-score !
Thy spunky days are now no more :
Think on thy death, 'tis more befitting,
Than on these worldly pleasures flitting :
And think Time's scythe will quickly reap
That gem thou'rt feign oblig'd to keep.

Our auditor perspired inwardly with rage, disappointment, and confusion ; the mob sported with her fate, and she burst forth in the bitterest imprecations, (rather bordering on the Billingsgate) against the unfortunate prophetess. She tugged Ann Maria Augusta's arm, and forced her way into her lodging, amidst the hootings of the triumphant mob. When they entered the dining-room,

room, Barbara, in hopes of finding her niece in as bad a hobble as herself, "Come, girl, read what this impudent, lying, street-walking strumpet has given you. I should not think of her insolence indeed! Breeches—apes—nuts—devil indeed, she's a liar, and ——" Here Ann Maria Augusta stopped her, by proceeding with her paper:

Chaste and gentle, full of love,
What a banquet wilt thou prove,
If but moderate man possess
One like thee, his hours to bless!
But, alas! this leaf discovers,
That a secret glutton hovers
O'er thy rest, and wants a meal,
Not on mutton, beef, or veal—
He would feign thy banquet taste,
And loads of sweets untimely waste;
Ere his frequent crummings done,
The luscious treat will swift begone;
High aloft it quickly flies,
Lost for ever is his prize.
Well remember what this says;
Call to mind the ling'ring days,

Since

Since th' adventure in the street,
When you one more virtuous meet ;
Then, alas ! you'll plainly know,
Virtue's never known by show.
A noted Gipfy, late of Spain,
With bold assertion, doth obtain,
That if a stone from any height
Should seem to fall upon your pate,
Rather wait th' impending blow,
And stop, let it be ever so ;
For know, fair lady, tend to this
'Tis somewhere else you'll find out bliss.

The effect of the above lines was rather flattering to Ann Maria Augusta ; but in a very short time it was all forgotten.

CHAP. II.

———— So cramm'd, thinks he, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and, on that vice, in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

~~~~~

THE sexton and clerk having attended their priest to his house, he dismissed them with an air of authority proper, in which restrained meanness and affected consequence had a hard struggle for the pre-eminence; being no sooner alone, than he loosened all the feigned shackles from his mind, he thought on the deference paid him



him by all ranks ; for what ? for being a clever hypocrite. He rejoiced in his heart at the blind folly of the world.

“ Who,” said he, “ could have carried so fair a front but myself ? I make the world think I have passed the ordeal of youth without a stain ; that I have subdued the violence of strong appetites, wear temperance on my shoulders, and am crowned with piety. Mistaken world ! I know myself—I am an epicure and a glutton ; I am lustful ; hold forth gigantic nonsense to my hearers, and they are astonished at what neither I nor they know any thing about. Do I not make virtue weave snares for itself ? Yes ! and do I not delight in the misery of my fellow-creatures, from man to mouse ? Oh, glorious thought ! happy mortal that’s blest with such powers ! I see no one but myself, whose mind has so much pre-eminence.—Religion is my right ; it cannot boast my equal ;—happy cloak for man’s ingenuity !

Yet

Yet hold ! may not I use those shafts with as much right against men ? I will !—we all are equally armed. Am I not human, whose nature is prone to frailty and error ? How well I can dissemble—I have latitude amongst the most sumptuous feasts, and most desirable woman in town. Who would suspect a clergyman, and me whose abstinence is so great ? bread and water is, when abroad, my only diet ; and the world thinks my resolution is not to be shaken. I tell them, very coolly, I accustom my eyes to objects of temptation, and expose myself to seduction and desire. Oh ! could I but meet, in this world, some delicious repast—delicious as yon object !”

As he said this, he fixed his eyes upon a picture of the most exquisite collection of things that could excite the mouth to water, or the appetite to crave. A leg of Welch mutton was divinely portrayed ; it was suspended opposite him ; this, for two months,

months, had been the object of his increasing wonder and adoration. He paused, and gazed on it with transport.

“What mutton is there!” said he, after a silence of a minute: “how the joint is done! what fat—what delicious lean! how nice it hangs upon that hook! can the piony vie with the redness of the flesh? Can the lily rival the pure whiteness of the fat? Oh! if such a bit of mutton lives, and lives but for me! were I permitted to stick my knife and fork into that luscious morsel, and grind with my teeth the sweets of that savory breast! My Heavens! before whom could I resist such temptations? Should I not exchange for a single cut all the credit I have for this thirty years gained. But Joshua is proof, when abroad, against temptation;—the trial might be too great for common minds; but not for one who wears the badge of elevation above worldly desires. The world shall never know me for what I am!”

Here

Here his reverie was interrupted by several taps at his dining-room door.

“Who is there?”

“It is only me. ’Tis Peter,” replied a gentle voice.

“Enter, enter, my son!”

The door opened, and Peter appeared with a small parcel in his hand, neatly wrapped : it was of brown paper.

Peter was a young man, who had obtained the office of clerk to Joshua ; something *hung about* him more than his cloaths—it was a mystery. His attention to his senior, profound melancholy, and rigid observance of what our preacher said, attracted the whole notice of his brother clerks. He seemed fearful of being recognized ; he wore his neckcloth high above his chin, and a black  
broad

broad bandage over his eye ; but what could be discerned of his face was lovely in the extreme. Nobody knew that he ever had father or mother ; he was silent on the subject ; a stranger had recommended him, and provided bands, prayer-books, &c. : he was never seen with the other clerks, and was almost always by himself. When alone, he sought the company of Joshua with avidity, and was always paying him attentions ; yet he always appeared like a hen with egg ;—something dwelt upon his mind that time would reveal. Our orator returned his assiduities, instructing him in various branches of geography, &c. The youth's mind belonged to disfect ; but to him it was necessary to keep up his false character : he denied himself the satisfying a curiosity, which might lead to a discovery of his natural temper.

“ Pardon my intrusion,” said Peter ; “ I come to beg your aid for a friend of mine, who is now dangerously afflicted in the last stage



stage of a consumption ; I know your prayers will do more than a thousand apothecaries."

"Whatever I can do, I'll do : where does your friend live ? his name and direction ?"

The gentle clerk presented a written card.

"'Tis enough ; he may depend on me ; but what have you in that parcel, Peter ?"

"'Tis a trap, Reverend Sir, in which I have caught a rat ; and as I knew it would be acceptable, I have brought it : will you permit me to arrange it for you ?"

"Your attentions are too much, Peter."

Peter disposed of the little animal in a small cage, numbers of which hung round the room. The priest was fond of rat-hunting, and continued his converse.

"You

“ You did not sing at chapel this evening, Peter.”

“ I was lost in admiration at your discourse, Sir ; and I think it never was equalled but once.”

He heaved a long, deep, and profound sigh.  
“ When was that once ?”

“ On the death of Mr. Wesley ; then you were more than mortal : would that I had never beheld that day ! what sufferings should I have escaped !”

“ Sufferings ! what, so young, Peter ?”

“ Aye, they would raise your compassion and anger ! they tear my life to pieces ! In this retreat I could be happy—but apprehension.—I have given up my all, abandoned business, the world, and its delights for ever ; you are now my sole delight and hope. If I do not attain what I expect, I shall be a bankrupt in life !”

“ I am, and ever will be your friend, Peter : what are those sufferings ? tell them ; and if I can relieve them——”

“ You can relieve them ; but if I tell them, you may perchance hurl me from your presence as a weak mortal, and kick me down stairs as one unworthy your society.”

“ I conjure you, insist, entreat, oblige.”

“ For the world’s sake, don’t ask me.—Hark ! ’tis two o’clock—you must go to Mrs. Rod’s. Good morning—it is impossible—I must leave you.”

Joshua hastened to Mrs. Rod’s ; he taught the girls geography, and their lessons were heard in their turn. At last one beautiful unfortunate carelessly permitted a letter to fall from her bosom, and was retiring, unconscious of her loss. Joshua imagined it to have been from her friends, and picked it

up, intending to return it from whence it came.

“ Stay, Miss, you have let fall——,” said he.

At that instant the first words he involuntarily read. Surprised at what he saw, the female screamed, and hastily flew to regain it.

“ Hold !” said he, frowning ; this letter shall be read.”

“ Then all is lost ! lost ! lost ! for ever.”

The colour forsook her cheek ; fear laid violent hands upon her, and she was obliged to seize on a writing-desk for support : there she remained as if stagnated, whilst the preceptor read the following lines :

“ My angel, your escape is fixed ; my dearest, most adorable, and benign Alice !

to-morrow night, at twelve, I shall impatiently expect you at the garden-door. I have obtained the key, and a few hours will bring thee, ever-amiable creature, to the longing arms of thy love ! Fly ! fly on the wings of impatience, dear delight of my soul ; this is the only means of securing happiness to ourselves, and nourishing that love, so lively glówing in thy youthful bosom. Remember you have engaged to be mine, and that engagement existed long before your last arrival here. I will say nothing as to your situation, nor of *prying companion*, nor *malevolent resentment*. Adieu, my beloved Alice ! my dear, my destined wife ! remember the appointed hour !”

When he finished reading, he firmly fixed his eye on the imprudent girl.

“ This shall I shew to the Governess,” and passed her.



More horrible than the loudest crack sounded his words upon her ear. She entreated, and seized him frantic by the breeches.

“Stay ! Oh stay ! have compassion on me ; I am young ! Look, dear Sir, with compassion on a girlish weakness ; conceal my fault, for Heaven’s sake ; this shall be the last ; and, for the future, I pledge my honour my behaviour shall be different.”

“Very good indeed ; what, shall my friend Mrs. Rod’s boarding-school become a receptacle for preparatory elopements ? Should I permit this virgin society to cherish such an example unpunished ?—No, base girl !—you have abandoned yourself to loose ideas ; you have done the vilest, worst, nay, basest of things. Away ; where is Mrs. Rod ?”

“Hold ! dear Sir, only for half a second ; you know the consequence of such a discovery ;

covery; the punishment which our governors is pleased to inflict is most tremendous and painful. Henry was master of my heart long before my return from the last holidays; he inspired me with a passion Platonic in the extreme; and I doubt not but that we should, ere this, have been married, only for the *wondrous goodness*, and treachery of a relation, who separated us. I believed him gone for ever, and so returned to school. Accident once more brought us together, when this untimely discovery was planned.— You upright paragon of earthly virtue, pity me! give me back my epistle, nor doom me to inevitable punishment!”

“ Bold girl! experience will teach thee better—fasting, flogging, and working; the first will teach you how to live sparingly, and with economy; the second how to bear corporeal punishment and pain; and the third how to gain your livelihood by industry!— All these, in the end, will prove a source of amusement

amusement so as to help you to forget any other profligate fortune-hunting scoundrel that may offer, or plan an escape.—Hallo! Mrs. Rod!”

“Mr. Pentateuch, dear Mr. Pentateuch, I beg, for God’s sake——”

“Hold! peace, child; you deserve punishment; where is the governess? Where are you, Mrs. Rod?”

The door opened; in walked Mrs. Rod, with four teachers at her heels.

“Cruel, unfeeling monster!” exclaimed Alice. Angry, disappointed, and despairing, only conceive her rolling on the carpet, thumping her bosom, tearing her late learned task, in all the delirium of despair. The paper was given to the governess; the circumstances of the discovery were made known, and, it was added, she had it in her

power to decide what penance the criminal should undergo. As Pentateuch was naturally cruel, I dare say he would have had no objection to have performed the part of flagellator, as well as geographist, to this female academy. The face of Mrs. Rod grew red as she finished the letter.

“ Here’s a minx ! very pretty—fine work indeed, Miss ; such a thing has never once been acted in my house before. What, receive a letter from a man ! Who knows what may have been going on between you ! I’m glad we’ve found the serpent ; I’ll skin you, Madam ; and we will shortly see whether this love can’t be flogged out of you : this comes of your novel reading ; away with her to the flogging-room ; tell the porter to tuck up his shirt sleeves, for he shall have a whole evening’s work of it.”

Two of the teachers forcibly seized her, and lifted her from the ground, in order to make their exit for execution.

What

“ What then, must I forcibly submit ?—already do you drag me to that room, where numbers have fainted under your cruel punishment ? Oh ! save me ! save me ! ”

Then sternly looking at Joshua, “ Thou shocking, abominable wretch, you could have saved me—you could have restored me to peace, and to the arms of him I adore : insolent and proud in that false virtue, for real it is not, your severity, cruelty, and pride are ungovernable ; you disdained my prayers, and now I curse you. Where is your virtue ? What temptations have you withstood ? You are a coward, scoundrel ! The day will arrive ;—we shall all have our turn ;—your’s is not far off :—you know your own weakness ; but the devil will not let you own it ;—crimes innumerable hang over you ;—your glossy resolution is mouldering ;—you are born to err ;—and when man’s weak mind is overcome ! when loaded with debauchery’s surfeits, burning lust, and sins un-

D 5

numbered,



numbered, think on me ;—look on me ;—despair of pardon ;—Heaven will do by you, as you have done by the wretched Alice.”

Here she fainted, and was immediately conveyed to the flogging apartment, and the whole train followed in silence.

Joshua heard her with attention ; he was surprised at her penetration ; he felt the force of what had been said, for he was a cruel coward in his heart ; he detained the governess, and timidly ventured to pronounce something in favour of the unfortunate.

“ I mitigate my severity ! Sir, what do you mean ? not I, indeed ; the laws of my school are such, that on no account will I mitigate it : no, no, this would be fine ;—every Miss without fear might fall in love ; and I dare say in time would find means to introduce her admirer up stairs ; and then  
what

what a mess. I declare I would sooner have the itch, or the scarlet fever in my school, than one man :—why he is epidemic ; and I'll answer they would be eager enough to catch him. No, no, punished she shall be, and soundly too ; she shan't sit for a week after it."

Thus saying, she hastened out of the globe-room.

" I have done my duty, and should have liked to have done the porter's also," said Joshua.

He felt quite satisfied, since he had made uneasy, and thwarted the views of one who was on the point of carrying off the object of his love.

On quitting the school, he descended into a lane which led directly to the back of the garden belonging to his house in London.

No spot equalled it for beauty or cultivation : here and there were gravel walks with box edgings ; daisies, poppies, and sweet scented jessamine adorned in rich luxuriance each little plot ; large leaden cisterns, formed of rain and New River water, in soft evaporations cooled the air. The walls of the house were adorned by brushes, brooms, mops, and old coal-skuttles. The hour added new sweetness to the scene. The full moon in vain attempted to range through a misty smoke that covered the atmosphere. However, it dimly managed to shed the brightness of a trembling lustre on a withered lime ; the waters of the cisterns sparkled in the silver beam ; a soft breeze breathed the fragrance of a certain temple along the narrow walks, and a pig in an adjoining sty grunted in sweet harmony from the shelter of a brick wall, that quite overshadowed a large pile of dead fragments of trees, whose name, written neatly over it, proclaimed it *a wilderness* :—thither he bent his steps.

Rather

Rather deeper than the bosom of this little grove stood a grotto ; it was erected in its bowels, and was meant to be a hermitage ; for needs must, when the devil drives, being as much like one as it was to a tinder-box.— The stone walls were covered with thin planks, whose cracks and crevices were filled in with moss and shreds of green baize ; chairs of rotten sod, and a natural cascade, formed by a common sewer, fell from a rock above. Shrowded in himself, the priest drew near the spot ; a voluptuous tranquillity spread languor through his soul, and he was equal to any thing.

He reached the hermitage, and was entering to repose himself, but it was already occupied. All along (as much as the smallness of the place would admit) lay a man in a melancholy posture. Every one knows what constitutes that, therefore a description of the attitude would be useless. The religious drew near, and soon recognized Peter.

Peter. He watched him in silence. The youth raised his eyes, and fixed them on the opposite wall (pardon me, reader, when I tell you this was also the temple once mentioned; its use is therefore obvious)—

“ Yes,” said he, “ I feel all the misery of my situation, and see all the happiness of your’s. Oh ye ! what a blessing would misanthropy be to me !”

“ What an odd idea, Peter,” said Joshua, entering at that moment.

“ You here, Sir !” At that instant he pulled up his cravat, and drew the bandage over his eye ; the preacher seated himself by him.

“ Come, cheer up ; what can possibly have made you utter such a wish ; ’tis of all sentiments the most barbarous and distasteful.”

“ Those



“Those verses, Sir, which till just now I only discovered;—the moon-light helped me out with them; and Oh! how I envy the feelings of the writer.”

As he said this, he pointed to a sheet of writing paper, wafered with some care to the wooden wall, on which were written the following lines:—

INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE GROTTO,  
OR SHRINE OF A CELEBRATED GODDESS.

“*It's all one!*”

Whoe'er perchance may read this reading,  
Let it be known that he is treading,  
And, in the accents of good breeding,  
That with a *burry*, if receding,  
This must hear,  
And runs near

This sacred spot; here he may resting,  
No thoughts of worldly views infesting:  
Here may be found, if he's in quest in  
Relieve the body, without jesting,  
All that can  
A boundman.

For

For well I saw, in many a bower,  
 No such convenience of an hour,  
 But swift departing, home must scour.

It would be hard :

For sudden impending storms will lour—

What would be marr'd ?

In this lone place I prostrate holy,  
 Here can indulge my melancholy ;  
 And oft imagine what a folly

I daily see ;

Then to my musings truly holy,

Down on my knee.

This brickly shields me from the blowing,  
 That liquid streams, in cadence flowing,  
 Supplies my drink ; the earth bestowing

What hunger craves ;

At dawn I'm wak'd by cocky's crowing,

As loud he raves.

Here dwells content, and peace alone,  
 And here a certain proverb's known,  
 You kill two birdies with one stone,

If well aimed ;

Occasions too are frequent grown,

That can't be named.

Stranger

Stranger, if full of pain and grieving,  
And what thou ail'st doth want relieving,  
Attend this spot, I'm not deceiving,

Much good it does ;

And thy health again retrieving,

Will cure thy woes.

But should another cause be the thing,  
Perhaps lost a pension, place, or plaything ;  
Believe me, friend, 'tis all for nothing :

So say we.

Mayhap thou shewedst thy bottom bathing—

Oh ! dear me :

Here ended the poetry, and a learned dissertation took place between Peter, the clerk, and Joshua, the priest—on misanthropy, solitude, men born for society, and sorrows mellowed by time. 'Then, reader, followed the plan monotonous of such life, proving, in some degree, the unpleasant situation of being fed on one self-same dinner the whole year round.

Peter was not a little astonished at these observations ; but was glad :—in his heart he  
was

was a deep dog, and had laid his plan. The conversation became every moment more interesting. At last Peter ventured to breathe forth his sorrows; there was a silence. The pig, which, for the sake of the narrative, I must be allowed to term a mud lark, was just driven into its cage, under the brick wall hard by, and poured forth a strain so sonorous, that no bassoon ever equalled. Peter raised his head, and listened to him with attention.

“It was thus,” said he, “that my sister sat listening to the nightingale. She’s dead! poor Betty! a patent coffin received her limbs.”

“You had a sister?”

“Yes, poor girl—alas! a weight of sorrows equal to any thing pressed her to the earth.”

“What

“What were they? let's have 'em.”

“It will excite your pity; she, Sir, was resolute; nothing could conquer her resolutions. She also made puddings, Sir, the most delicate, most delicious, and most desirable to the palate possible; every one tasted and admired; but unfortunately one man refused them. Fired at this, her determination grew strong: she resolved. He loved pies better; they were good, delicious!—yet still my sister would feign he should taste her puddings.

“One morning, very early, she found means to escape from her father's house. Arrayed in the attire of a cook, she offered herself in that province, and was accepted into his house. Now continually cooking, by degrees she strove to introduce the elastic pudding; he beheld the maid's desire to please his taste, and he distinguished her above the rest.”

“But



“ But did your friends never try to find her ? ”

“ Ere they could, she discovered herself to be the celebrated pudding-maker ; being too forward, wished to cram her master with them against his will. She made a large one in an unguarded moment ; and whilst smoaking, wished him to cut it. Having dealt with the pie-woman, and solemnly vowed not to eat of the other’s manufactory, he drove Betsy from his house, and threw her pudding after her. His severity broke her heart ; she came home, lay down, and died.”

“ Miserable girl ; her master was too cruel by one half.”

“ Do you think so indeed ? what do you think him too cruel by one half ? ”

“ I do, from my heart.”

“ If you pity her, how must you pity me.”

Joshua

## THE NEW MONK.

Joshua suddenly started :—"For  
ings are still greater—my sister had  
now, to be short, I have none ; no friend  
the world to join in my sorrows."

These last words were said with an air of  
grief, that even artificial stone could not have  
been proof against. The priest took Peter's  
hand, and squeezed it.

" I am your friend ; I will lay aside my  
austerity to you, and will be your friend.—  
From the moment I first beheld you, I felt  
interested ; the sensations of an unknown  
something fluttered in my bosom ; I found  
delight in your society ; lay aside then your  
fears ; speak to me, and confide in me !"

" You can—you alone can make me  
happy ; I will draw the curtain from my  
heart, and tell you all ! first—Oh ! first—  
nay, I cannot—dare not."

" What

am, I say ; how can I reassure  
remember the whole of my conduct—  
have treated you : to give up the plea-  
of your company, Peter, would deprive  
life of what little pleasure it may enjoy :  
give you my hand, my honour, my any  
thing—nay, I solemnly take my Bible oath.”

“ On these conditions, that whatever may  
be my secret, you will not oblige me to quit  
your service till the time agreed is expired.”

“ I promise it faithfully.”

Here Peter produced a little pocket Bible,  
and the oath was administered in form, ac-  
cording to the latest improvements on the  
method of oath taking.—He had sworn !

“ I obey you now,” said Peter.—“ Lord  
Jesus, how I quake to name the word ! look  
on me with mercy ; let loose the pitiful  
avenues to your heart ; prepare to hear the  
fatal secret.”

Here

## THE NEW MONK.

Here he threw himself at the preacher's feet, and, seizing his hand, remained a moment silent.

During this period, Joshua's mind rung all its cords as to hazarding conjectures on the awful event. First he thought he might be Mr. Wesley's ghost; then the Dauphin of France; then the devil; and then General Pichegru in disguise! yet it could be no such thing:—first, he could be felt; second, he knew nothing of the French tongue;—next, he had neither horns nor cloven feet; and, lastly, he could not be him, because he was not here, but there.

Peter, choaked with agitation in the wind-pipe, could, with difficulty, articulate; the big tear stood on the edge of the under eyelid; he was in great uneasiness—the pearly morsel precipitated itself from the lid, and ran down his cheeks, whilst, in a faltering voice, he exclaimed, “I am a woman!”

## THE NEW MONK.

The priest started, as this was the last thing he should have guessed. The words acted the part of a necromancer. Fixed firm as the rock of Gibraltar, they lay, and stood;—Peter was prostrate, and Joshua was standing; but recollecting himself, he took to his legs: the suppliant would have been blind not to have seen him; she sprung from her prostration, and swift pursued as fast as legs could carry her; overtook Joshua, and threw herself just before him: he stopped to prevent his falling over her; she grasped his knees; he tried to get away, but could not.

“Do not fly me!” she cried; “listen, whilst I excuse my impudence; whilst I acknowledge my sister’s story is my own; I am Betsy; you are her master.”

He was struck dumb at this second confession: She proceeded, “Think not that I come to rob you—of any thing; no, religion alone deserves that you will be resolute; for

is



is it for me to be the means of your turning from the high road to virtue and temperance? hear me, and you will perceive truth in what I have said." Joshua followed (I assure you he knew not what he did) to the temple or hermitage;—they were seated: she commenced—"I spring from a creditable family: my father was a celebrated farmer in Wales; he died when I was yet young, and left me a pretty considerable fortune. I came up to town, and resided with my cousin, who had given her hand and person to a tradesman of wealth and credit in the city. My education had been decent, and I felt my superiority over her. I knew the true beauties of religion; I knew what it is to be virtuous, and could observe the vice, dissipation, and real infamy, which disgrace the minds of almost all our English youth. I heard you preach on the death of the most worthy of men; I felt the elevation of your character; I kept my breath, lest the noise should cause the loss of a syllable; and whilst

you spoke, your face shone brighter than brass. From that moment my prepossession became strong; I inquired respecting you;—the reports of your knowledge, piety, and particularly self-denial, captivated me. My resolution was fixed. I dreamt of you night and day; and finding no other means to accomplish my plan, I assumed this disguise: my artifice answered my warmest expectations, and I have succeeded in gaining your esteem. But my fear of discovery resolved me to make known to you my sex;—I throw myself on your mercy, on your goodness, and friendship. Ah! Joshua, I am not deceived; you are as generous as I thought:—I know well you cannot drive me to despair;—it is not in your power:—permit me to be your companion, that's all I desire—your friend, and to worship you in fact; and when we die, our bodies may or may not be buried in the same coffin; and if you have no objection, it may be a Patent one.”

She

She ceased.—Joshua's mind was now in a state of insurrection; surprise at the adventure, confusion at the declaration, consciousness of his dignity, austerity, and apparent *self-denial*—all rolled in wild confusion in his reflection. His vanity had been played upon; she praised his eloquence, person, and character, and sacrificed the world and her sex for him. I can't express exactly how he felt:—however, by degrees, he came to himself; he saw the impropriety of Betsey's remaining with him:—she is a woman, said he to himself—the name of a celebrated comedy rushed into his mind, and involuntarily he muttered, in a low voice, the wonder it would be if so. He forced an air of severity, and puckered himself into the starch Methodist orator.

“Know, woman! thy hopes are fruitless; my permission, that thou shouldst tarry here, would be inevitable disgrace to us both in the eye of the Lord. Think you that I can

permit a woman to be my companion ? no ! Satan, avaunt ; tempt me not, though my resolution is firm as the unshaken rock !”

“ I wish not to inspire you with temptation, reverend Sir ; but my presence, even as a woman, can have no effect on the passions of so conquered a mind as your’s ; only forget that I am a female, and then what temptation exists ? your friendship, presence, and esteem, are the summit of my wishes. I gaze on you as I would on a saint ;—no, my friendship for you arises entirely from the disgust you entertain of worldly enjoyments. Oh ! hurl from a mind like thine such injurious ideas ; you dishonour yourself !—no, too, too firm a foundation have you built that virtue on :—the most beautiful of women, the most delicious of entertainments, could not shake such unparalleled stability. Then Joshua ! dearest and most exquisite of Joshuas, drive me not from your presence ;—remember an oath ! a Bible oath ! when broken, is like a head severed from a body !”

“ Your

“ Your interest demands that I should refuse you : after vanquishing all the passions of my youth, and never tasting meat of any sort for these thirty years, I know I could safely permit you to stay, nor have the least apprehension for myself ; I know well the weakness of human nature, and you are a woman ! my duty obliges me to treat you with severity. Begone ! pack up your things, for to-morrow you must be off.”

“ To-morrow ! and why to-morrow ?—you will drive me to despair.”

“ My decision, female, must be obeyed : it is the decision of one who places the highest confidence in himself. The laws of my character will not permit you to remain as my clerk ; I pity you, but will do no more—begone !”

He uttered these words with a frown, and loud tone, and then attempted to leave her ;



she shrieked, and caught him by the coat tail—"Stay half a moment, and hear but one word."

"Leave go your hold ; you know my resolve."

"But half a word ; nay, by all that's good I won't detain you longer."

"No—begone—get together your affairs, and hence to-morrow."

"Go, vilest, most hard-hearted crocodile ; but this resource is still left for me."

As she said this, she suddenly drew her scissors from her pocket ; she rent open her waistcoat, and placed the points to her bosom.

"This shall seal your resolve, Sir."

"Hold ! hold !" said Joshua ; he thought this would be worse than all.

"Nay,

“Nay, I am fixed, and am determined to cut out my heart, if you will not conceal my story, and be my friend.”

As she said this, she opened the fatal scissors, and prepared to snip. The priest's eyes followed the instrument, and he saw it on the point of being buried in her breast. (Remember, reader, it was moonlight, and I must beg to be excused mentioning any thing about what was seen by the Reverend); he felt odd, and cried, “Hold! live for my destruction; I am overcome;” and shot into the house; threw himself into an easy chair; his mind was all hurly burly; the scene had raised such sensations in his breast, he did not know how to act. He knew full well the neat things that would fly about on the subject abroad;—his public name might be lost, as she might tell her story. On the other hand, if this was not the case, she should stay by all means: he remembered Betty's flattery on the late transaction, and

on many things : likewise she had an estate in Wales (for he was fond of money) ; his reflection were numerous and undetermined ; his situation was almost without an equal ; he was opposite his favourite picture ; it increased new wishes, and as he gazed, insensibly sunk to slumber.

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I don't think an incident of such a nature ever happened in England before, or could I have imagined any where else ; but I find I am mistaken ; for, at the very same instant, day, and year, a synonymous circumstance happened in the capital of Spain, which is nearly, and, I dare say, correctly handed down to us in a celebrated work now existing, where reflections, numerous and confused, may be seen at large, page 116. My hero is now sleeping very sound by his snoring, so that I must now attend his dreams."

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During

During his state of torpor, Betsey stood before him. The preceding scene was again acted, only with the addition of protestations of eternal love, arms thrown about necks, passionate claspings to the bosom, and uncounted kisses, that vision dissolved. And now his favourite picture presented itself; it seemed real; he approached it with his teeth, and found it catable. Unable to support the exquisite delight, he woke, and started from his chair, in which he had remained all night.

The morning brought him strong arguments, that he must sacrifice his pleasure to his public name; it went against him, but he was determined she should depart.

As he reflected on his situation, he exclaimed, "Alice! Alice! the truth of thy predictions will out."

He went to dismiss Peter, and descended into the garden. He found the object he

fought in the grotto ;—Betsey was there. He sat down by her, and began a remonstrance against her remaining with him ; ending by informing her, that it was not in his power to permit her to stay a moment longer.

“ Where are those promises ? where is your oath ? ”

“ Betsey, I throw myself on your generosity : I have established a name as the most detached man from the world ; and were I to lose that name, my happiness would be gone for ever. Your heart will inform you, were your stay here to be the case, what would be the state of mine.”

“ Well, I resign myself to my fate,” replied Betsey. “ I’ll be even with him yet ; he shall be subdued,” reflected she. “ Take back your promise, your oath, your every thing ; I will quit your house this very day. I will retire into Wales, and shut myself from  
the



the world for ever; but Joshua, tell me, will you ever think on the wretched Betsey? have you no keep-sake as a token of your esteem?"

"What shall it be?"

"Something—any thing. One of those daisies will be sufficient."

She pointed to a bunch of those plants, which grew near the grotto. Here she expressed one of the most *beautiful ideas* possible to be *conceived*. The priest, unable to reply, flew to pluck the flower. Suddenly he uttered a horrid roar, and seemed to be precipitated with great violence against the ground; the daisy, which he had already gathered, fell from his hand. Betsey heard his cry, and flew to his aid.

"For God's sake, how came you so?—Answer, what has happened?"

"I have received my death," he replied.  
"Concealed amongst the flowers lay the

pig, who, on my approach, suddenly started up, ran between my legs, and hurled me with great force to the earth."

Here his bruises, and a severe cut on his elbow, produced such pain, that he sunk breathless into Betsey's arms. She rent the air, kicked and stamped like mad, not daring to quit Joshua. Alarmed by her shrieks, a quack, who had the garret, two servants belonging to the house, and an old chair-woman, then employed to do fundry jobs, hastened to the spot, and conveyed him to bed. Joshua's elbow was so swelled, that nothing can be conceived like it. The pain was acute, and he was almost delirious.

Dr. Phial hastened to examine the wounds. The whole bed was surrounded; Peter stood, not the least interested of the mob: he was afflicted very much indeed.

The surgeon examined the accident;—he shook his head, on which place he pronounced

nounced Joshua to have a violent contusion ; the scull might not be fractured, but he doubted the brain had received an injury,— he pronounced the *humerus* to be shook considerably, and the *radius* to be considerably impaired by the fall ; as for the *digitary* extremities *manual*, I can firmly advance that the palmaric tendons were stretched beyond their usual length. “ Both the gentleman’s knees, you behold, are bare to the skin, and his breeches have received very great damage : indeed, if he recovers, it will be a ———”

“ Wonder indeed,” exclaimed the chair-woman ; I never, in all my days, saw a poor man so cut. But, Doctor, how is he behind ?”

“ He could not fall backwards, from the nature of the wounds,” wisely added the son of the gallipot.

“ Is that the pig ?” interrogated the Doctor, looking through the window.

“ Yes,

"Yes, 'tis the fatal pig," answered Peter.

"Ha! I see its species; it is what is commonly called a tartary pig: look at its ears;—it's devilish in it's nature, and the last of the family. They are supposed to be a native of this country, but they are not. The devil presented one to St. Anthony, marked on the ear with an unknown sign; and this genus has been particularly mischievous ever since. I will send for some medicines:—keep him quiet."

Peter was left alone, and after he had administered divers medicines, in sundry places, Joshua dropped into a profound sleep. He was still in that situation, when Phial and the maids came to inquire after him; for they were also interested for him, having directed them, as near as he could guess, the straight road to heaven through the chapel.

The Doctor undid the bandages ; and what was his astonishment, on discovering that they were now reduced to meer scratches ; that the blackness of the bruises had disappeared, and that nothing now seemed to ail him in the least. The intelligence was made known, not only to the house, but his congregation ; who, on hearing of the accident, had ever since been rather importunate in their enquiries. He awoke ; all the preacher's clerks and sextons were now at his bedside. Nothing afflicted him now but a little faintness, from the very great shake he had received. A few days rubbing between the sheets was recommended by Doctor Phial, for his total recovery. He was once more left to repose, and Peter attended on him.

“ What still here, Betsey ? well, I did think that ——.”

“ Be silent ; talking is not good for you ; I am your nurse, and have orders that you  
are



are to be peaceable ; and by way of amusement, I will play you a tune, with accompaniments, on the bladder and string. It's a Welch instrument ; I will go for it." She went, and came back :—" What shall I sing?"

" Any thing ; what you like, Betsey."

" Call me Peter, not Betsey. — Now attend"

She then tuned her instrument, which was one of the most graceful sort ; and from the initials on the top, could be plainly perceived she was mistress of it. She played a little wild air, by way of prelude, called the Bear and Steel Trap, in which she imitated the roaring of the animal most exquisitely. She changed her tune, and sung the following verses :

SAMUEL

## SAMUEL, GREGOR, AND GODINA.

Pray believe what I will tell you,  
Of one Samuel Gregor's death ;  
On a bed of Holland he drew  
Long and deep his last cold breath.

Then died the last of the house of  
Gregor, so this man was named :  
He then spoke to one John Rous of  
Quag-mire Hall, and thus exclaimed:—

“ Oh ! Godina, oh ! my dear one ;  
Cruel girl, of nutty brown ;  
Seventy years I woo'd thee, fair one,  
Seventy years thou knock'd me down.

And when now thy heart replying  
To an ardent fire like mine ;  
Cruel death my love defying,  
Bids me to his power resign.

Ah ! though old, I droop, d'ye hear me ;  
Pangs will never claim a sigh ;  
Cramps and grumblings daily wear me,  
'Tis for you I fear to die.

Lovely

Lovely cousin, dear John Rouf-y;  
Man of friendship, firm and dear;  
This my will, made in this house-y,  
Now my last petition hear.

When my soul these limbs forsaking,  
And I'm in my shroud all fast:  
Mind the man of undertaking  
Sends a patent coffin clasp'd.

Item!—to Godina giving,  
Even by my dying hand,  
All the lands I held while living,  
T'wix'd Charing-cross-y and the Strand.

Item!—twice a week sincerely,  
As poor Sam was wont to do,  
Twice a week, for one who dearly  
Let her pray, I beseech you.

Cousin Rouf-y now's the hour,  
Mark'd by fatal spirits, when  
I must sink, and lose my power.  
Lo! regard, I drop my pen.

Maids and nurses no more waiting ;  
Doctors all away may hie :  
No more loving, no more hating—  
Don't, my dearest Cousin, cry !

Thy kind fingers my eyes shutting,  
Yet one favour I implore ;  
See that deep i'th earth I'm put in,  
Feet that number three and four."

Thus spoke the noble Gregory ;  
Soon his teeth were firmly closed :  
Greatly joy'd a full big score-y  
Of Stock-Jobs he had opposed.

Bitter weeping, Cousin Johnny  
Took from him his coat and shirt,  
Bitter weeping, Cousin Johnny,  
Neatly wash'd them from the dirt.

To perform his plighted favour,  
He a patent coffin got ;  
And did put in the poor dead shaver,  
Then screw'd him down upon the spot.

Sad was Cousin Johnny's feelings—  
He roar'd aloud, and made a noise :  
Alarmed much by his high squeelings,  
Confus'd the house in wild surprise.

Aye ! he cried, how sweet in manners ;  
Mild as any home-brew'd ale :  
Never did the stock-trepanners,  
Boast his fellow or equale.

Cousin ! Cousin ! Cousin ! Cousin !  
How shall I thy loss survive !  
Cousin ! Cousin ! Cousin ! Cousin !  
Wherefore am I left alive."

Joshua gazed, and listened with admiration, on the songstress. The elegance of the instrument, the subject of the poem, and the elegant church-drawl Peter had gained since his acting as clerk, had a wonderful effect on the Priest. He began to think whether he might not. He thought of the celebrated comedy of the Wonder ; and said to himself, " the proof of the pudding is in the eating." He closed his eyes full of these thoughts,



thoughts, and of the good name he had gained, which might, in one unguarded moment, be irrecoverably lost. Betsey believed he was sleeping—so he was.

“ Now then may I gaze on him ; on one whose mind, if e’er so faint with hunger or with thirst, would sooner devour the entrails of his body, and quaff his purest blood, than drink the juice of grape, or eat of pork or mutton. He fears my seducing him to the violation of these vows. Oh ! unjust ! how could it be ? should I so long have hid the joints of pork and beef, that my good Cousin sent so frequent ? should I, I say, have hid them, had I wished it ? NÓ—many is the smoking relick that I have left, and hurried into my cupboard, when I heard Joshua on the stairs. I know man’s weakness ; and they were too full of gravy for an eye like his. Happy image ! I know he regards thee with a look of earnest pleasure, (addressing the leg of pork so well delineated, which Joshua, in his delight, had construed into  
Welch

Welch mutton)—'tis on you he gazes with admiration. I thought you would have influenced my scheme, but you have only retarded it. 'Tis with self-denial he regards these pictures! he often glances on thee, that he may withstand temptation."

The Priest was fast in the arms of slumber, when the door of his chamber opened, and one of the maids brought Peter in one of the legs of that unfortunate bird, over which Joshua had fallen. 'Twas wrapped in a clean napkin.

"Lay it on the table, Hannah," said Peter;—'twas done; she shut the door after her. "This is the pig—the fatal pig:—what he has begun, he shall finish."

She unfolded the towel, and was resting her head upon her bladder and string, which lay on the table, and, with fixed attention, stared stedfast on the swine's flesh. He suddenly awoke, exclaiming, "Oh! that picture!"

Betsey

Betsey startled at the sound ; she rose ;— and, what was his astonishment, when he beheld, on the table of his chamber, an exact resemblance of his picture. The profusion of fat and lean spread itself in gay meander through every part of the joint. Uttering an exclamation of surprise, Joshua sunk back upon his pillow, doubting whether he was awake or asleep.

Betsey affected to be surprised and confused ; and, on recovering herself, her first care was to fold up the piece of pork in the cloth, and, in a low voice, addressed the sick priest :—

“ Accident has made you master of a sight which I never would have revealed to you, but on the last day of my clerkship—Christmas Day. Yes, Joshua, in me you behold the owner of that object ; and, on beholding that picture, you see the original of it now on the table. Soon after I learnt your determination of never cutting meat of any  
3 sort,

fort, I laid a wager with a female friend, that before Christmas Day your resolution should be broken, and the atchiever should be me and my pig you stumbled over. I knew the great delicacy of my possessions, and was anxious to know what effect they would produce upon you.

“I therefore applied to the celebrated Mr. Charles, Royal Academician, sworn Miniature Painter to the King, *nec quicquid*, &c. &c. at his shop in the Strand, to paint me a leg, as—an exemplary proof of the extraordinary consequence of the wonderful power of practice. Having with difficulty procured a resemblance, which was called striking, I sent a Jew with it to your house, and understood, to my great satisfaction, you admired and purchased.

Judge of my feelings, when I heard your opinion of it. I was an eye-witness to the praises you bestowed upon the painting. I had you in my power—but really those arguments

guments you used against indulging in useless luxuries totally overthrew my intention, and I became your fervent admirer. Yet I forbore to wield against those, arrows which yourself had put in my power; I have now revealed this secret; tell me, will you still drive me from your presence?"

The Reverend was not a little surprised; he seemed like an ass between two bundles of hay; first regarding the lady, then the pork;—having a sneaking relish for both, his good name rushed into his mind.

"Your declaration astonishes me," said he; "I cannot yet reply—leave me to myself—I want to be alone."

"But Sir, dear good Sir, permit me not to leave you altogether till to-morrow."

"You shall—but you are too hard indeed—you shall stay yet two days; remember the third."



He sighed; his sneaking kindness for her began to foment.—She left the apartment; he was now alone. Anxious for her departure, and that of her possession, yet wishing the stay of her, and that of her possessor—Joshua's bosom became a circus of confusion. At length his attachment to the person of Peter seemed to gain the victory.

“Yet,” said he, “why cannot I withstand these temptations, as well as St. Anthony did that of the devil; St. Cuthbert the beautiful woman in the shape of an oyster, and St. Dunstan the monk? and why cannot I withstand those of a joint of meat, and a beautiful woman?—yes, she shall stay!”

He was now totally recovered; he slept well; Betsey and her lark still occupied his fancy; he pressed her to his bosom, and was already on the point of satisfying his desire, when the faithless form disappeared, and left in his embraces the savoury leg of pork.

The morning dawned—he awoke—arose and dressed himself; his house was thronged with enquirers, and his mind was harassed by continually answering, “I am better, God be thanked!”—Fatigued, he bent his steps towards the grotto;—Betsey was there; she was thoughtful and restrained; of course the conversation was not so pleasing as it might have been. She requested Joshua’s leave to adjourn to her chamber; he attended her to the door, and informed her, by the way, of his resolution, that she should remain as long as she thought fit with him. There are many dangers between the cup and the lip, and both the girl and pig were tempting! At this declaration she appeared quite unconcerned. This added additional fire to Joshua’s increasing appetite; he licked his lips;—the door was shut upon her, and a half-inch deal separated her from his sight.

He did not find himself, as it was now near bed-time, inclined to sleep, but threw

up the fash, and gazed on the moon. If she had been in the change, I don't know what he could have done?—He regarded the ripples and twinkles on the cistern—all combined to create ideas relative to his situation;—what can be more natural!—He reflected how he punished himself to keep up appearances—that, from his own folly, he was obligated to go to rest supperless, and without a companion. Numerous *et ceteras* filled his cogitations, when a loud knocking at his door was heard. He opened the door.

“Oh! Mr. Pentateuch, run, for Heaven's sake!—young Mr. Peter! Dr. Phial says he is taken dangerous, and he requests your instant presence. The Doctor has seen him;—he has taken something which has affected his bowels.”

Joshua flew to the chamber of his clerk, who sat with a night gown on, in an arm chair.

“Ah!

“ Ah ! 'tis he ! ” she cried ;—“ leave me, my friend Hannah.”

They were now alone ;—the bandage was taken from Peter's eye, and discovered a lovely face. The priest began to swallow his spittle ;—he was enchanted.

“ Oh my Betsey ! ” he cried ; “ what have you done ?—has your own rash hand been the cause ? ”

“ Puh ! Sir, I feel myself much better ;—but hear me, which, if I die, remember.—Dr. Phial pronounced you most terribly maimed and bruised. Whilst you slept, I loosened the bandages ;—and, as there was no water in the room, I licked off with my tongue nothing but dirt, which had caused the black appearance ;—and I suppose the plaister, cerate, or what not, which had been applied to the part by Dr. Phial, gave such a severe cholic, that really I am now in considerable pain.”

“ My God ! live but for me, Betsey,” cried the priest, whose resolution, by degrees, seemed to ooze out, and catching the tip of her little finger, kissed the nail.

“ I say again live for me ! adorable !”

“ I can refuse you nothing ;—let me unveil myself, Joshua ;—since we parted last at the grotto, I have seen the folly of your self-denial, and now insist on your eating that which you behold, and which, I am conscious, in your heart, if divested of its shackles, you would devour without ceremony. Away with resolutions ; they are foolish restraints—cold unfeeling words ! If you grant me this favour, your dessert shall be a better dish.”

The priest would have been a ninny in the extreme not to take her meaning ;—but to take her at her word was another affair ;—he thought of his good name, and made towards the door. She caught him by the back of the neck, and detained him.

“ Amazement,”



“Amazement!” he exclaimed;—“can it be you that speak. I cannot—I must not—It would not do (so he continued his exclamation). But live, Betsey—live.”

“Withdraw that curtain, Reverend, then;—it is not cut;—tis hot and nicely roasted:—if it remains till to-morrow, ’twill be cold, and fall a prey to fly-blows and bad smells.”—“Oh! let it then be eat to-night; let it be eaten while yet it’s wholesome, and deserves thy knife. Then will I attend thee, behind thy chair;—I’ll help thee;—your hand shall carve the pork, and your lips receive the smoking morsel.”

“And will you not sometimes think of it?—Will you not sometimes talk of it?”

“Oh yes, yes, yes! that sniff is my assurance;—remember the dessert!”

This

This had a great effect upon him ; for he was very fond of one thing, yet more fond of another :—like Cæsar, he had passed the Rubicon ; and he reflected that a man might as well be hung for stealing a whole sheep, as a quarter of lamb.

The hour was night ; all was silence in the room ;—the beams of two mould candles, of six to the pound, darted their light upon the smoking supper, which spread a delightful and engaging smell. No prying eye, or curious ear, was nigh ; the room door was fast, and nothing was heard, except the fizzing joint, as it cooled. Joshua was in the full vigour of his appetite, for he had not ~~tasted~~ meat for seven days, and his guts began to think his throat was cut ;—he saw before him a rich, luscious, well-dressed leg of pork, floating in its own gravy, the cause of his late tumble, and the property of one for whom he equally panted. He sat upon the bed ;—he gazed wistfully at the sight.

Who

Who can wonder if he yielded to a double temptation?—Faint with hunger, he leaped from his seat;—he seized the carving knife and fork;—he flashed furiously at the joint;—he forgot his vows, denial, and good name;—he remembered nothing but the double pleasure, and the opportunity.

“Joshua! Oh my Joshua!” fizzed the meat.

“Delicious! Oh, delicious!” spluttered Joshua, and crammed a slice into his mouth.

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CHAP. III.

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—————" Here's a stay,

" That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

" Out of his rags." —————

KING JOHN.



**H**ENRY Mountfordington and Lord Charles proceeded in silence to the hotel with due prudence—indeed what every young man of any thought would do ; for he treated Henry with a little degree of stiffness, till the mystery of the late adventure should be developed. They arrived at the Prince of Wales Tavern, and sat down in one of the  
3 boxes

boxes in the Coffee-room. Lord Charles drew off his gloves, which he put in his pocket; hung up his hat, and said, "that it was his esteem for his sister, and the honour of his family, obliged him to treat Henry with that coolness: but, as he observed before, there was something clandestine hovering over it, that must be brought to light; "besides," he added, "Henry, I think you tell me that you now are called Mr. Fortesque."

"I do," said Henry; "and have you never heard that appellation mentioned till I told you of it?"

"Yes, my aunt wrote me word, that a fortune-hunter, so called, had found means to introduce himself into Welford Mansion; that he had insinuated himself into my sister's good graces, but luckily, it having been discovered that the property he thought was her's, he found to be mine. The intelligence made him alter his motions,



and the day the lovers fixed for an elopement, he disappeared, and has not since been heard of. And," continues she, "don't spare the horsewhip; he is a dirty fellow, and I have reason to apprehend something more than an affection for my niece was the cause, for I missed some of my plate. Miss Alice finding her loss, which, by the bye, is an odd expression, nothing would serve her, but she said she would go abroad, and retire into a convent. I knew she had been reading Abelard and Eloise; and, on purpose to prevent such romantic nonsense—" "No, Ma'am," said I, "the foregoing shall prevent that; you shall retire to Mrs. Rod's Boarding School, and there remain as long as I please. Oh! I must not forget, this fellow said he was your most intimate friend."

"I answered this by saying, "I knew no such person, and was happy she had got rid of him with less loss, both to her and myself."

"In

"In this," said Henry, "I easily can discover the malicious and ill-natured false Lady Margaretta's character; every word of it, my friend, is fallacious: forgive me for thus speaking of your relative, Clottleberry. The mischief she has done me is hardly ever to be replaced; and when you have heard my story, you will be convinced of the truth of my assertion, and the severity of her's"

He then began the narrative, in the following manner:—

*History of Lord Henry Mountfordington.*

"On leaving Oxford, at which university, I understand, you remained a year after I quitted it, I immediately set out upon my travels, determining first to make the tour of our own countries, before those of any other. My father's strict orders were, that my rank should be concealed, and that I should appear in no other character than that of a gentleman.

“ Lord Charles was sensible—had profited by observation, and had no mark of fashionable levities, luxuries, &c. He never frequented gaming-tables, clubs, or warchouses: in short, what a young man ought to be, he was; and this is one of his observations:—Henry Mountfordington,” said he, “ you will afterward feel the benefit arising from this temporary deprivation; now every one receives you without any distinguished attention from the rest of those gentlemen who may surround you; they know not your title, therefore their adoration to an empty name, that would inevitably be paid, does not exist—it exists but for your virtues. You likewise are out of the reach of those, who make it a rule to fleece and impose on any thing like a nobleman; on the whole, you travel cheaper, and can, as a gentleman, visit and see the same, as if you had been a prince. There is a friend of mine, who made to me the other day a very good remark, “ that all distinctions are useful to men, only as they are to act in public; and yet,” said he,

he, " distinctions are now bestowed, without end or discrimination. Those who are ambitious to appear in courts, place their views on three things—talents, figure, or purse. The first is rated very high, and generally rewarded in *coin*. The second is never now wanted, as national intrigues are out of fashion: but the third is wanted to supply the first; and being the more solid foundation to work upon, is most commonly rewarded in *name*. It is a shocking thing when honour and offices are given, that suitable education and talents cannot accompany them. Nothing, my dear friend, can be, in my opinion, honourable to a man, but acts of worth; for the title of a good man is a degree above the highest appellation of rank; and he who thinks it honourable in such acting, will have little or no *penchant* for the empty and embarrassing word, your Grace, Lordship, or Highness:—these names, let me add, are no instance that there is any such difference in those who bear them;—no! it rests in the  
words,

words, not the men! Forgive this interruption, my good friend, and proceed."

"I took the Duke's advice, and left England, under the name of *Fortesque*. Only one trusty attendant was my companion. Ireland, and its curiosities, were now my object. Dublin was my first station; I found the people hospitable to embarrassment; not extremely polished, but free and friendly; so much so, that they never parted with you till your senses were totally absorbed in claret. I left the inhabitants with greater pleasure than if they had been not quite so pressing, and bent my course towards the north. I was highly delighted with the loughs, bogs, &c. which were shewn me in my way. The grand object now was, the Giant Causeway; and as I intended being rather particular in my observation, from its natural situation, I determined to spend at least the best part of the day there.

"During



“ During the time the chaise was preparing, I observed a splendid equipage, attended by four domestics, waiting at the door of the Bull and Threadpaper. As I looked out of the window, I observed a lady of great elegance, attended by two females, get into the carriage, which instantly drove off.

“ I enquired, and found it was an English Countess, that had been on a visit to the Dutchess of Leinster.”—‘She is going to Belfast, where she will find her husband, and then both are to return to their mansion in England.’

“ Our equipage now came forth ; it was a neat contrast, and was, undoubtedly, of the coach species. The horses were lean as rats, and their harness consisted of rotten ropes and rusty chains. The driver was not much better ; and as I always like to be accommodating, I made the best of a bad bargain, and then the best of my way to the Giant’s Causeway, intending to proceed that night to Belfast.

fast. My hopes were, however, frustrated, for our vehicle could not bear the jolting, and broke down. This happened on a bleak and barren heath, and I was not a little surprised to find that it rained with great violence, and twilight began to stalk forth. Being in vain for us to think of either proceeding, or returning, "What can be done, my honest fellow, said I?"

'By Jafus, if your Honour will take my advice, come along immediately to the foot of this hill, and there lives one Brian Murdoch, who shews the Causeway, will give ye a night's lodging for as long as you please: it's just at the mouth of the valley, and is but a little cabin; but your Honour must put up with it. In the mean time, I will take one of the horses, and go back, and get some one to mend the chaise.'

"I assented to this, and we drew near the mansion, which was done with great difficulty to the body of the carriage, dragging along

along the road at every pull. We reached the cottage ; it was built against the cavity of an amazing precipice, whose head overhung the little building, which was composed of mud and straw. It was almost quite dark, when our guide knocked at the door. A voice from within, in a strong Irish accent, answered, ‘ Who’s there ?’

‘ Patrick M’Guchen, and a gentleman’s servant, and his master, come to see the Causeway, and stay all night ; for the chaise broke down, and refused to go another step of the way with them.’

“ The door opened, and a man presented himself, with a tarred rope, by way of a candle ; he gave our postillion a hearty welcome, and then addressed himself to me—

‘ Would your Honour like to see the Causeway in the dark ; or will you wait till the rain is over ? you are wet mahap ; walk in. I took you for some of the Defenders ;  
for

for there are so many rogues, and White-boys, and thieves about here, that there is no knowing them from gentlemen.'

" Thus saying, he shewed us the inside of his house. In the centre of the room was a fire, the smoke of which found its way through the roof, at a hole made on purpose for it. Round this was placed benches, or rather roots of trees, and large bags, filled with potatoes, by way of seats. In one corner stood a hog and a goat; in another, a huge mountain of the root just mentioned; and through the smoke I could discern a door, or rather hole, that led, God knows where. A female, who I thought was the wife of the peasant (yet she seemed to be rather better bred apparently than the generality of the Irish I had seen), got off her seat when I entered.

' This is the best of our accommodations, and if you can make shift with a straw bed, and clean blanket, you and your man shall have

have one each ; and by my soul, nobody more welcome than your Honour. Come, Fanny, get some supper for the gentlemen ; here ; throw some fresh turf on the fire ; the travellers are wet, no doubt.'

" The female rose hastily, and executed his commands with some melancholy ;—her face had that cast—it was wan and thoughtful ; her eyes were dark and sparkling.

" On the contrary, our host was healthy, strong, and robust, and appeared to be about forty. By this time the postillion was ready, being well primed with whisky, to proceed for Belfast. He left the cottage, and went to an adjoining hovel, where the horses were deposited.

" The peasant, as he put his head without the door, said, ' 'Tis a bitter cold night, and pelts a few rarely. I wonder where my lads are ;—the gale's fresh, and blows in shore ;—I hope they have had good sport ;—I do, in  
troth,



troth, begin to feel uneasy for them. I would not lose these boys, Sir, not for all the north of Ireland:—you know we must all live, and they know their trade as well as the best. Willy can feather an oar with any one, and Jack can throw a net with the best of you.’

During this converse, a loud noise was heard, which echoed along the side of the precipice.

‘ My sons, I hope ;’—“ and the cottager ran to the door.

“ The noise continued ; and the trampling of horses, and the sudden stopping of a carriage, announced the arrival of a considerable number of visitants. I now began to think it was the fashion to see Irish curiosities in the dark, and waited the conclusion of the scene, to discover the intentions of our new arrived.

“ They

“ They enquired how far it was to Belfast ; and on finding it too distant to reach in comfort that night, they begged permission to remain where they were till day-light ; it being very stormy, and besides, the Defenders, who frequented that country, made it altogether unsafe travelling.

“ My host said, he really was afraid there would not be room, as an English gentleman and his servant were already in possession of the apartments. On hearing this, though politeness is not the characteristic of England, yet I stepped forward, and offered to make a transfer of my berth to the lady. It was accepted, and I instantly handed her out of the carriage, and found her to be the same whom I had seen at the inn I had not long since left ; and on asking one of the servants her name—“ The Countess Welford ” was replied.

“ I conducted the fair into this our mansion, and seated her on the cleanest and largest bag

bag of potatoes. She thanked me for my civility, and we entered, by degrees, into conversation. She said that adventures of this sort were pleasant enough now and then; it put her so much in mind of scenes in Novels and Romances, where fatigued travellers, dreary nights, bleak heaths, humble cottages, and honest peasants, make up the ingredients for the incidents.

“ We were interrupted by two young men opening the door.

‘ By Jafus,’ cried the first, ‘ it’s all over; the house is full of strangers.’

‘ What! my boys,’ said our host, ‘ I thought the weather had been too much for you:—well, what luck have you had? where is your fish?’

‘ Oh!’ replied the eldest, recovering his surprise, “ in the boat, in the boat: but you  
seem

seem to have had rare luck indeed : what all these at one haul ?”

‘ You must forgive this, Madam,’ said the father, ‘ my boy is always merry ; come, lads, you can light a fire in the cave, and my lady’s servants and you may spend the night there merrily.’

‘ My lady shall have your room, such as it is.—Come, Fanny, shew Madam’s gentlewoman the chamber.”—They withdrew.

“ The two sons were tall, and well-made young men ; yet I could discover an arrogant, boorish kind of wit in the one, whilst the other seemed diffident, obliging, and more sensible. They threw off their huge boat cloaks, and the eldest, with great coolness, drew forth a pair of pistols, and an immense knife :—they were deposited ;—the youngest sighed as he drew forth his, and then shaking his head, laid them on a kind of shelf, not far off.

“ You fish well armed,” said I.

‘ Yes, indeed,’ said John, ‘ for we have a long way to come from our boat, and it’s well to be armed coming over the hill; for ugly accidents are common here.’”

“ How,” said the Countess, “ are there thieves about here ?”

‘ Why no, Madam, not just directly thieves; but they always prove so in the end: Defenders they call themselves, cruel as savages.’

‘ I hope you are armed, Sir,’ addressing himself to me.

“ I did not like such an interrogation, so replied in the negative. I observed the youngest shake his head. I apprehended something, yet was silent.

‘ Well,



‘ Well, Sir,’ continued John, ‘ I am sorry for that, for we are not sure of a minute. Why it was but yesterday in the evening they took a poor farmer, and swore he had some arms secreted about him. All he said would not convince them: they rummaged his house, tied him between two boards, and sawed him in small pieces.’

“ It was undoubtedly horrid;—from the oddness of the thing, I could hardly refrain from smiling; and,” said I, “ are they permitted to do all this without any check ?”

“ Here Fanny returned; her step-sons, for so I imagined them to be, withdrew to one end of the room, and conversed in whispers together. It was not my business to listen, therefore I permitted them to whisper on, without ceremony. The Countess, from the late conversation, began now to be rather uneasy. She expressed her apprehension, that her husband would be anxious for her arrival, and had intended to send one of her

servants forward without delay ; but I informed her my postillion was going that night to Belfast, and if she had any thing to send, I dared to say he would deliver it in safety.

“ But Pat,” said I, “ how comes it that you are not apprehensive of these land pirates ”

‘ I have a large family, your Honour ; nine mouths to fill, besides your humble servant’s, and must not mind trifles.’

“ Our letters were given him, and he left the cottage.

“ The Countess said she was fatigued, and wished to be shewn her place of rest. A light was given to one of the waiting-maids, and they disappeared. Whilst Fanny was preparing for our suppers, I also requested to be conducted to my apartment, such as it was. John bid me follow him. We proceeded through the hole, or door, I had already observed,

served,

served, and turning to the right, advanced along a narrow passage, formed out of the solid rock. The chamber allotted to me was of the same architecture, and I could discover a ragged aperture on one side, that served by way of a window; but as the night was dark, I could not discover whether it was sky or sea I saw through it. My attendant stuck the light into an earthen bottle, asking if I had any further commands. No!—I was now by myself;—and, from the strange actions and mysterious conduct of the family, I began to be apprehensive for my safety. I took the candle, or rather burning rope, and approached my bed;—'twas mere straw, and one single carpet rug. A three-legged stool furnished the whole room, and a piece of straw matting hung in graceful festoons over my elegant couch, by way of curtains. As yet I could perceive nothing by which our real situation could be ascertained. Suddenly I heard some one through the window hole;—he

seemed walking up and down, as if impatient for something. With the help of my wooden tripod, on which I mounted, I could plainly perceive my host Murdoch, pacing swift up and down—stopping suddenly—listening—then look round, damn his soul, and set off again. At the slightest noise he was attentive. I now heard the steps of another approach him, and, in a moment, spied my friend the postillion, who ought then to have been many miles off:—I now dreaded something from this conspiracy, and blessed myself for being so lucky as to be able to overhear them.

• Well, Pat, what the devil's to be done now? They are very many;—and if we could but rid 'em of their incumbrances, without ridding them of their lives, I should be better pleased;—for they are all English, and you may be sure they'll be missed:—besides, we have not hands enough—and here is my son Willy, damn him—he is  
averse

averse enough to smuggling ;—and, from the way he acted, when we dosed them two excisemen, I would'nt trust him, by my conscience. God ! I'm afraid they will be off safe, for 'tis near morning.'

' Aye, aye, something must be done soon. By Jafus, I have it. I'll be bound to fetch at least half a score of Defenders here, who will soon do the business ;—I'll tell 'em that they are English going to Dublin, with orders to give no quarter ;—and the devil's in't but I think they'll give none. They shall bear all the blame ;—we'll swear 'em black.'

' But then the money !—the money !—they will be off with it all, for their pains, and we shall be taken up as the murderers.'

' Oh ! that I'll soon settle ;—they shall go to the cave amongst the servants, and certainly we can manage the rest ;—and who  
G 4 will



will have the advantage then?—Faith, the Englishman is fine and rich;—his servant told me at the inn, he always had four or five hundred pounds about him.”

‘ Well, well, be off;—I must take care of Mrs. Fanny and Mr. Willy;—for they won’t do, I know, at all for us.’

“ These two pretty rascals now separated; the one went one way, and the other another. You may judge what my feelings were on this discovery. I was afraid to think;—all was horror!—destruction seemed inevitable. I thought, indeed, this was an adventure!—but not as the Countess likes now and then—it bordered too much on the romance for me;—I wished myself in England once more, for I was cursedly frightened:—however, I determined to be desperate, and sell my life as dear as possible. I left my bedchamber more melancholy than I entered it. The Countess sat in her old station;—

tion;—Fanny was leaning thoughtfully on her elbow, and the two sons were engaged in a conversation that the youngest did not seem altogether to relish. I took my seat;—in spite of all my endeavours, I was not able to conquer my fear. I must have looked pale;—I answered incoherently;—it was observed by the eldest son; but I attributed it to fatigue. The Countess and I conversed on England, and she gave me a polite invitation to her house on my return. Never was a poor devil in such a state as I was, to be sure. I damned the postillion a thousand times, and all my hopes of escaping now centered in his not finding the fiendish gang: yet there was a something about the hostess that told me I could make her my friend. She did not seem to be Murdoch's wife, nor that of either of his sons;—I wished for an opportunity to be alone with her. She left the apartment;—‘here is an opportunity,’ said I to myself—‘shall I follow her? Murdoch would be surprised;—

I will—I will, at all events.’ I had just fixed this in my mind, when he rose suddenly and followed her ; I supposed it was to inform her of the hellish plan ;—nor was I deceived, for she returned evidently confused, pale, and seemed to gaze wildly on us, as if every moment was to be the last she should behold our forms. From this symptom I judge it did not quite meet with her approbation. I had now a distant hope ;—she desired the young men to attend their father. We were now quite silent ;—the Countess seemed to be a little astonished at the going in and coming out so frequent. “ She hoped the good peasant was not ill.”

‘ Not at all, Madam,’ and then was silent. She raised up her head, and looked steadfastly on me ;—all was chilling peace—Murdoch entered. My heart struck with redoubled strength and quickness, and involuntarily started. He was sorry he had been so long away, but said he was planning where  
the

the domestics should sleep to-night, arranging their supper, &c.

‘ You damned liar ! ’ said I to myself :—  
“ We supped ;—during which time our hostess would frequently mutter something to herself in a low voice—start—and then eat very fast. She had occasion to leave the room for something, when the scoundrel Murdoch addressed himself to me—“ You must not mind Fanny ;—at times she is odd, and talks queer stuff nobody knows any thing of but herself. I have had much sorrow on her account, and she likes nobody but my youngest son. Indeed he is grown quite idle, and talks as much foolishness as herself. She learnt him to read, and he is now for ever at it, and good for nought else.”

Here he was interrupted by her entering once more ;—she cast an indignant look on him, and then frantically exclaimed, with a fixed countenance, gazing alternately on the Countess and me—

“ There is no safety for you but in flight ;  
The people are determined on your doom ;  
And now come on to execution.”

“ She ceased ;—you may conceive how surprised I was at hearing such language from one whom I thought an ignorant woman.

‘ Lady,’ said the host, ‘ she frequently talks in this way, and will run on for hours, but I never mind her.’ “ She touched me with her foot, and said,—

“ But when the business of the world comes on,  
Jostling between ambitious interests ;  
’Tis then, in the great voyage of our life,  
As if our vessel struck upon a rock ;  
Each shifts a several way to ’scape the wreck,  
And sink or swim, my friend ; nay, plunge him down,  
So by his ruin we get safe to shore.”

“ I here felt the force of what she said, and could plainly perceive her madness was feigned ;—but how one of her learning could come there, was to me astonishment. The two young men entered.

‘ What,



‘What, Fanny,’ said the eldest,—‘at your old trade. Oh! you want to be locked up again, I suppose.’

‘Come, come, brother,’ said Willy, ‘you are always tormenting the poor girl when she is unwell.’

‘Never mind—never mind;—here, go fetch some whisky, and let’s leave her to herself;—she’ll come about again. There, take the key, Willy;—let it be the best, that we generally give the excise officers, to keep out the cold, when they are after the smugglers.’

His son rose with much reluctance.—  
‘Come, quick;—don’t let it be said old Murdoch is needy of his liquor, though you may be so of your labour.’

“He returned with a case bottle, which our host uncorked, and made several nog-gens

gens full of hot whisky punch. The Countess received the first, and being urgently pressed, swallowed a considerable quantity. I apprehended something, and it was confirmed by Fanny's saying,

“ ———A cordial draught,  
A noble and preventing remedy,  
To free our bodies from all pain,  
Our eyes and ears from being witnesses  
Of all those cruelties, which are design'd,  
Contriv'd, reserv'd, and wait for weary mortals.”

“ I took her kind remonstrance ; I was just going to apply it to my lips, when the youngest son said, ‘ Stay, Sir—do have a full mug, however.’

“ So saying, he took it from my hand, and unperceived by either father or brother, he dexterously exchanged it with one he had.—Placing the half empty one near John, he gave me a look of assurance, and I drank to the coming morn, which I anxiously waited for ; as I knew with it I should gain new  
courage,

courage, and they new fears ;—so far was well !—I shuddered for the fate of the Countess, who, by this time, seemed heavy, and, by degrees, fell as fast as a church. I affected not to notice this circumstance, and continued eating some oaten cakes and milk, with as much unconcern as possible for a poor devil in my situation ; for I am sure no condemned felon was in a greater funk.

“ Mr. John seemed rather to eye me with some distrust, and he and his father would often talk in their own dialect, or language, and I seemed to be the object of their conversation. I knew not how I was to act, expecting every instant the driver, with the gang ; and fearing, on the other hand, lest they should suspect either my male or female friend, and sacrifice them also in the forthcoming detestable scheme.

“ In this horrible juncture, Fanny once again uttered another warning —

“ If

“ If thou would’st save the commonwealth from ruin,  
Cease to be active in the state affairs ;  
Dissemble well, and torpid to th’ observing  
Multitude ; feed on their nature, mark deep  
The growing tempest of our realm ; yet  
Seem to slumber, when thou’rt most awake—  
On this—On thee we rest our last resource ;  
And if it fail, ’tis but to die ;  
And that I’ve meditated, study’d long,  
Nor fear it e’en a rush !—”

“ I waited a minute or two ;—took a piece  
of friendly advice, and dropped off as found  
as if nothing was to happen.

‘ He snores at last !—damn his body, I  
thought he never would have gone off, I  
began to think he had got the wrong liquor,’  
said the benevolent Jack ;—‘ and he shall  
have a nice birth between the two excisemen  
before dawn. Father, leave him to me ;—  
I should like to kill an Englishman ;—you  
touch up the lady ;—and potatoe-hearted  
Willy shall dispatch the man and the maids,  
or I will *him*.’

‘ Ah !

‘ Ah ! but,’ said old Murdoch, ‘ do you think we could not, without murdering the poor sinners, get hold of the stuff, and be off, and then they may wake when they like, and we shall be far enough by then.’

‘ No ! no ! dead men tell no tales ;—secure the portmanteaus, and do you be off to the maids and men. Have they had the snoring whisky too, father ?’

‘ Yes ! yes ! they are all fast, and would sleep these ten hours, though the world was on fire.’

‘ Damn me, but I don’t half like this job, Jack :—I think we had better not.’

“ Here his youngest son expatiated on the act they were going to commit, and Fanny sat in horror listening to the murderers.

‘ Puh ! damn your preaching—you may both go to hell ;—leave me, and I’ll do



do the business, and pocket the money. Come, be off to the others.'

"They quitted the house, and, as I suppose, went out to wait for the rest, whom they anxiously expected. John was now alone.

'By Jafus,' said he, 'I'll have no intruders;'—so he fastened the door, muttering to himself, 'damn their cowardly souls.'

"The silence of Fanny, I suppose, made him forget her. Just at this juncture a confused noise of horses' feet, and mens' voices, made him draw off for a little the final completion of his resolution;—he was then whetting a large knife on a brick;—the sound could not help being dreadful to my ears;—nor was it in my power to prevent a cold sweat from bedewing my whole frame; and, to add to my pleasant situation, our hostess, in terrific low whispering accents, exclaimed,

exclaimed, ‘ My God ! they are now lost indeed.’

“ All was quiet again, and I heard Murdoch say, ‘ Yonder is the cave ;’—and the trampling, by degrees, sunk into a deadly stillness.

‘ Now for it,’ muttered John ;—‘ I hope he won’t make as much noise as the fat exciseman ;—how the hog roared !’

“ I heard him go to the shelf, where he had made a deposit some hours since. The good Fanny touched me, and whispered ‘ Now ! now !’—I unclosed my eyes, and beheld him with his back towards us ;—he had taken down one of the pistols, and was adjusting the priming. This was the critical moment !—I sprang from my seat, and seized him in an instant by the small of his legs. You may remember the great strength I possessed when at college, from my lifting  
the

the brewer's horse out of the ditch. I now felt that blessing ; and before the villain had time to recover his astonishment, I had drawn his feet from under him with so sudden a jirk, as to precipitate his forehead with such force against the wall opposite to where he was standing, that his head was dashed into a thousand pieces, and he expired without a groan. After this necessary, but neat act of murder was atchieved, our refuge now was in flight.

‘ Haste ! haste ! ’ said Fanny, or t’will be too late.’

“ ’Twas no sooner said than done. I mounted the sleeping Countess on my shoulders, and, followed by our faithful hostess, we hurried to the door, where we mounted a couple of horses, the property of the new arrived gang, and I placed the sleeping lady before me, galloping with all speed towards Belfast. ‘ God bless such a cause-way,’

way!’ said I to myself, and dug my heels into the horse’s ribs, for spurs I had none. As we darted past the cavern mouth, where the unfortunate domestics were slaughtering, I could not but hear—Oh horror!—I saw!—the crimson torrent gushed, like a strong stream, out of the cave, and rippled across the road that we passed. Nobody can imagine but myself how I felt. The wretch Murdoch heard us fly past;—he ran to the door, wreaking with blood;—in one hand he held his rosy torch, and in the other a large pruning hook, which, as he shook it at us, the liquid gore trickled slowly down his arm, that he had bared for the occasion, up to the shoulder.

‘We are betrayed!’ he shouted, ‘but will be revenged.’

“We sped like arrows; and had nearly reached a valley, when Belfast steeple burst upon our sight. Fanny looked back.

‘Th

‘ They come !’ she exclaimed.—‘ My God, we shall be murdered !’

“ The scoundrels were certainly not far off, and gained upon us every step. We redoubled our exertions, and were soon met by a numerous assortment of gentlemen and foldiers. The foremost, who seemed to act as guide, checked his steed.

‘ Stop ! stop ! my Lord—’tis Fanny,’ said he, and instantly leaped from his horse, and embraced her ;—but how was I surprised, to recognize in him—Murdoch’s son, Willy.

‘ Where is the Countess ?’ cried one more voice eagerly ;—‘ is she not with you ?’

“ He stopped, on seeing her lay senseless in my arms :—he caught her in his ;—‘ she sleeps,’ said I.

‘ God be thanked ! she’s safe,’ returned he.

“ The



“ The company now discovered the banditti approaching ;—chace was given ;—the villains fled like chaff before the wind, and our preservers followed as swift.—The stranger I guessed was Lord Welford ;—and our company made the best of their way to the town, accompanied by Willy and the domestics. We were there in a shake, and safe lodged in comfortable apartments at the inn. ‘ Damn the causeway,’ said I to myself, as I assisted in helping the Countess to her room. She was conveyed to bed, and a physician sent for to prescribe something, in order to counteract the sleepy potion.—Fanny had the care of her, whilst I attended Lord Welford, and recounted every particular of the adventure. The soldiers were now returned, and had taken our *kind* host and the whole of his friends.—By their account, they surrendered, after a slight skirmish, and forced Murdoch’s son to attend them to the spot where the horrid transaction had taken place. Two of the male  
servants

servants were still breathing, though shockingly mangled. The remainder, with my poor valet, had fallen beneath the swords of the villains.

“ The cottage was next searched ;—the maids were safe wrapped in the arms of slumber ;—and, on making a thorough exploration, innumerable casks of different liquors, &c. &c. were found in hollows of this rocky habitation ; likewise, the bodies of the two poor excisemen, or rather their remains, for time had almost demolished their forms, and hardly any thing was visible but bones and cloth. All being settled, and the scoundrels in proper custody, I now thought of satisfying my curiosity respecting Fanny, who, with much pleasure, consented to my request.

‘ I was born,’ said she, ‘ in this very town :—my parents were, and I hope still are, people of respectability. I cannot, as yet,

yet, inform you of my real name. However, having received a good boarding-school education, and having taken a great profusion of romance, novel, but particularly theatrical reading, I found my mind always in a state of effervescence, and ready enough to seize on ever so trivial a circumstance, by which any romantic adventure could be produced. I was flattered, both as to my person and knowledge, by all the beaux in the place; they made love to me with speeches from plays (knowing I was fond of theatricals);—I answered them in turn, and in sentiment according as I felt. Every action of my life, at this time, had a smattering of the stage. My bed-room seemed more like a range of scenery than a place of rest, and I never extinguished my candle without a quotation from Othello, “Put out the light, and then.” I stepped into bed—dreamed of tragedies—of poison, death, and daggers—and almost always awoke vociferating some extract or other. This was my regular state

of existence, when a young gentleman, who lived not many miles from this, presented himself at my feet. I accepted his proffered love, and found in him every thing I wished; for he was as foolish as myself.

‘ Our loves went on in due and regular methods, interspersed with little circumstances, in imitation of the parts of Pyramus and Thysbe. Elopements were planned, and frustrated on purpose. At last the joyful day was appointed for the completion of our happiness. His house being near Carrickfergus, the ceremony was to be performed there; and I, fool that I was, would not go, as another mortal would, peaceably by land, but must needs outvie Cleopatra, and go by water. My boat was decorated in the most flippant manner :—I had sails of shot white and crimson silk; and I paid fourteen guineas a day for children, four years old, naked, to fan me, with little bellows;—all the floor or deck, for it was not  
-very

very large, was covered with steel filings and rose leaves, which, being both pleasing to the eye and nose, produced kind sensations both for the optic and olfactory nerves.

‘ Maids and watermen, in rich attire, worked, and sung, in soft strains, around.—I was reclined on a couch of blue and orange taffeta ; and the whole of the object, at that period, delighted me beyond expression, particularly as it was conveying me to the arms of a fainting, sighing, anxious, waiting swain. We went right before the wind, and nothing could satisfy me, but the being placed in a little boat, most richly decorated, that pitched in gay pride at the end of my barge. I got into her with some difficulty—that was nothing !—for my intention was to celebrate, in poetry, the beauties of my vessel’s stern, in which I intended to introduce that of myself.—Well ! the paper was ready, and pencil cut, which, by the by, was contained in a silver case, made in form of Miss Seward,



(as I admired her works much) ; and when I used this instrument, it seemed as if the image wrote with the great toe of her right foot. I was scarcely seated commodiously, when a gale sprung up. I thought this romantic. The boat was comfortable, and an enchanted bark rushed into my mind :—the gale increased, and so did the size of the waves:—the romantic then began to ooze: but it was too late ; a crack, louder than the earthquake at Lisbon, proclaimed that the rope which fastened my vessel to the ship had given way.—I screamed ;—in a moment they were far off—they attempted to regain me, but in vain. I drifted, with swiftness, out to sea, and they were totally lost from my sight. What were my thoughts then, Sir ;—I was almost wild. Starvation, sinking, or perishing with cold, were now what I had to expect. I cursed my romantic spirit a hundred times, and learnt, but too late, that I possessed wholly follies, which I had been flattered into a belief were virtues.—How

had

had I been deceived ; and more so, by him, who was to have been my husband ; but from that accident, I beheld his little mind, and my love changed into hate. Whilst thus pondering, night came on ;—I was cold and hungry ;—and now began seriously to think on my situation. I shuddered for the anxiety of my relatives ;—and, frantic with vexation at my conduct, gave myself up to despair.

‘ I passed a horrible night, expecting every instant to be my last. Morning dawned ;—my hopes of being saved revived ; I could not forget my real disposition ;—so I now and then half cried a few lines from Faulkner’s shipwreck. I became more calm ;—it was a delightful morning, and the sun glittered in full majesty on the waves.—In spite of my fate, I could not help it—it would come out, whether or not ;—and as I thoughtlessly bobbed my hand in and out of the sea, I chanced to bring from its bosom,

amidst a floating multitude, a thing called a blubber. On viewing it, the case was plain. I seized my pencil with avidity, and big with impending rhyme, wrote the following sonnet :—

TO THE BLUBBER FISH, OR TO THE SEA.

I see, the sea takes pity on a maid,  
And as I blubber, it doth blubber too.  
I see the sun, in morning pomp array'd,  
Casts a bright gleam to cheer my fearful woe.  
Oh blubber ! blubber ! sooth my sinking heart,  
Teach me to 'bear my cruel fate resign'd ;  
For loud I blubber, sore with anguish'd smart,  
The sea my tears receive, my sighs the wind.  
To thee, Oh ocean ! this dear form I trust ;  
'Tis dearer far to me than I can tell :—  
But if I'm drown'd, why drowned then I must ;  
To earthly pleasures, lo ! I bid farewell.  
No friend to form with pious care my tomb ;  
'The sea alone will blubber for my doom !

‘ I had just written this, when my attention was arrested by a smuggling boat, run-

ning close up to me, which contained three or four men. My heart leaped from its habitation with joy. I was dumb a moment with pleasure at such a sight, when my ears were assailed by the master, who was no other than old Mr. Murdoch.

‘ By Jafus, it’s something outlandish.— Why, it’s been casting accounts. Are you the devil in the shape of a woman? Speak, or I’ll knock you over with a boat hook.’

‘ Peace, father,’ said the youngest ;—‘ who knows, it may be a witch weighing the sea, or casting storms on her thumb’s nail :— silence ! she may sink us in a whistle !’

‘ Whether this intimidated him or not, I don’t know, but he asked, in a more civil manner ;—and I, who thought to profit by the deceit, cried—

“ Tow me to shore, or instantly I’ll raise high winds,  
Loud thunders, forked lightnings, and roaring tempests.  
Remember well this threat !”

‘ I threw my rope on board, which was made fast by the young man, who spoke last, and who was, together with his companions, as pale as death. A long silence on both sides ensued, and I could observe they trembled, as if struck with a panic. I took this favourable opportunity to make good the footing I had made upon their superstition.

——“ This virtue is not your’s,” said I ;  
 The very savages, and fiercest beasts,  
 Would leave their dens, forsake their helpless young,  
 Or bleeding prey, if e’er I call’d,  
 Or needed such support : ply all your oars,  
 Unfurl that sleeping sail ; or by the horrors  
 Of a burning hell, I’ll raise a hurricane !  
 ’Twill rend thy bark, thy hodies, and thy sails  
 To shivers, light as chaff.”

‘ It had the desired effect ;—swift as lightning, and silent as night, we approached the shore ;—I landed most gladly ;—happy in myself—but where I knew not ; and was walking quite unconcerned away, when he, who had not as yet spoken, came up to me  
 with



with a quick pace, seized me by the back of the neck, and presenting a pistol to my breast, cried, 'Witch, fairy, devil, or damnation, I'm not afraid of you; but before you sheer off, by Jafus I'll have something for my pains; and damn me if I think you are any thing but a mad woman, run away from your kepeers. Answer me now, or I'll do by you as you threatened to do by my father's wherry.'

'I was frightened most terribly; and that, with the great struggle I had undergone, in sustaining the witch's character, quite overcame me, and I fainted.' On recovering the use of my faculties, I found myself prostrated on a straw bed, in the most wretched apartment possible. One thread-bare blanket constituted my whole covering. I could not believe my eyes. The door, or rather five rotten boards, opened, and the old man entered.

‘Well, Ma’am,’ said he, ‘what, you are alive? Aye! aye! you’ll make a good housekeeper for me;—I’ll learn you what’s what:—come, come, up, up, and let me see that you don’t complain, or I’ll blow a hurricane upon you, and every blast shall bring blood:—fine witch indeed! But, by Jafus, I’ll make you be all and all yet;—come rise, and find your way through the passage.’

‘So saying, he left me. My situation (for now I plainly saw I was condemned to be the slave of a gang of thieves) had such an effect on my mind, as to produce a kind of delirium:—I raved violently, and was really deranged for a great length of time; and if it had not been by the attentions and intercessions of the wretch’s youngest son, I should have inevitably been murdered as useless.—However, I got once more my health, and submitted till Heaven should grant an opportunity, by which I could escape; for I never was permitted to be left alone in the  
cottage,

cottage, lest I should take myself off.—Smuggling, under the cloak of shewing the Causeway, was the method by which Murdoch lived, and this I should not have known, had it not been that I discovered it by accident. Now the fillet being torn from my eyes, they made no ceremony of bringing in whatever might be their objects of expedition. This sort of thing went on, without any interruption, for a considerable time;—but my situation was not quite so even; for the brute John I found seemed to imply a desire, whenever the opportunity offered, to behave not altogether as I might wish:—I resented, in the most forcible manner, one in my state possibly could do. He threatened me—nay, drew a huge knife from his pocket, and swore if I did not instantly comply with the *honour he wished* to bestow upon me, he'd be damned but he'd put it out of the power of any other.' On which he flew at me like a satyr, "and caught me in his rude embrace." I screamed; at the same time stuck the nails of my right hand,

hand, with great force and depth, into his face. Here he ejaculated a horrible imprecation ;—I screamed louder than ever ; and would have put an end to my existence, and defeated his intentions, but had no means.

‘ Oh God !’ I exclaimed ;—‘ save me ! save me !’

‘ Here the door opened, and the good Willy entered in great haste ;—he started ;—his brother, in sneaking shame, left his abominable hold.

‘ What do I see ! my God ! brother, is it not enough to make this unfortunate woman unhappy, by detaining her with us against her inclination—is it not enough to drive her to distraction, and almost to despair ;—but you must add to her miseries, by such brutal attempts ?—for shame ! go and meet my father, for there are two persons with him who, I am afraid, will make strange alteration in our affairs.’

‘ The

‘ The coward brother gave him no answer, but slunk off muttering. I now had an opportunity of thanking my deliverer;—I could not believe my ears;—I blessed, nay, I kissed him;—and from that moment he became my friend, and I his preceptor.

‘ Here entered the old man, the young rascal, and two others, who proved to be the unfortunate excisemen you must have heard mentioned. They had journeyed thither, on hearing that contraband affairs were secreted by a set of smugglers in the cove of the Causeway, and they judged Murdoch to be the best informer, where he thought such might be concealed, though he was the last, they imagined, to be the offender. But my owner (for I was no other than a slave), apprehending that he might be discovered, determined, in his own mind, that the poor devils should, from henceforth, remain in his house as fixtures;—so he and Mr. John, to whom the plan was communicated, soon set  
to



to work, and plyed the men of office so sharply with whisky, and that of the somnific kind, that before night, they had entered a very sound sleep. They were moved with ease; and being carried along the rocky avenue, were deposited in a little cavern, which I termed the bleeding sepulchre.— Here the deed was performed by Murdoch and his son John. My God! what yells the unfortunates uttered;—and they were the more horrible, being thickened by intoxication; but nobody else heard them;—I dared not stir;—and the young Willy was threatened with the same fate, if he let me escape, or spoke one word against the shocking act. Two months now elapsed, during which time I was continually pestered by the importunate pawings of the brute John; and, on the day on which you arrived, he became worse than ever;—he vowed, that if I did not, that evening, grant what he wished, both my own, and that of my favourite Willy's life, should answer for it. The evening drew near,

near, and I had determined, in my own mind, rather to sacrifice my life than my virtue; and I imagined that it could be no sin whatever to rid the world of such a villain;—so I concealed a sharp knife, and would (had not the circumstance of your arrival prevented it), that very night have dispatched both him and myself.

‘ Such was the situation of affairs when you and the Countess became our visitors;—I knew, or rather guessed what would be the consequence; for Murdoch and his son John were equal to any thing. I now resolved to hazard every thing, by which I could render their plans abortive. I feigned madness, and our plan succeeded admirably, as you have experienced.’

“Here ended Fanny’s narrative; and Lord Welford and myself, desired to know her future plans.

‘ I will

“ I will first enquire after my parents, whom I hope are still living, and then, my silly Intended ;—and in case they should have died broken-hearted for my loss, as I know they loved me with the tenderest of parental affection ; I having been brought up a Catholic, will retire abroad into some convent, and thereby complete a life whose incidents are truly romantic, and end it with the climax of a nunnery.’

“ Fanny’s plan did not take place ;—her parents were still existing, and received her with extended arms, preparatory to embraces which death alone was to sever. Her lover, having waited in vain, and the circumstances of her loss being made acquainted to him, he, for a long period, pined in despair ; but one Sunday morning, at a quarter past nine, he took the lover’s leap into the arms of a virgin near at hand ;—so that Fanny is still reserved for one, to whom, who-  
ever

ever he may be, young, middle-aged, or old, I'll answer, that she'll make him a good wife.

“The Countess was now herself again ;— she professed a thousand obligations to me for my attentions and exertions, and made her lord insist on my attending them to their mansion in England.—Now 'tis Willy's turn to be mentioned. He had taken a strong affection to me, and begged most vehemently that he might attend me as my servant. He had a good heart, for I had seen it ;—he was not too old to learn, for he had never been at service :—from this instant I made him my “humble friend ;”—and after taking a very affectionate leave of Fanny, whom I promised should hear from us, Willy, myself, the Countess, and her spouse, all set out in a most notable cavalcade for England.——

“I have related this wonderful adventure at full length, my friend, that you may understand

derstand in what manner “ the fortune-hunter, Mr. Fortescue, got introduced into Welford mansion.—Now can you believe your aunt’s assertions ?”

END OF VOL. I.



THE  
NEW MONK,

*A ROMANCE,*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

BY R. S. ESQ.

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Quis ignorat, maximam illecebram esse peccandi impunitatis spem?

CICERO.

Who is ignorant, that it is the hopes of impunity which is the  
greatest temptation to sin?

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VOL. II.

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1798.

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THE  
NEW MONK.

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CHAP. I.

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Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with! Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence!

MACBETH.

~~~~~  
*Continuation of the Recitation, Narrative, and
History of Henry Mountfordington.*

“MY journey was uncommonly agreeable;—Lord Welford had sense, but a feeble mind;—he was fond of farming, hunting, shooting, and sporting of all sorts and descriptions; and, on his finding I

did not dislike it, he vowed to be my immediate and eternal friend.

“ At Welford mansion I saw, for the first time, the beauteous Alice. I shall not describe her to you ; for if a brother is not acquainted with a sister’s virtues, I don’t know who should ;—you know what her talents are, her beauty, her disposition, her dress, nay, her every thing. I beheld and loved ! my enquiries of the Countess were many.

‘ She is my niece,’ replied the lady. I am sister to the Duke of Woodlepark ;—Alice is the daughter of my second brother, Lord Glindleharp ;—she has been destined never to marry, from her cradle ;—if she had said buried alive, it would have been the same to me.’

Lord Charles stopped him with surprise. “ Destined never to marry from her cradle ! I never heard of this before, on my honour.”

“ Listen,”

"Listen," said Henry ; " perhaps you do not know so much of your real family anecdotes as I will tell you. Alice is my oracle. Whilst your mother was big with the impending birth of daughter or of son, an illness of some desperate species attacked her, occasioned by not being able to come at some impossibility longed for, which, had she obtained, would have been productive, of course, of great pleasure ; but being frustrated, she vowed the infant then in embryo should never, whether male or female, be allowed to marry ; and if they did act contrary to this vow, pecuniary inheritances were so managed as to be void. Alice came forth ; and the better to secure the secret from you, she was put into the hands of her aunt, Margeritta, who was on the point of being united to Lord Welford. Not far distant from Welford mansion was a boarding-school for young ladies. There the little angel was placed ; and the grand point they had orders to inculcate, was a distaste for matrimony :—but a Lord knows

what made the young damsel sensible she was not born to drive apes.

“ Full of youthful frolic and mischief, she treated all they said with ridicule, and was almost always scheming something or other to plague her sage governess. She knew the vow that hung over her, the particulars of which were always carefully kept from you: your direction at college was never made known to her; and her romantic and mischievous disposition, as it was termed, determined the Countess to have a strict old dame over the actions of Alice, by way of duenna. This female preceptor never had been married;—when young, had had a good education;—was now grown perfectly starch and prudish, and professed great fortitude in misfortune, and was a maid! Her name was Barbarossa, on account of her mother longing to eat the dog ears, of a tragedy of that name, then in possession of a cousin German.

“ I im-

“I immediately resolved to frustrate their intentions towards your amiable sister. She made me her friend ;—I told her I was your’s ;—her heart was mine ! and with difficulty she owned she loved me. At length I proposed quitting together Welford mansion. She rejected the idea as dishonourable.

‘Nay, Henry,’ said she, ‘although my heart is wholly your’s, still let me not take that step which would at once reflect disgrace upon all parties. Remember, that at present I place not the confidence of my heart in you as a lover, but as a friend ; then treat not, my friend, that trust ignobly. I have a brother’s affection to preserve ; but he, I know, would have no objection to our happiness.

‘Lord W—— esteems you. My aunt too to you is all sweetness ;—try then your influence over my relatives, my guardians ; and if they consent to our union, this hand shall be your’s. Alas ! (she heaved a long

and deep sigh) I despair! Oh! the fatal vow!

“ This being my only resource, I bent all my powers towards the Countess;—for, to use a vulgar expression, the grey mare here proved the better horse. Her word was law;—she was about forty-eight; when young, had been a fine woman, and still thought she possessed charms sufficient to captivate any one. Her mind was great and masculine, with passions strong;—nothing whatever retarded the gratification of them. She was cruel and revengeful with all, and thought the whole human race were as insects, that she might squeeze at pleasure between her finger and thumb. Such was the Countess of Welford (only take this along with you, peruser), her carriage was tragic strut; her countenance haughty (for she always carried her chin high), and her touch was now cold with age, and marbly.

“ I laboured

“ I laboured like a hackney reader to please her ; for my diurnal occupation was to pore over some romance or other. I know where I would much rather have been ; but what could I do ? Four hours every day did I read to this worthy Countess. Her library was chiefly old English romances, conjuring books, horrid accidents, deep tragedies, and family MSS. I read, amidst innumerable, the *Arcadia*, *Valentine and Orson*, the *Bleeding Candle*, and the *Knight of the Trembling Chin*. These, and twenty more equally interesting, I read ; but she, seeming to delight in my occupation, encouraged me to persevere. She shewed for me so great an esteem, that Alice advised me to make known our loves as soon as possible.

“ One evening, being alone with Lady Welford, in her own apartment, and having been reading an admirable production of the present day—it was the “ *MONK!*” I had just got into the spirit of Don Raymond’s adventures,

adventures, which, in my own mind, I could not help observing their affinity to mine.

‘ Ah ! unfortunate youth ! Pray, Mr. Fortesque, do you think such a man could, or will ever exist ? What a virtuous mind ; but how unfortunate the lady ; how pure their loves ! ’

“ I snatched the golden opportunity. I replied—‘ I am furnished with an uncontrovertable certainty. Ah ! Lady W——, I dare not hope for your approbation of my love ! I dare not say the name of my mistress :—I fear your resentment ! Ah ! forgive——.’ ”

“ Here she interrupted me.—‘ I will spare you that pain ;—I know her well, and could at this instant say, she returns your affections, loves you to excess, and at once laments the sacred vows which keeps her from your arms.’ ”

“ On

“On my knees was the consequence of this declaration :—I caught her hand, pressed it ardently to my lips, and exclaimed, ‘Divine woman ! you have, you have discovered my secret ! Am I to despair ?—tell me—speak ! Have I your approbation ;—may I hope for that favour ?’

‘Yes, yes, yes ! how can I refuse it ?’ she replied ;—‘it is a female failing ;—I submit entirely to the fury of my passion. Oh ! I adore you, love you ;—away pride, fear, honour, vows, lords, and respect, sacrificed to love—all, all shall be offered up at the altar of pleasure.’

“So saying, she sprang forward to embrace me. Unfortunately for her I was lower than she imagined, and, in her impetuosity to accomplish what she thought she had gained, she pitched head first, over my shoulders ;—on which were placed, by the awkwardness of her embrace, each foot. She must have been as much stunned by the fall as I was

by her declaration ; for, for the space of a minute, I kneeled in this situation, bearing her lower extremities on my shoulders, as a ladder would rest against a wall. The appearance to any observer would have been laughable indeed ; for at that instant I thought of the school-boy's pick-aback.

“ We both came to our senses at once ; she drew her feet away, and I drew myself on to mine. I assisted her in rising ; she shook her discomposed vestments, and seemed a little ashamed at my seeing her exactly in such a situation. We all know when a woman falls, how it is. But to return. I shuddered at the mistake she had made, with regard to my love for her ; I determined to tear off the veil, and, for the present, to conceal the name of my mistress :—we were silent ;—her shame was gone, but her passion was as violent as ever.

‘ Well,’ said she, ‘ I am waiting ;—where is that joy you led me to expect ?’

“ Forgive

“Forgive me, Madam,” I answered, “if necessity and prudence should make me seem ungrateful ; to encourage you in a mistake, however I may be flattered by it, could not be. I should appear as a villain in every eye. My honour towards Lord Welford could not permit such a transaction ; you have quite misunderstood me ; I meant another. I know your charms, my lady ; they could captivate a Stoic ;—yet you have a lord ;—he is my friend ; has treated me with generosity ; and it shall not be me, I assure you, that will prove the adder of his own nurturing. Conceive, should I consent to your wishes, whose happiness would I not destroy ? My own, Lord Welford’s, the family’s honour, and your’s in the end.—Remember discoveries can be made, prosecutions commenced, and sentences from “bed and board” passed—that’s all.” She turned pale at what I said ; her lips quivered with rage and disappointment, and I won’t say whether she doubted her being awake. Recovering at length, rage rushed with fury

to her heart ;—she stamped wildly on the ground, and addressed me in a haughty revengeful tone.—

‘ Most magnanimous of villains, most treacherous and false of scoundrels, thus is the avowal of my passion received ! Then will you not ; but no ! no ! it shall not be you that must feel my anger ; it is she who possesses your heart. What has she sacrificed ? Who is she that dares to love Margeritta’s object ;—tell me her cursed name ;—and when I do know, Heavens ! if she can be within the limits of my power, let me but catch her ;—these nails shall deprive her face of shape, her eyes of sight, her mouth of speech, yea (screamed the furious fair), even her body of life ! My jealousy, my rage, shall buffet her to shreds. . Answer me instantly ;—spies both night and day shall be set over you till she is discovered, and when that happens—Blood ! death ! and fire ! tremble—tremble, miscreant, for her and for yourself.’

“ She

“ She was now quite exhausted with passion; she yelled a laugh; was almost choaked; and her eye-balls nearly forced from her head in anger. Thus was she overpowered by herself, and fainted. I placed her on a sofa, called one of her maids, and left the room.

“ Agitated in the extreme, I bent my steps towards the garden. I reflected on the past scene. I knew not what or how to determine. On passing a parlour, whose windows regarded the garden, I observed Alice. She was drawing;—I entered; but how to acquaint her of the past, I was at a loss.

‘ Oh! is it you?’ said she;—‘ never mind, I’ll proceed;—take a seat by me, and learn.’

“ I obeyed, and sat on her right hand.—Unconscious of what I did, I took up some of her productions, and viewed them. One of the subjects particularly struck me;—it represented the old hall of Welford mansion.

In

In the fore ground were placed figures in all the attitudes of fright. In short, when you behold the caricature of the " Spirit," you see what I speak of; only with this difference, which was in the object of terror, that it represented a man of thin stature, clothed in black. His coat and breeches were in several places stained with blood;—his large wig hid entirely his face; he had a wound in the back of the neck, and a large gold headed cane hung by the tassel on his right arm. In one hand he held a lamp, in the other a huge scalping-knife, and he seemed advancing towards the iron gates of the hall.

" What does this mean ?" said I ;—" from what goblin chronicle have you drawn this ?"

' What !' replied Alice, ' have you lived in this habitation so long, without hearing of the bleeding Doctor ?'

" I smiled—never ;—pray who may he be ?"

' That

‘ That I can’t tell ; but it is merely family report, and is believed by all the inhabitants here about. My uncle even believes it himself ; and as for my aunt, she would sooner doubt the truth of hunger, than of the bleeding Doctor. Listen to his history !

*The Bleeding Doctor’s History, or the History
of the Bleeding Doctor.*

‘ It has often been a wonder of the greatest importance to me, that this remarkable personage never once has been mentioned in the casualties of old chronicles.— Nobody knew such a one died till he lived ; very true, you’ll say ; how could it be otherwise ? Well—the first thing he did was to take possession of Welford mansion. Being a man that liked to be comfortable, he occupied the best room in the house ; and once established there, he passed his time by dancing hornpipes, kicking the chairs about, and beating the devil’s tattoo on the tables—

all in the middle of the night. As there was no bed in his room, I suppose he could not sleep, so did this to pass the time. According to tradition, this fun began about a century ago. His accompaniments were generally arranged as follows :—shrieking always led the band ; howling was tenor ; groaning and hollow cries, joined by swearing, and dead bones beating time on skulls, made the whole concert. This was only apparent to the ear, and followed him on his nocturnal rambles, as he generally made a tour of the house ; and it was from the description of his entering the hall I made this sketch.’

“ Did he never speak to those who met him ?” said I.

‘ No, never.—Indeed it was not the wish of any one ; for nothing at times was heard in the house but black oaths and horrid execrations. A moment after he would run over the names of all the medicines used ; then whistle ; and last of all repeat the whole

whole of his anatomical knowledge as orderly as if still giving his lectures. Every soul was terrified; the place became hardly habitable; and its lord was so frightened by his aerial visitors, that one hard frosty morning, when nobody expected it, he was found dead in his bed. This pleased the Doctor mightily, for he made more noise than ever, and that in a different way; for instead of complaints, groans, &c. now nothing but loud laughing was heard, as though the house was all mouth. But the next lord got a person to be all night in the room with the Doctor; and, after a long converse, he agreed to be quiet for five years;—and my uncle now says, that on the 5th of May every fifth year, as soon as the clock strikes one, the door of the haunted chamber opens (for it has been shut up now near a hundred years), then out steps the ghost, lamped and knived, proper:—he descends the stair-case, crosses the hall, whistles twice, turns thrice, and makes his exit through the gates which then, and all that day, the porter always leaves

leaves open ; and generally the Doctor returns, after one hour's absence, goes to the haunted chamber, and squeels as he closes the door for another five years.'

" And do you believe this, Alice ?"

' Nonsense ;—no, no, superstition has no hold on me whatever ; but I dare not say so to the Countess ; for as I told you before, she believes it firmly. As to Barbarossa, she once saw this affair ; and it was from her relation that I made this sketch.—You see there are the remains of supper, the bleeding Doctor, the great hall, and terrified domestics ; amongst whom, see if you can't discover my old governante.'—" Certainly she had portrayed a most admirable likeness of the maid ; not forgetting to exaggerate a strawberry mole on the tip of her chin, with five black hairs pendent.

" Like as possible ! Alice, I must have a care from henceforward, since I have discovered a caricaturist."

' Stay

‘ Stay a moment,’ she replied ;—and drew from the Tunbridge table drawer she then was occupying, a small case, which she opened and presented to me ;—“ do you know that ——. ?’

“ It was the angel’s self. And when a man is in love, great extravagances of action are nothing. I kissed it a hundred times.—Transported with joy, I gazed on it in such rapture, as not to be able to distinguish a feature in the face. Overpowered, I darted myself at her feet, and declared my thanks, my gratitude, my love. She went my halves in every thing, when suddenly she screamed, disengaged herself, and vanished through the garden door.

“ Amazed, I rose from my knees ;—I beheld the Countess writhing in all the agonies of jealousy and rage. On recovering from her fainting, she ran the changes in her mind who her rival could be. At last poor Alice

was

was fixed upon. She flew to her room, and saw the situation which I have just described, and loudly exclaimed, ' I have found the enemy of my happiness ;—I have found the object of your love, and you shall find the power of my revenge ; then tremble when you know what it is to love without hope ! I daily expect orders for restoring Alice to her parents ; I know their intention is to place her far enough beyond the reach of human pleasure. And whilst the girl remains here, I will take care to confine her close enough :—there she may draw late love scenes, write sorry sonnets, and whine her lost admirer.

' As for you, Sir, to be explicit, I'll thank you to visit some other friend with as much speed as possible ; your presence now is no longer wished for by my lord or myself. To-morrow must be the day, and no excuse will be granted.'

" So

“So saying, she flounced out of the apartment ;—I wandered to mine, gloomy and disconsolate. The next day was arrived ;—my chaise was at the gate of the mansion.—I knew that Lord W—— was my friend ; I attempted to intercede :—he said it was out of his power, but that travelling would wear away my pain.

“ I found the Countess had swayed him ; he shook my hand.

‘ Farewell,’ said she ;—‘ remember a woman’s vengeance will pursue you !’

“ I sneered—stepped into my carriage.—Alice was not there. The postillion cracked his whip, and we soon lost sight of Welford mansion. I threw myself into a melancholy posture. Willy still kept his station as my humble friend ;—by his goodness of heart, fidelity, and abilities, he every day added more and more to his value. Scarcely had we proceeded above half a mile, when he rode up to the chaise-door.

‘ Courage !

‘ Courage ! courage ! Sir,’ said he, in Latin, which he had, on my honour, taught himself in less than three weeks.—While you were with the Countess and Lord W——, I posted myself under Miss Alice’s window, and whistled that little air she loves so much, on which she threw me down this note. He pulled it from his pocket ;—I rent it open ;—a pencil of the benign angel’s had marked its characters. I can say it by heart ; so listen !

‘ Use the next or neighbouring village as a veil to screen you from the observing mortal. My aunt will think you are far from Welford, and I shall be restored to liberty. I shall be in the south east summer-house at twelve on the night of the 30th, and have plans ;—they are important, and may tend to happiness.—Fail not to be there. Adieu !

ALICE.”

“ I was again happy. Willy was now more my friend ;—he was interested in my future

future fortune ;—I made him my confidential attendant, and more than once blessed my stars, and the Irish Causeway, that produced him. I will just, by way of letting you into a little of his general character, tell you what he could do. In the first place, he read books of all sorts ; wrote pretty poems ; was musical, and had the gift called the double whistle. From dint of study knew Latin, French, old Irish, and accompts. With these advantages, which he had acquired in less than nine months, he was also blessed with a neat figure, lovely visage, and was just eighteen ;—is still with me ; and I am sure, when you behold him, you will just think as I do.—I degrefs.—The mandate of my adorable was obeyed. I proceeded to Warwick, where I left my chaise ; and then taking my faithful, went to Kennelworth, a small village, about four miles distant from the mansion of Welford. We were disguised, and stopped the mouth of our host's curiosity, by saying we were artists come down from town to draw the castle,

castle, and might remain some time with him. He believed it, and I was content.—Thus passed one fortnight; during which time I had frequent winks and nods from my mistress, who oft, with Dame Barbarossa, would drive through the village to the boarding-school not far distant. The day was arrived.—'Twas night—the clock struck eleven;—we were at the garden wall;—a moment and a rope-ladder placed us on the other side. I took my post in the south-west summer-house;—my ears were on the continual prick up, and the hour passed on tenter hooks;—the mansion bell tolled twelve;—she was in my arms.

‘There is not an instant to be lost,’ said she; ‘an express is arrived from my father;—I must instantly repair to London; I have now no hope—you know the vow.—I am resolved to commit myself to your care, honour, and guardianship. I should bely your goodness, were I to suppose that you would abuse so sacred a trust:—this is my resolution;—

resolution ;—flight is my only resource from the horrors of so impious a vow. I cannot help the imprudence which will naturally attend it ;—but necessity has no law. Hear my plan of escape.

‘ This is the 30th of April ;—the fifth of next month is five days from the last of this, on the night of which the vapoury Doctor is expected to visit the hall, &c. I have provided every sort of vestment proper for such a character, through the kindness of a friend not far from my uncle’s. Do you provide a carriage, and keep at a little distance from the outer gate of the mansion. As the clock strikes one, I shall quit my chamber, dressed the same as the ghost, at least as near as possible. I dare say no one will impede my way, as fright will certainly be my forerunner.—Then there will be no difficulty in reaching the door, and I will put myself under your protection. Should you disappoint me, Henry, the consequences would be too horrible to reflect on ;—but I know your heart ;

I know the friendship you have for my brother, and why should I apprehend, or suffer any such suspicions to arise. "At one, remember;"—on you rests all my hope!

"I was exceedingly affected at her melancholy manner of developing this scheme: but I was happy at the opportunity that seemed to offer, of conveying her to a place of content and safety. I regretted I could not have effected it that very night; but it was out of my power; so I chimed in with her in every thing, as there seemed no object of frustration to our hopes.

"I now assured her, in my part that I would act in every possible honourable method;—that I would find you out—endeavour to gain that consent, which would alone complete our happiness; and that till the church had sealed our mutual loves by her approbation, my Alice might remain in all the innocence of un sullied virtue, and look on me till then, as a brother and ———.

Here

“Here the door of the summer-house opened, and the inquisitive Barbarossa presented herself to our view. She had, by the shadow of the trees, escaped the vigilance of my attendant: our whole conversation had been overheard; and as she approached the place where we sat, cried,

‘Beauteous! beauteous! indeed, Miss.’

“Alice shrieked.

‘Aye! aye! you may squall; for you shall to some purpose. You are a very pretty Miss indeed;—What! be a bleeding doctor too? yes, you will look very well indeed in breeches. Where is your modesty Madam? Oh! impious wretch; nasty young creature!—yes, and shew the fellows your legs:—’tis very pretty, very pretty. Your uncle shall know of all these goings on, and how well you would appear when the real doctor saw you: I’ll answer, that you would be better in health than condition! Mr. Fortesque, you
c 2 should

should be shocked and ashamed of yourself, to try to seduce a poor young creature to your wicked purposes, and make her forsake her friends, to be your harlot. Never mind—I am glad I was by: the Countess shall know it all:—and that young lady there shall play the doctor in her own chamber on the fifth, if she likes. Begone! vile seducer, or the porter shall be sent to kick you out. And let me, sweet Miss, introduce you to thy aunt once more, since your intention of practising as a physician.'

"What?" said I, "do you insist on taking her to the Countess?"

'Do I insist, Sir!' squeaked Barbarossa; "I do; and it shall not be a dirty puppy like you that shall prevent me.'

"Nay, nay, dear Lady, since you will be obstinate," said I, "do—but I'll act your part to yourself, only with the difference of sex, governor and governess."

“ I made no ceremony, but seized this blooming virgin by the waist, and gagged her with her own glove, which, by the bye, was none of the cleanest. I heeded not her cries, of ravisher, robber, wretch, and abominable, but bound her hand and foot ; and after promising Alice that I would take great care of Barb, bade her make the best of her way to the house.

“ In the mean time Willy and I hoisted our prize over the wall ; and in the best manner we could, conveyed her to the outskirts of the village. Here I dispatched him for a large hamper, with which he soon returned, and we crammed in the unfortunate duenna ; she was mounted on his shoulders, and carried to the inn as a cargo of *animated spirits*, given to me by a chemist at Warwick. She was set down in my chamber, silent as fear. The landlord placed a candle on the table, and shut the door, hoping I would let him have a bottle of this new spirit. She was undone, and I placed her in a spacious water-closet,

closet, that no one had access to but myself; and as it would be five days that she would be a prisoner, I wished to supply all her wants, which is not always *thought of* when any one is placed in a similar predicament. I told her she must sleep, eat, &c. &c. in this place; and that till the fifth of May. I shewed her a pistol, and a bottle of brandy: she chose the latter, and was ungagged; drank it, and eight more, during her confinement. Willy attended her the whole time; and once she attempted to kiss him when in her inspired moments of brandy. Whether he let her or not, I don't know; but it is frequently said, that the real disposition is always to be discovered when in a state of inebriation.

“ Her departure gave rise to a number of surmises at Lord Welford's. No one but Alice knew what was become of her.— Every avenue, pond, wood, grove, summer-house, and even all the *necessaries* were dragged;

ged; but no Barbarossa.—Alice kept the secret, and I kept the governess.

‘She is gone after the wretch Fortesque,’ said the good-natured Countess:—she was always praising him, and I dare say by this, has offered him her purse and person.’

“The fifth day was arrived; the carriage came to Kennelworth Village, for I had previously ordered it.—‘Good by, Barbarossa,’ said I, ‘your lady goes with me to night—remember the bleeding doctor.’

“We drove as the clock struck twelve; the front of the mansion appeared; and turning round the trunks of three immense oaks, stopped at a deep cavern, called the Doctor’s-Hole. The night was without a cloud, and was clear moon-light. The old mansion stretched its long shadows over the park and trees. All was peace, both to right and left: nothing was to be heard, except the hawking and spitting of my postillions,

or the rubs of itchy cows against the rotten stumps of aged oaks. I heard a murmur and a shrill whistle from the haunted room. I thought on the story of the bleeding doctor, and then on the folly of superstition. A great noise was heard; it interrupted the slumbers of Nox.

“What can this mean Willy?” said I.

‘Some one of distinction passed through the village to-day, Sir, on his way to the mansion; they say (for he ate a sandwich at the Wig and Water Spaniel) it is Miss Alice’s father.’

“Lights now seemed to dance from room to room; and suddenly I heard the gates of the hall set open, and could distinguish the old fat porter. While I stood near the hind wheel of the chaise, I was suddenly inspired with a leady melancholy. The appearance of the ancient fabric was full in my mind’s eye. Its high walls, beautifully interspersed with

with glittering windows, and its old and partly-ruined chimnies, lifting themselves into the stars, seemed to look, I cannot say frown, on the under cultured plains; its lofty gable ends overgrown with vine and ivy, and its yawning portals expecting spectres, made me *sensate* sad and horrible creepings. I stepped nearer the mansion; I saw the light glimmer in my adorable's chamber; I beheld a figure at the window; it had on a white wig. Convinced Alice had not abandoned her plan, I returned to the chaise-wheel with a light heart. "The bell tolled one!"—it trembled through the walls, and rattled among the trees. Lights jumped from apartment to apartment; darkness was visible; a light was in the portal. Alice passed through the massy gates. She was habited just as she had portrayed the spectre; a gold-headed cane was suspended on her arm: her head was enveloped in a large white wig; her coat and breeches were stained with blood; and she had taken care to provide herself with a lamp, and scalping-

knife. She advanced towards the spot where I stood. I flew to meet her, and caught her in my arms.

“ Alice,” said I, whilst I pressed her to my bosom—“ Alice! Alice! I am your’s!”

“ Thou art mine, and we are our’s!

“ Alice, what is your’s is mine.

“ That is you!

“ All I woo!

“ Body, soul, and all are thine!

“ She dropped breathless; let fall her lamp and knife, and sunk in silence into my arms. I conveyed her to the carriage. I left Willy with a letter to the Countess, telling her my real name, and orders to release Barbarossa. We drove off like lightning. I called to the drivers to moderate their pace;—the horses would not obey: they plunged, kicked, jumped, frisked, broke part of their
traces,

traces, and darted off with additional rapidity. The vehicle was dragged through hedges, ditches, over high bridges, rivers, cascades, and stupendous preeipices: indeed it seemed, in swiftness, to outdo cannon balls. All this time, my companion lay motionless in my arms. Suddenly our career was stopped by the machine flying into a hundred million of pieces. In the fall, I was thrown near fifteen yards, and pitched on the stump of an old tree and a huge pebble. The pain of the wound, the violence of the shock, and great way I was darted, completely overpowered my senses, and I lay without animation.

“ I must have been some time thus, for when I opened my eyes, it was day-light. Several country people were standing round me. The first word I said was Alice. I enquired after her—they had seen no such person. Nobody was near me; the horses were all dead in the adjoining ditch; and broken wheels, shattered windows, and torn

coach lining, lay scattered around. Uneasy for the fate of my fair one, I offered a large reward to him who should bring me tidings of her. I described her strange attire.—For my part, every bone in my body was fractured; my hand hung dangling and useless by my side; both thumbs were dislocated; the right little finger of my left hand was bruised to a tassel; in short, I never expected to breathe ten times more.

“ I was conveyed to the next village; it was Wickham, and I scarce believed that I could have travelled to such a distance in an hour and a half; for I am sure, that at most, it could be no longer from the time my companion entered, till the time of our downfall. I told the peasants, that at “one” that morning, I had passed through Kennelworth.

‘ How monstratiously Measter lies,’ said one of my conductors.’

“ I arrived

“ I arrived at a good inn—a Physician was sent for—all my disjointed bones were set, and my bruises, scratches, &c. dressed, and told there was no danger.—Thank God it’s no worse, thought I:—but where is my Alice? ‘Oh! Sir,’ said I to the Doctor; for his big wig put me in mind of her I had lost; ‘I quitted Kennelworth this morning “at one,” with a friend habited in black, and wigged like yourself.’ He smiled, and said, ‘a composing draught would be of service;’ and as he was retiring, met my hostess at the door of my room.

‘He is rather—not the thing;—him—the gentleman, Mrs. Inn-Keeper,’ (said the son of physic) for by this I discovered he neither knew my name, nor my Landlady’s. She came to inform me, that all searches were vain, for no lady had been seen. Uneasy in the extreme, I raved aloud; entreated her to send again and again. I was frantic with distress and misfortune—I astonished the poor woman. ‘Oh! any thing your Honour pleases,’

pleases,' said she; 'every body shall be sent after her Ladyship.' She left the room, and met my host at the door.

'Oh dear!' said she, 'Oh dear! the poor gentleman is quite non compos. He talks of a Lady in a big wig, and black breeches. Do not go in, my dear husband; he'll bite you, perhaps, and then we shall be ruined.'

"They closed the door, for I suppose the husband did not like to be bit. One good thing, my purse was full; and the four dead horses, and remains of my carriage let them know I was something more than ordinary. The day passed away; no Alice, nor no tidings. I grew pensive, and melancholy: the attendants now hoped my delirium was gone. I was still quiet;—night came on, and those who acted by way of nurses, withdrew, and left me to repose.—'Twas vain—I had lost my Alice—I could sleep none; and so lay, for I was not in a state to amuse myself,

self, by tossing about in the bed, till the village clock struck "one." The sound vibrated to the very innermost recesses of my soul; I trembled; my flesh was all goose-skin; my heart rose almost to my mouth; my knees knocked violently together; and the hollow beating of my bones echoed through the chamber. My night-cap was forced off my head by the erection of my hair; and my teeth were set on edge; but how I knew not, nor for what. Suddenly I heard heavy, long, and slow steps, ascending the stairs. I raised myself on my elbow. A single rush-light wavered on the hearth, in a large candlestick, set in the wash-hand basin. It gave but an uncertain, half kind of light, neither one thing nor the other. Bang!—the door flew open—pad!—pad!—pad!—the steps were wide, slow, measured, and loud. My mouth and eyes stretched wider, in proportion as my midnight visiter drew nearer my bed. (Will you believe me, Charles?) My God! it was the bleeding Doctor! it was my lost companion! Her wig was drawn quite

quite over her face; she had neither lamp nor knife. Slowly she raised her hand, and drew back her peruque. What did I see? Oh! horror! I saw a light-blue marbly visage, glazy eyes, without any pupils, and purple lips. 'Twas the Doctor's self; the very bleeding doctor. His countenance was directed towards me. How do you think I felt?—I had no feeling—every sense was bound; all my faculties were enshackled, and I could only be sensible of a terrible rising, as if instant suffocation was to follow, or otherwise, a most exaggerated instance of the night-mare. The weight on my heart kept me from making the least noise. I stared wildly at the spectre. He dropped his lower jaw, and a sound issued from his inside, the most hollow and agonizing possible to be conceived; it seemed to me a connection of groans. 'Twas thus:

‘ Henry! Henry! I am your’s!

‘ Thou art mine, and he is our’s!

‘ Henry,

‘ Henry, what is your’s is mine,

‘ That is you !

‘ That I know !

‘ Death and thee these arms entwine !’

“ The figure seated itself at the side of my bed ; I had almost heard my own words expressed. His eyes still stared like mackerel’s on me : mine also were fixed—I could hardly believe them. I tried to raise my arm—’twas fast—I could not move. Heavens! thought I to myself, if I had but the use of my members, my dear friend, you and I would have a little manual conversation together ; there was a certain something not far distant, that I longed to launch at his head.—I was as if enchanted.

“ At length the clock struck two. My visiter rose ; approached the side of my bed ; grasped my hand with his clayey fingers, and
stooping

stooping over me, pressed his cold and moist lips to mine, and repeated—

‘ Henry, what is your’s is mine !

‘ Death and thee these arms entwine !’

“ Then quitting me and the chamber, descended the staircase, with as terrible a hollow noise as on entering. The door closed—the charm ceased—my faculties were restored, and all my senses returned. I groaned loud and hideous, and sunk lifeless on my pillow.

“ The noise which I made, awoke the host and hostess, two waiters, and a chamber-maid, who slept a considerable way from my room ; with some difficulty they restored me to my senses, and immediately sent Boots off for the Physician, who soon arrived, and declared my fever much worse ; and if I continued to suffer such violent agitations, I must die ! However, after this I dosed a little,

little, but received no sort of benefit from it. I now was in a more dangerous situation than ever; for, from the convulsions I had undergone, my dislocated bones were all unset, and the pain of replacing them I once more felt. I was not to be alone for a moment; fainting fits, ditto shivering, and ditto sweating, played upon me, by turns, the whole day.

“ The strangeness of my adventure made me determine to conceal it from every one. I was uneasy about Alice—dreaded her fate. But I still had hopes, from the actions of my faithful servant, whom I wished might have been more fortunate in discovering my mistake, than myself. I hoped my letter would quiet the suspicions of the Countess, and convince her my intentions towards her niece were honourable.

“ The night drew near.—I dreaded every approaching minute that hastened to the midnight hour. I sunk into a kind of stupor,
for

for it was not sleep; but I was suddenly awoke by a palpitation at my heart, and the village clock striking "one;" goose-skin, cold tricklings, and quick trembling, again seized me. The servant was fast asleep; I called, but in vain. The heavy steps approached, the door opened, and my nocturnal Physician stood before me. Once more I was speechless—once more I was motionless. He gazed on me—hung over me, and pressed his wormy lips to mine, repeating—

‘ Henry! Henry! I am your’s!

‘ Thou art mine, and *he* is our’s!’

“ Every circumstance of the preceding scene was again acted. The clock struck “too.” The yard dog at this instant howled, and the bleeding Doctor quitted my chamber.

“ Every night was this repeated; and every night I was more terrified than ever:
the

the bleeding visiter haunted my mind during the day, and his presence my sight at midnight.

“ I knew it to be nothing mortal, yet I thought, if I was able to rise from my bed, (which I had been now confined to for several months) I might oblige it to speak. After some time I rose, but so faint and fallen away, that I could not move three steps without help. Thank God! all my fractures were well, but I was worn to a thread-paper. I caused five or six persons frequently to sit up in my room; but e’er the clock tolled “ one,” slumber stole over their senses; nor did it leave them, till my marrowless tormentor had disappeared. - I provided myself with loaded pistols; it was vain—I was bound, and could not use them.

During this period, Willy had discovered my retreat, and had quieted my apprehensions as to Alice’s safety. The particulars
of

of her adventure were related to me by my servant, nearly as follows :—

“ On the fatal fifth of May, by some means or other, she could not quit her chamber at the appointed time; but soon after made her intended tour. The doors were open, as she expected: but what was her surprise, at not finding me! She examined the Doctor’s cave, ranged the long avenue, and passed three dreadful hours in fruitless searches.

“ Frightened and disappointed, she now returned to the mansion, and rapped loudly at the gate, after summoning up all her courage; for the bell had tolled “two,” and the massy doors had closed. The sleepy porter, sans ceremony, and I am sure, very imprudently, without asking any questions, instantly opened one of the doors. No sooner did he behold the apparition, than he fell flat on his face, with a most horrid and terrible noise. Profiting by his terror,
she

She made the best of her way to her own apartment, and stole into bed, after hiding her physical accoutrements.

“ Willy observing my equipage drive off with what he supposed the real Alice, returned to the village, ungagged Barbarossa, and the next morning went with her to the Countess's. When they arrived, Lord Welford, the Countess, and Lord Glindleharp, were considering the porter's story of what he had seen; for, from his exaggeration, they imagined he must have been dreaming; as he said the ghost was so large, that he was two hours and a quarter in getting through the hall door; that he had on a wig, that resembled large volumes of smoke; his face was white as a ceiling, and his eyes like two hot heaters, in as many box-irons. On his right arm hung a huge fir-tree, lopped of its branches; and in the hand of the same member was borne a weapon, much larger than a scythe, set in a handle; in his left were more flames than could be put ten times in
the

the large kitchen range; and as for his coat, it was black; his breeches were black, and all over blood. This magnified narration, accompanied by an oath, that ‘he would take his *oath* as to the truth of it,’ quite confounded the listeners;—but at length the mystery was cleared up, and the unfortunate niece, it appeared, was the magnanimous spectre, and that that object Willy had seen attend his master into the chaise, was the real and visionary Doctor.

“The artful Countess now addressed Alice’s parent, and reprobated the act that she was about to commit as the most criminal possible; that, if it was to be made public, all the fashionable circles would scout his family as they would a plague.

‘For my part,’ said she, ‘if your daughter was mine, she should instantly be sent abroad, and never return while she lived.—Such a thing indeed;—what a *Miss* in the family—horrid;—Oh! shocking;—our connexion

nexion, as to connexion, would be forsaken like madness, or the King's evil. Pack her off, do.'

" Her drift for thus advising him was clear ;—I was loved by her ; and, left my family and rank, on being told to Lord Glindleharp, should make him break the vow of his wife, she suppressed my epistle. The silly man approved his sister's design. The poor girl was called in. All was cross-questioned from her, and they sealed the transaction by a lie. Barbarossa backed it, and said, that my compliments were presented, and that I had now thought twice, the connexion was at an end ; and, as she had no fortune, I must wish her good morning.

" My sudden exit, and the above assertion, gave but too much an air of probability to the whole ; and then to clench the business, a letter came from you saying, you knew nothing of the man the Countess men-

tioned as your friend. They represented me as a fortune-hunter, a scoundrel, a liar, and a thief, and gained so great an appearance of the truth of what was advanced, that the poor female vowed her mother's vow, and said she was happy to go wherever they chose to transport her. Her father carried her with him to town; and my servant, whom they had secured, was now let loose, and, after many enquiries, at last discovered me at Wickham.

“Only judge how I must be altered, when he would not, for near an hour, believe *me*, that *I was myself*; I had suffered so by my late indisposition.

“He was bitterly affected, and felt more than you can imagine. From the hour after his arrival, I began to grow better and better;—his society acted almost as a charm; and as I had always allowed him to be more my friend than servant, he had been studious to improve himself in every thing that he

considered might render his company more agreeable to me. His skill for music and poetry added much to his qualifications, and he was quick in composing songs, sonnets, odes, elegies, &c. which, when done, were admirable. The first he often set to little wild and melancholy Irish airs, which he would often accompany with words, to the exquisite and un-Italianized notes of the pipes of that country.

“One evening, whilst I was reclining on a sofa, thinking on past scenes of horror and dismay, Willy amused himself by observing two cocks fight in the inn yard.

‘Lord, if there is not the man with the tail,’ cried he suddenly.

‘What?’ said I.

‘Only a man (I think he is mad) that touched his eye and nose twice, and made a strange speech to me at Warwick.

‘ Well, what did he say ?’

‘ Oh ! I don’t know ;—but he said something about you, not worth mentioning.—The master of the inn said he was sure the fellow was cracked. In the first place, he speaks shocking bad and mutilated English ; and as for where he came from, no one can tell ; they say the devil dropped him flying :—I am sure I don’t know whether it is true or not. He never laughs ; has no servant to attend him, and all his baggage is a little cage, in which is confined a large black cat. The people say he is a conjurer, and that it is the man with the iron mask, from the Bastile, changed into a pufs. Only look, Sir, what a tail he has. (I rose, and went to the window). I am told that part, which is wrapped round his waist, is four yards long, and keeps growing every day. The roots of it are behind his left ear, and all the rest of his head is bald. Some say he is the Empress of Russia’s breath ; others the ghost of Dr. Katterfelto ; and many Mer-
lin

lin from Wales. The landlord, nevertheless, whispered me as a secret, that he was sure he was the French Convention in disguise.'

'Well, what was his speech, Willy?'

'You must know then, Sir, he overheard me enquiring about you, and instantly walking up to me, wet the little finger of his right hand, and touching his face or features twice, said, 'He that you call master, has found what would make him fain change place with his servant. Let him think on me and mine when the clock strikes one.'— This was exactly what he said.'

'Fly, Willy, fly; bring him hither instantly.'

"I was obeyed.—The stranger entered with my servant. He was a man long, thin, and bony; his visage was marked strongly, being scored with wrinkles, and his eyes were large in the extreme, deep, blue, and hol-

low. Yet there was a something in his aspect that made your welcomes recoil within yourself. He was attired in something that had once been black plush, and a long white band was almost pendent to the bottom of his stomach. Round his waist was a leathern strap, to which was fastened his cat's cage. He stepped about a yard and a half at a stride, in a manner distorted, difficult, and heating.

“After the usual compliments of gloomy weather, bad roads, and the like, I requested Willy to withdraw, on which he commenced :—

‘I know for why I was sent. ’Tis me, and only me, that can relieve you from your nightly disturber. On the morning, when Sunday unveils itself to fagging tradesmen—on that morning will you see me after midnight, and from that time your tormentor will disappear.’

“You

"You may be sure, my friend, I thought Warwickshire a hell upon earth to contain such strange occurrences. I was astonished to find, that that which was alone known to me, should be so well known by one whom before I had never seen. I stared at him; 'it's the devil, surely,' said I to myself;—well, certainly I must have committed some heinous crime or other, to be thus followed. 'But (said I) is it possible that one more than myself can be acquainted with the circumstances of this awful adventure?'

'Ask me not, young man! 'twill be sufficient to get rid of so troublesome a guest; wait till Saturday, and all will be cleared up.'

"I dared not urge the matter farther.—He changed the conversation, and talked of various affairs. Every thing, person, and anecdote, both private and public, were known to him. Distant countries, deep oceans, long rivers, and spreading lakes of all parts of the globe, he knew as well as if he

had been an inhabitant, a fish, weed, or pebble belonging to these respective places.— He had met the great Bruce more than once in Abyssinia, with a living collop in his hand and mouth ;—and what was surprising, he spoke of Columbus as his intimate, Cicero as his friend, and Cleopatra as his ——. What if it was a lie, it was his affair. This I can affirm, that he told me the most improbable things possible, and seemed to hint that he should live for ever. He was invulnerable to every thing of every sort. Water would not drown him, if he was to soak for a week. Fire would not burn him, if he was to be roasted for a year, and basted with gunpowder. As for sharp weapons, one might as well attempt to cut the earth in two, as make any impression on him. In short, he is a perfect non-descript ;—and adds, that time has set his fatal stamp of misery on him, and he is cursed by a mark not visible, but when he yawns.—‘ Farewell ! we’ll meet again at twelve.’ He then left the room, leaving me astonished in the extreme.

“Oh! for Saturday,” cried I.—The heavy hours passed; the night arrived; the house, or rather its inhabitants, were renovating in the arms of Somnus their exhausted powers. The stranger was punctual. He entered just at the wane of midnight;—his sable charge was with him, which he placed carefully near his person. He first untwisted that long lock of hair from his body, and, with great nicety, fastened the end of it to my middle;—then he suddenly twirled round several times, which caused me to be totally encircled tight to him by this odd bandage. This is very strange (said I to myself); faith, I fancy I am out of the frying-pan into the fire. He next let loose his cat, and said something like a language all Zs, upon which it paced quickly round us, and some devilment or other came from his feet; for before he had rotated three or four times, nothing but little red marks were to be discerned;—the cat kept moving; and its master now drew from the crown of a little sort of hat he wore, a huge pair of for-

ceps. Then strewing labels, phials, gallipots, and pill boxes, took out of his left breeches pocket a small book.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘look not into my mouth, nor utter half a syllable.’

“Then he suddenly seized the four-footed animal, and putting its head under his right arm, holding at the same time its hinder legs in each hand, he seemed to stand in this situation in profound attention. The clock struck “one!” the heavy steps approached; I had not my usual *affections*, but waited for his entrance with confidence. The phantom stopped at the *caty* circle;—the stranger spoke a sentence in the Z tongue;—then working the beast’s hind legs in a furious manner, up and down, he pronounced, in an open voice—

‘Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!’

‘What

‘What wouldest thou?’ said the walking church-yard.

“He worked the hinder extremities of the fable puffs with more violence than ever.

‘How comes it that thou dost torment this gentleman? In what manner can rest be given back to thy tormenting relics?’

“The ghost was silent.

‘What! wilt thou not answer one, whom well thou knowest can stick thy airy form in burning fluids, who can for ever and for ever doom thee to eternal pain and restless wanderings.’

“The phantom shook his green scull, and was withdrawing; on which my friend dropped the animal he held, and seizing his immense forceps, stretched forth his arm, and between the snapping part of the instrument, laid hold of the little remains of the

nasal promontary belonging to the Welford Physician. It uttered a yell the most horrid and shrill possible to imagine.

‘How darest thou disobey? knowest thou this instrument and cat? shiver at the sight, and think on ancient deeds—deeds of death, of horror, and of blood!’

“He said this in so commanding a voice; and opening his mouth more wide than ordinary, in spite of curiosity, and what he said of the yawning mark, I looked up out at the corner of my eye, and beheld a grey hairy circle on the roof of his mouth. I was seized with insensible horror: my head sunk motionless on my bosom, and I kept my sensations within bounds.

‘Yes,’ said the spirit, ‘I tremble at the mark; my rotten frame is shaken at those signs; I will obey you! fear you! and know both cat and forceps! Be it known then, that my wretched bones lay yet untouched,

in secrecy and dirt, in the dark cavern at Welford. Many are the years they have been food for vermin; and ravens, crows, or kites might, with great care, have been proficient in the study of osteology. None but this young gentleman can give rest to my disturbed remains; he hath signed over his body, his soul, and every thing to me, by his own lips; and till he gathers in a heap my sad remains, and with much care and patience, deposits them in the vault of his family, then let him apprentice twenty poor boys to as many Apothecaries, and I will trouble him no more. I must depart,—that hair is tickling!’

“ He then the pincers opened slowly, which held the Doctor’s nose, and which, till then, had been detained with no little strength. The phantom sniffed two or three times, and melted quite away. I was now unbound from his body; the cat was caged; the forceps were pocketed, and the *feety* circle was brushed from the room. I certainly

tainly was as astonished as if I had found myself in Threadneedle-Street, or the Minories:—I stood speechless.

‘ You have heard the terms of peace ;— your duty is to fulfil them. Mine now is to dispel that mist which still envelops the spectre’s history. When living, the Doctor was house Physician to one of your ancestors, who was great uncle of your grandfather’s second cousin’s mother’s sister. The nature of this villain’s crimes I can faithfully communicate to you, being intimate with every action of the household.’

*A Second History of the Bleeding Doctor, or
the Bleeding Doctor’s Life.*

“ Doctor Hectick graduated at an early age, not by his own choice, but that of his papa and mamma. Yet he was not too young, but what he saw opportunities natural to one in his profession, and which he seldom or ever missed, when they tended either in
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the least to the gratification of his pleasure or profit. By some means or other, after many years' practice, he got appointed health-restorer to your family ; and he made so good an use of his talents in every way, and for every body, that he was equal to every thing. He affected to walk in his sleep, and would most commonly stray into chambers, where an honest man could have no business, but he was a meddling man : all this being a scheme, by which he might pry into the affairs of those he ought not to have had any thing to do with. In short, he was in every circumstance improper ; Atheist, profligate, and would sacrifice lives, to gratify his beastly ends. His grand system was levelling human nature with the brute ; marriage rights were foolish shackles ; religion was pomp ridiculed ; and as he had nothing to convince him of an hereafter, he would exercise all his faculties whilst he was sure of them ;—all was fair game for him, and his grand maxim “ was not to grasp a shadow, and lose a substance.”

“ Possessed

“ Possessed of a character so depraved, he now had an eye on the sister-in-law of his patron, whose husband was next heir to the title and estate, and who was then on a visit to his brother. He was anxiously waiting the demise of his relation, who was then confined to his bed, and would have himself administered a composing draught, but for the discovery.

“ A man of this depravity was not long in discovering his equal in the Doctor, who was as deep as *Ætna*.—He knew on what grounds he acted ; the murder was concerted between them, and the price fixed by the son of *Æsculapius*, was the enjoyment of the wife of his employer. A night was pitched upon for perpetrating the deed. His colleague was to be waiting for him in *Welford Cave*, precisely at one in the morning, to conduct him, after the achievement, to the fair.

“ The

‘ The eve arrived.—The Lord lay on his sick bed ; when the mansion bell tolled “ one,” his chamber door opened, and the Physician entered, who drew a phial from his pocket, and presented it to the nobleman.

‘ Here,’ said he, ‘ this will compose your restless senses ; it will free you from a load of worldly care ; and I doubt not, but when you wake again, you will find much refreshment from the draught.’

‘ This is strange, Doctor ; why so late ?’

‘ Nay, nay, come take it ; I insist upon it.’

‘ Then Doctor I tell you, I’ll be damned if I do ; so be off to bed.’

‘ Since you are positive, this then shall act its part ;’ so saying, he produced these very forceps, taking them in one hand, and his scalping-knife in the other ; then nipping
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the sickly man by the throat with the first instrument, he used the second in so dexterous a manner, that in less than an instant his head was bodiless, and done with as much ease, and in a similar stile, to the carving of a leg of mutton.

“ The unfortunate Lord died without a groan, for the wretch would not even allow time for that. Then taking up the night lamp, the reeking steel yet in his right-hand, he bent his course towards the cavern. Every thing flew at his approach, except this very individual cat; but she eyeing him a glance from the top of a large wardrobe in the hall as he passed along; by what impulse the animal acted from, I know not, but the moment the murderer was beheld by her, her back arched, her tail thickened, and she made but one leap at him; fixing herself firm by her claws, she began, without ceremony, to devour him, “ tooth and nail.” This created an additional motion in the Doctor’s gait, for he now sped like the
barbed

barbed arrow. He reached the rocky chasm ; the brother was waiting in anxious expectation ; who, on seeing the black dress of the Physician, and the glaring eyes of the animal, together with the frightful yells which accompanied the pair—what but the devil rushed into his idea ?—This phenomenon darted in fury up the hollow entrance of the cave ; the Peer of Welford had not room to permit it to pass, so that the Doctor's head, from the situation of his rider being placed low, came with such violence against the stomach of the instigator of this heinous crime, that his entrails, heart, and life, were expelled his body in less than half a second. The shock proved terrible to both parties, (for it stunned the other to a considerable degree), and he dropped senseless to the earth. The busy cat ate him to the spinal marrow, and taking her leave, left him to die by lamp-light, which he did, and till then in a stile unknown.

“ This

“ This strange concatenation of events made some noise, and roused the next heir to claim his inheritance ; but his peace was incessantly violated by the noisy wanderings of the ghost ;—but he, procuring a priest of some note in laying evil-comers, between the two, the phantom bargained to appear but once every five years, properly attired, at the exact hour of one in the morning. This he continued to do ;—and now, young gentleman, it rests with you whether he shall rest or not. Farewell ! my duty is fulfilled.”

“ So saying, cat, cage, and man, left my apartment in an instant ;—and ever since that time I could not learn of this object any trace whatever.”

Lord Charles here interrupted his friend's narrative.

“ Now cannot you guess ?—Why I should not wonder in the least if he were either
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the wandering Jew, or one of the wise men of Gotham."

"Pardon me," replied Henry, "I believe it is Archimedes; indeed, one is as probable as the other. But to retrograde. From this period, my health came back to me apace: the Doctor no longer pestered me; I posted off to Welford mansion; collected the old bones of my visiter, and departed for Mary-le-bone burying-ground, where our new family vault was erected; there I made my deposit; prepared for the fixed number of apprentices; and after having the last ceremonies performed, I took my leave.

"My next object was to discover, if possible, where my *kind friends* had hid Alice. My endeavours were vain, and I began to abandon all hopes of finding her.

"About

“ About eight months since, returning one night from Covent-Garden Theatre, in the most dejected state credible, I perceived myself followed by two men and a boy, to avoid whom, I turned down St. Martin's Lane; it being both narrow and dark, I suppose they thought a better situation could not offer; so coming up, they suddenly commenced a hustle; on which, and without much ceremony on my part, I laid about them with a curved bamboo, till they returned the compliment roaring. By this the little urchin, who knew his business well, had stepped to a watch-house near at hand, and said that a man had robbed his uncle and father, opposite No. 129, and he was then killing them. Rattles were sprung, staves handled, lanterns lighted, and all the phalanx of nocturnal guardians near at hand. The villains, on hearing them approach, cried, ‘ Yes, rascal, we’ll hang you; what you could not be content with our money, but you want our lives too! Damn you, we’ll have you.’ On so saying, they be-
laboured

laboured me with new vigour. Happily for me, a gentleman, (who, from his dress, must have been on his way from the play-house) interfered, or rather joined me, against my antagonists, with a thin cane he held. On perceiving this new-arrived side with me, they exclaimed, 'What a brace of you! damn me, here's the watchmen; we are not afraid of you.' At this juncture the boy, and all the troop, drew near, and we both were secured, without ceremony, at the charge of the scoundrels who attacked me. One of them, in an imperious tone, ordered the watchmen to secure us, and that, in the morning, they both would attend to see that justice was done them. At this time my friend and I were endeavouring to persuade the rough watchmen to allow us to walk peaceably, and not be dragged like common pickpockets. Our expostulation engaged the attention of the whole, who expected we should attempt resistance, and so added three more hands to each of our collars. Our accusers, I suppose, finding that on accusa-
tion

tion they might not be able to make clear their charges, took the opportunity of the darkness, and momentous confusion, to steal away; and when we were brought before their superior in authority for the night, on finding nothing could be alledged against us, he said 'we might go, and think it a lucky thing we came off so well;' and added, 'I dare say we shall soon see you again.'

"The stranger was silent all the time; but turning to him that had just spoken, said, 'We thank you for your insinuation; you shall soon see us again, but not here;—look well on me, for I shall be known to you ere long.'

"We left them not a little confounded. He now enquired of me, hoping I was not much hurt; I told him, that I had no doubt but tomorrow I should find a little difference, as to my feelings. I then explained the origin of the fracas, and of the great obligation he had laid me under to him, by his kind interference:

ference: and I hoped he would permit me to call in the morning, to return him more voluminously my thanks. I communicated to him my name, merely by way of clearing off any impression of my being a fortune-hunter, a young extravagant town-lounger, or an apprentice decked for the theatre. He was really surprised at the discovery; 'I esteem myself happy,' said he, 'in having had it in my power to render any of that family service. I shall conceive myself for ever obliged to my daughter, for detaining me so late at Mrs. Rod's Boarding-School; and I now bless that moment, which has been the means of introducing me to the son of one, for whom I have the greatest veneration. I am at present at my brother's, the Duke of Goodleparke, but I will assure you, in his name, that every thing in his house is at your disposal.'

"My God! then is my deliverer Lord Glindleharp! Charles, I had discovered your sister, and my mind now was full of the

idea of discovering myself to her ; her father only knew me by my real name, therefore I dreaded not to be discovered as Mr. Fortesque. I took my leave, assuring him that he should see me in the morning.

“ My thoughts now were, how I should come at my lovely girl. I set Willy to work ; he bribed the old porter, and entirely gained him over to our interests ; and it was settled that I should be introduced as his assistant. I discovered a very disagreeable job, or office, he *exercised*, which was, *subipper-in*, and as such, did not accord with my feelings altogether ; I paid him so much more, by way of exemption from such duty. Having procured the proper disguise, and covering one of my eyes with a band, I was shewn to the mistress, who, after enquiring about the strength of my arm, said I might do. I entered on my new occupation, and luckily for me, the place where the knives were cleaned, was at the bottom of the garden. Here I continued to scrub for some days,

days, without beholding what I wished to see. At last I heard her musical voice. I listened, and found she was in company with Mrs. Rod. They seated themselves on a bench near at hand, so that I could hear with ease their conversation. Mrs. R—— seemed to be very warmly reprimanding her for past follies, as she termed them; then launched out in the abuse of young men. But the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of one of the young ladies, who informed the governess she was wanted. She soon left them. They then entered into a very low conversation, and Alice produced some papers, which the other perused with great marks of pleasure; asking permission to take copies of them, flew off, leaving my fair now alone.

“ I now approached; she instantly recognized me, in spite of my disguise, and was hurrying from my presence. I seized fast hold of her; she would not hear me, and ordered that I should instantly quit the garden.

garden. I persisted, entreated, and at last prevailed upon her only to listen for a few minutes. 'At present,' said she, 'it is impossible, but at eleven to night you may find me here.' I released her hand, and she was in the house in a twinkling.

"It was night—it was eleven.—Alice was there. I repeated my fatal adventures from the fifth of May till now. She hated the duplicity of her aunt, and blamed herself for so easily submitting to the observance of her mother's vow. 'But now,' said she, 'it is too late; I have passed my word—the dye is thrown; I am sensible how ill calculated I am to be an old maid—my disgust increases daily, as I have always a sample before me in my governess. I will confess to you, Henry, my affection for you is as fervent as ever; but I fear it is hopeless, and fate has destined us not to be united!'

"I now exerted all my rhetoric, to prove that her promise had been extorted by unfair
and

and false methods, and that nothing now remained, in consequence, to keep us separate ; 'and if Lord Glindleharp should disapprove of our union, I have rescued an amiable object from obscurity : once my wife, you are free from family authority. Money we shall never want, and I hope, in my father, you will find a substitute for your own.'

'Henry,' said Alice, 'I love my father, and were I to quit the Boarding School, he never would forgive me ; besides, I am conscious the vows I have acceded to, are sacred. I was sensible when I made the engagement, and would it not be a crime to break them ?'

"The supper bell rung—Alice was obliged to attend, after promising, that on the following night, she would be at the same place. These meetings continued for several weeks uninterrupted ; and after long argument, and frequent opportunities of being a rascal if I chose, she at length consent-

ed to elope, but that I must give her time to consider on its consequences. Had I acted otherwise, my Charles, I should have expected your eyes to sparkle with fury, and you to start from your seat, and attempt to seize your pistol; but there is no occasion for this; could I have taken the least liberty with your sister, from that moment my respect, my love, would have degenerated, and would have evaporated;—had it been a passion of that description, I should consider myself a villain, and one whom you ought to chastise. I remembered the answer I made her, when formerly she put herself under my protection; and with that in the mind of a man of honour, let the circumstances be ever so engaging, the opportunity ever so enticing, or the actions on the one hand ever so exciting, it would be impossible for such a man, under such ideas, to take the least advantage.

“ After waiting some days for my answer, for I now had left my occupation of assistant porter,

porter, I received this letter at my lodgings.

‘ Into what an abyss of reflection have you plunged me : Henry, you force me to act contrary to the laws of prudence. I had resolved never more to see you, but it is impossible ; since our second meeting, I am more your’s than ever. I am ready ; advise me what steps to take ; since you left this, the porter has lost his place, so that we have nothing to expect from that quarter. The only means of conveying an answer to this, is by concealing it under the poor’s box which is fixed in Mr. Pentateuch’s meeting ; (I need not tell you, we are obliged to attend on Thursday, and almost every time when the bore preaches) ; I shall, when depositing my donation, find it easily. Ah ! Henry, mine is a cruel situation ! compelled to embrace a species of existence I detest ; conscious of the ill-nature requisite in filling such a character ; and forced into the performing such, by the superstitious whim of

a parent, I am now obliged, by circumstances, to chuse between losing the love of my relations, the malversations of the world, or to violate that word with one, whom I adore more than all. No, come for me—carry me off—I am your's. My poor father's death, which you know has taken place so recently, has removed one grand obstacle.—He is dead! and can be no longer angry. I have taken my resolution—fail not, my Henry. Should our plans a second time be frustrated, heaven condemns the union! should our scheme be known by Mrs. R—, Lord have mercy on your's!

‘ALICE.’

“Having read this, my joy was boundless: my plan was soon arranged. I had made my uncle my confidant in the affair, and the Duke said, he would receive her as a parent, and she should be there concealed, till we could discover where you were. I then hired a noted pick-pocket to steal the key

key of the garden from the porter over night, by which means I became master of the entrance, and nothing more was to be wanting, but to get ready the means of conveying her away. This I did, and informed her of it by that letter which you saw me deliver this evening. I told her, at twelve I should be ready to-morrow night; that every thing was secure and convenient, and nothing was to be feared.

“ This, my friend, is the whole of my long narrative, and I hope, by this, your anxiety for your sister’s honour has evaporated. It has been always my wish, to act in every respect like one of the family of Mountfordington; and from my conduct, I hope you will not be against aiding my endeavours to make Alice my wife.”

CHAP. V.

She hath foresworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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HERE Henry concluded his adventures; on which Lord Charles told him, he had acted proper in the extreme; that he had his approbation and sanction both for what he had done, and was about to do; and that his sister was the least he could bestow on a man so honourable, and also his most intimate friend.

“Pursue your design, Henry,” added he, “and I will accompany you tomorrow night myself, which will prevent any scandalous assertions

assertions that may be launched forth after the affair is over."

Our young relator thanked him most sincerely and kindly ; and the other related to him, in as sudden a manner, the death of Margaretta, as Alice had done that of her father in her late epistle ; therefore he had now no more to fear from that quarter, as the lady had started the crown of her head in a fit of passion, and expired in no time at all.

He then mentioned Ann Maria Augusta. Henry was much astonished at hearing of his new relation ; but at the same time he was not a little glad, as, from the situation of circumstances related by Lord Charles, " one good turn deserved another." However, he told his friend that they might depend on his affection and friendship, and to want for nothing. This the lover of Ann Maria Augusta readily agreed to, which should be done the moment their abode should be

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made



made known to him. He then took leave of his future brother, and returned home as hungry as the devil; for the narrative prevented his eating.

The morning was treading fast upon the shoe heels of night, when Alice's adorable retired to his chamber; and, as he approached his dressing-room, which led to that of his bed, he discovered Willy sitting near a table, scribbling in a most notorious manner. He stopped to observe him; and after the object of his attention had written several lines, he threw the pen on the table, after drawing it through his lips, and scratching his head violently, exclaimed, "Now I have done it; *say* and *pray* is a rhyme, to be sure."

The young valet was interrupted by the risible faculties of his master beginning to operate.

"What have you done, Willy?"

The lad hid the paper ; and, instead of putting the pen in the stand, in his confusion put the extinguisher on the candle ; but the fire soon retrieved that mistake.

“ Oh ! ” said he, “ ’twas nothing ; will you have your night-cap ? ”

“ Yes ! after I have seen those verses, Willy. Come, come, don’t be shame-faced ; give me them, boy.”

“ Indeed, Sir, it is only nonsense ; no verses at all ; but here they are ; if you can think them poetical, you are welcome.”

He brought the paper to him.—“ Come,” said Henry, “ read them, Willy, whilst I undress.”

So doing, the time his master was pulling off his coverables, the page seated himself on a *table* by the bed-side on which the other sat, and read the following beautiful and entertaining lines :—

FIRE

THE NEW MONK.  
FIRE AND WATER.

"The night was dark, the wind blew chill ;  
The Fire was low, its embers still ;  
The poker poked, and stir'd the dying flame :  
Sudden a wat'ry pan o'ertops,  
And lo ! upon its cinder props,  
Casts round a friendly fiz, and greets him by his name.

"What ! is it thou ?" the hard-crushed fire,  
In crackling tone exclaimed, with ire,  
While ashes ting'd his hoary front with age.  
"Wouldst thou again, with smothering stench,  
Put out my light ; by heedless wench,  
Know, that to offend my strength, an useless war you wage.

"What business have you on my roof ?  
To dropping damps, my form is proof ;  
Ne'er did I boil, I scorn the liquid heat :  
Eternal hell, and sulphery airs,  
Dwell uncontroul'd within these bars ;  
My bosom scorns the dew, my entrails scorn the wet.

"Begone, and find some humbler grate,  
Where charcoal glows, and printers chat ;  
Or boil upon some fever-breasted swain,  
Whose heart's a furnace for his love,  
Who sighs and pants, invokes above,  
Or on his favoured altar's heat, be no one's bane.

" Be that thy place ! these cinders hot  
 Avoid ! altho' on seat so squat,  
 Thy liquid burthen simmers slowly still :  
 Remembering that my days of clover  
 By thee was marked with swift boils over,  
 I hate thee, damaged rain, thou puddle of a rill.

" I have not yet forgot the pangs  
 I felt, while hard with frequent bangs,  
 The kitchen poker smashed my dying form ;  
 'Twas all th' upsetting of a pan,  
 Which outed me, and scalded Nan ;  
 And I was left for out, yet were my embers warm.

" Then fly, and press my coals no more !  
 I've boiled thee often o'er and o'er ;  
 Away, or smoke and sulphur shall thee spurn ;  
 Thou human plague, that drowned't mankind,  
 That's dangerous to the halt or blind :  
 Scolder, begone where milder flames do burn !"

" Has age, old fire, your senses foiled ?"  
 Replied the water as it boiled.  
 (This boil was steady, as the sick-man's groans !)

" Did you to me address yourself ?  
 Or to some underworking elf,

Certain it was not me, or I should break your bones !

“ If one sad leaky pan be found,  
A hundred others sure are found,  
Whose cares might well for boilings late atone :  
But, like the world, you never burn,  
For other's good without return,  
And 'tis impossible to skin a flint or stone.

“ Ingrate ! who sent thy fuel far,  
From Northern coasts in vessels rare ?  
Who but the waves assist to feed thy flame ?  
And who, when trees are young and dry,  
Wets their faint members e'er they die ?  
What other was't than water, false element, I claim ?

“ When this I did, you prais'd the stream,  
And said, “ Goodly friend, I ween,  
Thou art my sole support, I love thee dear ;  
Ask aught, I cannot thee deny ;  
Thou art the apple of my eye :  
Didst thou not say ? and swore by all that's far or near.

“ Must those loved times no more return,  
And I on sulky flames burn ;  
Banished your heart, and from your good opinion ?  
Ah ! no, my scruples, sparks proclaim,  
Are groundless all ; that friendly flame  
Declares me thine again, thy dearest minion.

“ Again



“ Again belov’d, thy friend, thy best,  
Water shall boil on thee at rest ;  
Fearless of thy scalds, from overboiling :  
I bubble, simmer, sing at ease ;  
I dribble o’er just as I please ;  
And fire and wave do once more defy all broilings.”

A skuttle now of copper hue.  
Swift from the corner Nanny drew ;  
Its bowels on the fire she straight commits,  
And soon it crackles with delight ;  
And sparks, and pops, and blazes bright,  
And o’er the water smokes, and roundly soaring flits.

Its very heart the small coal feels ;  
It praises water and North SHIELDS.  
Forgets the past, it flames anew once more.  
The fuel chuck’d from Nanny’s hand,  
Hath acted like a magic wand ;  
It burns again, and sings the water’s praise oft o’er.

Soon as the kitchen heard the sound,  
The shelves shook off their plates around,  
All from their places rolled, and leapt with joy :  
Once more the pewter smiled, the pots  
Grew brighter, free from dirty spots ;  
High blaz’d a large stew-pan, all blazes to destroy.

“ Attracted

" Attracted by the harmonious sound,"  
Pokers and spits the fire surround ;  
And curious, crowd the element to view.  
The salt-box hastened from his nail,  
Eager it ran, to hear the tale ;  
And while they hear the friends, ne'er think on what  
they do.

Cooky to no place constant long,  
Dragg'd by the ladle to the throng,  
Darts through the passage, and beside the grate  
In fury stands, and burns with rage,  
And tears her locks as on a stage ;  
And thus surrounded by her things, she raves in state.

Then thus the cook-maid—" I no more  
In demi-kitchens 'gain will scour,  
Since such confusion, aye, and such a rumpus,  
From shelves and nails, et-cetera,  
Both plate, and dish, and platter, ah !  
Heedless of places where they're fixed, riot and fuss.

" On higher shelves, of narrow board,  
I've placed such plates, upon my word,  
And clean'd them brighter too, withal, I say :  
But good by kitchen ! good by place !  
For never more I'll shew my face,  
In such unruly house as this, I'll ever pray."

What

What could he say, but what this was a witty Anacreontic-like effusion. He praised him and his, and told him "he deserved well of the poets." 'Tis very clever, he added; and without meaning what he said, told him, he was not the least judge, though he had written poetry, or rather rhyme too. That was nothing extraordinary; for I believe there is not a boarding-school Miss of 12 years old but what has composed her sonnet, elegy, or ode. Reader, here our friend Henry held forth a learned connexion of opinions, or sentiments of authors, much similar to Gambado's hints to bad horsemen.—By this Willy had entirely folded up his little paper, and Henry Mountfordington was in his shirt. "I wish you a good night, Sir." The page went to rest, and all was asleep in a twinkling.—Now for Lord Charles: he went home, but found no letter from the quarter he expected.

Barbara had not been able to write that evening, but the next day she found means  
to

to inform our youth where she was to be seen. On her return from the chapel, she related to her sister how attentive the most beautiful of men had been to her, and that his companion had undertaken to bring about matters with her husband's family.— Like a prudent woman, she was apprehensive of such imprudences, and she could discover, when Lord Charles's name was mentioned, Ann Maria Augusta grew more red than ordinary ; and, from other concomitant circumstances, she insisted on her sister's not attending to her promise with the two young men. But Barbara did not care a pin about scruples. She wrote unknown to any one ; so strong was her desire of seeing the object she had newly known ; and having procured a sheet of gilt paper, she, with proper ruled lines, sat down and wrote, after many contortions of mouth. It was of course sent, and delivered to him the first thing in the morning :—

“ My

"MY LORD,

"Your Lordship most certainly will accuse me of a bad memory, or a wish to forget my promise; but on the sacred telling of what I know, I am yet sure your kind Lordship will consider it had not been me that should have done it. I told my sister how we met you and your friend:—sweet man—dear personage; I blush to say, yet I must say it, let him know, through you, that I long to clasp him in my dear embrace—that woman is frail and weak, and like a good stick of sealing-wax, when hot, may bend any way. Be my friend, and don't let any but him know how I like him.—Guess when I told my sister; she said, O Lord! imprudent in the extreme! I had no shame, and would ruin Miss Ann's fortune. I have a fortune to ruin too; however, we lodge four doors from Sackville-Street, near the Duke of York's. Ask for Mrs. Olivia.

"Your's, my Lord,

"BARBARA."

Lord



Lord Charles, the moment he received the above, proceeded, unaccompanied by his friend, to the utter disappointment of Barbara. He was ushered up stairs; shewn into a neat room on the first floor. On his entrance he found Olivia, who was rather unwell, reclining in an arm chair: Ann Maria Augusta sat by her, netting; and Barbara, in a frock and tucker, held "Watts's Hymns." Charles was not a little surprised to see, in the sister of the old maid, a woman that had once been all that was lovely! but melancholy sorrow, and extreme misfortune, seemed to have impaired her countenance; and she was as unlike her daughter's aunt, as an "apple is to an oyster." Olivia requested him to be seated, and then took her old posture in the chair.

Ann Maria Augusta received him by blushing, simple reverence, and singular emotions.—For until this moment, I had never recollected he had made no inconsiderable impression on her heart, and had she  
received

received him in any other way, merely from my want of memory, the fault would have been mine, not her's, I am certain. The old child read her hymns, sighed, Oh dear! twenty times in the space of half an hour, making it louder, and more disagreeable, as the time fled. Then the non-arrival of Montague put her out of all patience; she desired to know what was become of his friend; he, of course, thought an excuse must be framed; so told her, the illness of a favourite horse obliged him to leave town, in order that it might be benefited by change of air; but the instant he came back, nothing should prevent his laying himself at her feet.

The love-lorn maid left the chamber.

Charles now assured Olivia, that his friend Henry was ready to acknowledge her as his brother's widow, and would, on the first moment possible, pay her his compliments. After having said this, and several trivial  
stop-

stop-gaps, natural to a distant conversation, he rose to depart; but Olivia, not perfectly decorous as to the laws of gratitude, never requested him to repeat his visit; and he, finding that her reasons for so doing, proceeded from something which he could not dive into, very coolly invited himself. In such a case, what could she do?—so it was.

Ann Maria Augusta being alone with her mother, a temporary silence ensued—the one reflecting on the elegance and graceful manners of Lord Charles, and the other on his odd impudence. In short, the young lady was over head and ears in love with him, which the mother plainly saw, and it was from that reason alone she wished him not to revisit them.

Here the mother of our living Venus, by a most intricate conversation, clearly found that the heart of her daughter was pierced through and through by the personal accomplishments of the young Lord.

We

We all think we are well acquainted with that odd thing Love ; but when we are interrogated as to its nature and properties, the devil a one can describe them ; and I believe it is the only species of disorder, if such it may be called, whose sole *cause* is its *cure* ; and we generally find now-a-days, it heals with a vengeance, and almost commonly totally obliterates every sensation, (by being the property of the ci-devant lover) leaving impressions of another sort, that “ familiarity breeds contempt.”

Though in case an union in the course of this work should come to pass between this couple above-mentioned, it shall not be my fault if their *charming* faculties evaporate. But once more to Mrs. Olivia's lodgings.

We now find Ann Maria Augusta on her knees, before her mother, (but for what I don't know). The good lady seeing the wide difference both in family and fortune, was endeavouring to point out the imprudence

dence of encouraging such a flame, adding, "you are poor and friendless, my girl; Lord Charles is heir to the Dukedom of Woodlepark; and should his intentions be honourable, his uncle, I am certain, will never consent. By sad experience I know what it is to marry against the family will; struggle, my child, with your affections; conquer it if possible; your little heart is tender, is susceptible; it has already received too strong an impression; but when once convinced that you should not encourage such sentiments, I trust that you have sufficient fortitude to drive them from your bosom."

Reader, you must give me some credit for extracting from Olivia's mind such sentiments. Could any one act with more prudence—reflect. Now behold an instance unparalleled of filial duty. At once Ann Maria Augusta obeyed; she promised implicit obedience—here was fortitude!—Olivia continued—

"I must,



“ I must, my dear daughter, let the order grate with unbearing harshness on your feelings: forbid Lord Charles to renew his visits, and the next time I see him, I must be under the necessity of so doing.”—To all this Ann Maria assented;—was ever mother blessed with such a child?

While this was acting at Olivia's, Lord Charles hastened to rejoin his friend Henry. Every thing was ready for the elopement of Alice. At twelve the two friends, coach, &c. were at the place appointed. Henry drew forth the key, and shortly unlocked the door. They entered the garden—they waited—no Alice. The friends drew nearer the school. Every thing was yet dark and peaceable.

The governess, anxious to keep the discovery she had made a secret, and fearing that by making such an imprudence public, she might diminish, in some degree, both her scholar's, and her school's good name, de-

terminated to punish the unfortunate female in a most unexampled manner. First she thought of having her unknown lover caught by three strong men, and whipped in the eyes of all her pupils: that would create too much noise; so she contented herself by letting him blow his fingers in anxiety, whilst she confined the unfortunate girl as closely as if she had been in a madhouse.

The males, for their part, stayed there till day-light, and then retired, astonished, disappointed, and apprehensive.

About eleven o'clock Lord Charles went to the school, and requested to see his sister. The governess appeared in her little receiving room, for she never allowed any one to penetrate farther. Here she appeared with a countenance as long as my leg, and told the brother, that for some days his sister had been indisposed, and much agitated, and no one could find out from what cause. That on Thursday noon, at eight minutes past twelve,

twelve, her disorder increased to such a pitch, as to confine her to her room, and it was the Doctor's order she should see no one; *as her case was desperate*, the remedy must be adequate. Charles believed this no more than if she had told him St. Paul's had called a coach for the monument.—  
“Nay,” said he, “I am her brother; admit me to her apartment; surely there can be no indelicacy in my approaching it.”

“Your request, Sir,” returned she, “cannot be granted; the laws of my school are such as will not permit it; and if she was a Princess, and you a Prince, I would not allow it; but Sir, if you call to-morrow, perhaps, if she is better, I may deliver your message.”

With this queer kind of an uncertain answer, Charles left her, unsatisfied, and astonished that such could be practised in an English boarding-school.

He returned the next day—"Alice was much worse," and his request could not be delivered to her. Charles stormed, raged, and threatened Mrs. Rod most violently. He now found it impossible to obtain a sight of his sister by entreaties, and was determined to pursue another method. He employed his friend Montague, but to no purpose, Henry was almost frantic, and they all were convinced that the scheme of elopement must have been discovered; that Alice's malady was false, and they knew not by what means to take her from the hands of the governess. Lord Charles's uncle was called abroad on some important business, and until he returned, it would be impossible to demand Alice, as he had left the strictest orders that she should, on no pretence whatever, be permitted to quit Mrs. Rod's. However, he wrote to his relative, requesting that his sister might leave that seminary instantly.

This, in some measure, relieved him from the inquietude he then laboured under, and he

he had now a few moments to attend to Ann Maria Augusta, to whose habitation he repaired. Olivia was solus, who, without losing an instant of time, communicated her opinion on the late measures she had determined to take since her late converse with her daughter. She commenced, by excusing herself of ingratitude for his kind interference with Henry; and then, mentioning the unfortunate impressions his presence had made on the too susceptible heart of her daughter, added, "that from motives of the most unprecedented prudence, she must request, nay, solicit, that his visits might not be repeated; and," continued she, "all this totally originates from the very considerable difference that exists between your family and her's.

"You well know her unfortunate origin—that her parents were neglected as menials, and banished as criminals: pardon me then, when I request once more, that you will not return to this miserable family, and by inspiring



ing the poor child with those sentiments, the gratification of which is next to an impossibility, and which will be the means of making a mother yet more unhappy."

"Glorious woman!" exclaimed Lord Charles, "I love your daughter; pardon my frankness, as I have your's. All my endeavours have been to inspire her with the same ardour with which she has me, and then, happy indeed will I be to lead her to the altar as my wife; I speak from the sincerity of my heart."

"You are young and eager," replied Olivia; "I know too well the consequences of an alliance so unequal as this would be. In me you behold one fatal example, and I hope that I shall never exist to witness a repetition of my own misfortunes in the person of my daughter. You well know the circumstances which related me to the family of Lord Henry; by the fatal union of Olivia, and a branch of that house, was  
that

that branch blasted by the pestilential breath of misery ; from that period its wonted vigour fled, it withered ! Oh ! my friend, how shall I tell you ?—death tore it from that unnatural stem which had denied it nourishment. But why should I pierce so young a heart with woes not possible to be equalled ? My poor husband bore them not so philosophically as he might have done ; he reproached me as the sole cause of his disgrace ; yet he never reflected, and like a servant I once saw spill coals on his mistress's carpet—then curse the scuttle ;—how could it help it ?—it was his awkwardness in putting it in a situation, by which he called forth his own execrations, and his mistress's reprobation of his conduct. Only review my Alfred's words—' I was the essence of all his afflictions ! the slow poison of his existence ! and the huge gulph that swallowed him up from his relatives !—I was the Apennines in his way to happiness !' but these are but few and trifling to some. I was overwhelmed with distress ; my health declined daily,

F 5

daily, and when he saw I was on the brink of the grave, all his ancient love for me returned;—he asked my forgiveness a hundred and a hundred times; was frantic; maligned himself for being my murderer; often would he practise the most furious marks of grief, yet never went so far as to throw himself on the ground. My health grew better apace, and I vowed to live for him, and for my children. Is not this a terrible example of inequality in marriage? and from my own experience, it is impossible Ann Maria Augusta can be your's, until your uncle notifies his yea."

"Nay! but I have enough to support us as we ought, without his aid; besides, I have an estate not far distant, to which we may retire, unmolested, where happiness and mutual love shall always meet with a hearty welcome."

"'Tis well; my Alfred thought not very unlike yourself; but love had driven out prudent

prudent reflection, and left his heated mind no time for thought.—The dye was cast!—I was his wife, and that false fancied enthusiasm evaporated by degrees; the mist of satisfied wishes daily dissipated itself, and his real situation stood gigantically before him.—'T was too late; his friends would no longer countenance him; we left England, and before a very long time elapsed, my husband, and a couple of dear insinuating little ones, found their graves in Abyssinia. My only remaining hope was now centered in Ann Maria Augusta, and with her I returned to England. When I once more beheld its white cliffs, my God! what did I not feel? and when the Dover fisherman, in a true manly voice, chaunted "Rule Britannia," I sobbed aloud with joy; I thought on my dead Lord and little ones."——Olivia was silent, for she actually did sob aloud; wiped the big tear from her glittering orb, and slowly rising from her chair, added—

“ Excuse my leaving you for a few moments, my Lord.”

Why she left the room, reader, I cannot say, but so she did ; at the same time put a paper into Charles’s hand, written by her husband during his voyage to Abyssinia, which she requested that he would amuse himself with till her return. What she went to do, she best knows ; I don’t like to be inquisitive for fear of odd answers, so will leave her to herself, whilst our youth perused the following lines :—

**THE EXILE,  
WITHOUT COMPULSION.**

Farewell, Oh native isle ! farewell for ever !

These piercing orbs shall see thy form no more :

A certain something bodes my heart and liver,

And faintly tells, adieu my natal shore !

Squalls



Squalls are at rest, while splash the vessel cutting,  
With noble bow she parts the briny wave :  
Alas ! my courage oozes from its footing,  
And spreads to nought, my future ills to pave.

" I see it yet ! " as wild aloft it hovers  
In oaths, and threats, and stamps, up high in air :  
To purer souls my faults it now discovers,  
And I am left alone in anguish and despair.

Fast by some house for bathing, sings the dipper,  
So justly famous for his strength of arm :  
And near him whistles many a jolly stripper  
On Brighton's sands, or Margate's coast so warm.

Ah ! happy man ! he waits the accustom'd hour,  
When watery surf obscures the wheeling form ;  
And gladly takes his usual mark of power,  
And shares his gain, the produce of his arm.

Healthy and strong, his grasping hands entwine them,  
With artless squeezes, and unconscious harm,  
Many a virgin, deep he oft embrines them,  
And wakes their tittering senses in alarm.

Ah !

Ah! happy man! if I thy station changing,  
How blest I'd stand sunk wet up to my knees:  
And boldly dip, as wide the waters ranging,  
Heedless of screaming maids, or passing breeze.

No more mine ear shall lift the well-known organ,  
Turned by some favoyard, or pauper's hand:  
Far from these sounds, and London's boisterous jargon,  
I wander exiled in some foreign land.

No more mine eyes behold in public places,  
Charms that are lost for ever to my view;  
Alas! I tread this deck, with lengthening paces,  
And loud I weep, my native land adieu!

I fly me far, a tedious, tedious long-way,  
Where persons live on living, do I bend:  
Where Bruce hath roam'd, alas! 'tis Abyffinia,  
There am I doom'd my future life to spend.

There burning fevers, ills that's worse than dying,  
Sharp torture men, and gnaw them to the bone:  
Oh woe! and death! and tears! and frequent fighting!  
Despair and gloom hath mark'd me as her own.

'Tis very odd, my mind continual recurs  
To pleasures past; it hankers there again:  
Why did I leave them? wherefore such long demurs?  
Was not I neglected! fled from as from rain.

Yes, London's haunts, and dear enchanting pleasure;  
The Opera's seat, on which I've often sat:  
My mansion's lofty rooms, its glittering treasures  
Oh! Alfred, think! Oh think, Sir, of but that!—

What ponderous clogs I've drawn from yonder,  
Weights that my folly, and my passions wrought:  
How I'm enchained, that nought can rend asunder;  
Yes, death will! there, there's the happy thought!

That which was once my anxious theme of loving,  
Has grown a thing, a perfect trifle now:  
'Tis grown quite thread-bare, and I hate its moving  
Near to my person, for I loath my vow.

But I have pac'd my fill; the sun swift sinking,  
Leaves twilight mistress of the passing day:  
And as I on my long-lost quiet thinking,  
It pictures fleeting joys and rooted misery.

The moon is up, and on the waters glitter ;  
I to the cause of all my woes retire :  
Why should I spurn her, and her feeble litter ;  
Yes, she shall kindle the extinguish'd fire.

Vain is the thought ! however I will try it,  
Should I still think in melancholy strain,  
She is my choice—say ? can I deny it ?  
No ! then be content, and call her not thy bane !

The length of these verses just occupied the interval which detained Olivia. She returned.

“ Well, my Lord, you have heard my reasons for wishing you not to repeat your visits ; but I throw myself totally on your prudence.”

“ But, dear Lady, should my uncle approve my intentions, will you then permit me to woo your daughter ?”

"Yes, Lord Charles, and until then do not repeat your attentions."

It was granted, and after explaining why Henry did not come in person, he, without any ceremony, told the whole of his sister's unfortunate tale; and that as soon as his friend's mind was a little at rest, he would lose no time in bringing him.

"What! and then is your sister really at Mrs. Rod's," said Olivia; "be careful, and proceed with firmness, for I have heard such instances of cruelty practised by her on her pupils, that would even make Horror's hair stand erect. She is the most hard-hearted, rigorous, implacable, and revengeful monster breathing. I shudder when I think a sister of your's should be in the hands of such a wretch."

The couple parted.—Charles went home; but there was no answer from his uncle. Another day passed—the paper arrived, by which



which he was empowered to demand her. He flew to the boarding-school; it was learning hours. He waited impatiently for the conclusion of that time. At length the governess appeared in her receiving-room. Alice was demanded. The old beldame replied, "Indeed the poor girl was very, very ill; the doctors pronounced her dangerous, and the only means of saving her, was peace and quietness."

Lord Charles believed not a syllable. "What," said he, "and will you not let me see her?—there, read! now I demand it;—should you again refuse it, there is such a thing as compulsion."

The kind lady was not a little struck in a heap by this production; she saw, and knew the hand to be that of the Duke of Woodlepark, and artfully placing a sort of bastard smirk on her visage, began thus—

"This

"This order is positive, and should be obeyed; but unfortunately it is not at present in my power; your sister is already removed, and by one's order that it was impossible not to obey. Time was the messenger, and the mandate death!"

Lord Charles was petrified.—"My God! dead!"

"Yes, my Lord, the poor Lady died last Friday."

"It is impossible," cried Charles, vehemently, "you deceive me: it was not a minute since you said she was living.—Instantly lead me to her, or English laws shall hold you up as a scorpion, to be avoided by mankind; you shall be branded as a——"

"Hold, Sir, your sister is dead, and it was to save your feelings a tremendous trial, I so long kept her *expiration* a secret. Did, or had you but heard the black confession

confession she made, the hour before her latent spark forsook her, you would have blessed the day when illness first found footing in the world. On her sick bed she called to me; "Mrs. Rod," said she, "you have been a mother to me: Oh! had I but entrusted the most secret actions of my soul to you, I might this moment die contented; but hear me—I am lost. There lives a villain, the cause of my misery—my death! he has seduced me from a parent's vows, and made me the most criminal of wretches; I leave him my unhappiness, and my malediction: but I have not only admitted him to my friendship, but also your late porter. Oh! forgive me, dear Madam, and ask the same of my brother." She expired, and left the world! So good morning. I have written to your uncle for leave to inter her, and when I receive his answer, I will send to you."

Lord Charles, unknowing what he did, walked unconsciously into the street, and had proceeded

proceeded a considerable way before he could reflect in any regular manner. He then hurried to Henry : the news drove him quite wild—he would not believe that she was dead, and vowed the walls should be levelled with the ground, but he would find her. Charles sunk into a kind of stupor, and seemed, or firmly believed, he should never again behold his sister ; yet he thought some foul methods must have been used in sending her into the other world. However, they both determined to be in a manner silent on the business till Alice's uncle should arrive, and then steps certainly should be taken, by which they might take vengeance on the governess. Lord Charles had frequent opportunities of seeing Ann Maria Augusta ; and he deferred mentioning his passion to his uncle yet ; not from a fear of disapprobation, but until something should be done in the late melancholy affair. Alice had now been no more for two months ; nothing had yet been done, and he weekly expected the arrival of the Duke.

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CHAP. VI.

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—I beg but leave to heir this *jewel*: see!—  
And now 'tis up again; it must be married  
To that *your* diamond.

CYMBELINE.

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THE first burst of transport was passed: Joshua's appetite was satisfied: he had filled his belly almost; and gently laying down his knife and fork, drew himself erect in his seat, and gave way to reflections;—he thought on what he had just been doing, and trembled at the consequences of a discovery. He blinked his eyes, and stroked his chin with his right hand, for he was disgusted with himself.

self, and avoided the eyes of his partner. Silence prevailed. Betsey first broke silence. She took his hand gently.—“Joshua,” she murmured, “how did you like the pork?”

The priest started at the sound.

“Dangerous! yes, most dangerous of women!” said he, “into what a prodigious gulph of sin have you plunged me; you have caused me to break a resolution untainted for years; should this, together with your sex, be discovered, my reputation will be forever lost, and all merely for the pleasure of a few moments. Fool, dolt, ass, that I was, to trust myself to your seductions! what can be done?—the steed is stolen, and must I now shut the stable-door?—wretched girl, you have oppressed my peace for ever!”

“To me do you direct all this, Joshua? I, who have forsaken every thing for you; the world’s society, the decency of sex, my petticoats, my friends, and my views in life?—

life?—No! I have done you a service; I have made known to you pleasures which you might never have *tasted*, and exercised sensations you never might have exerted. We were never formed to be a mortification to ourselves—it is unnatural: why were our faculties, our senses, given us, if we are not to use them?—were such sweets doomed to us, not to be exercised? Joshua, where is your reason?—indulge in those blessings you possess: it is not criminal to *eat* when you are hungry, and that of the best.—Were you to bereave another of his food, or pilfer unjustly for a meal, I then might cry, cease, do not therefore reproach me. I have taught what is pleasing to the palate, and let me see you devour with equal ardour as myself!”

As she spoke, her eyes sparkled with the glorious victory she had obtained. She placed herself opposite to him, and cutting a most delicious bit of the brown, launched it on his plate. Joshua again licked his lips; the dye was thrown; his vows were
already

already broken; he had already done the thing, and why should he refrain from its reward? he put it to his mouth with redoubled ardour. No more was he hampered by apprehensions; encouraged by the example of his fair, he gave a loose to his voracious appetite, whilst she aided him by luxurious fauce of apples, and every other that might heighten the blis of the delightful banquet. Joshua wallowed in pork and gravy, the pleasures of whose tit bits had been till then unknown to him. Swift fled the night; the morning *bled* to behold him still occupied in gormandizing.

Intoxicated, indeed almost suffocated, the preacher arose from Betsey's artful table. He now was at full liberty to enjoy the bent of the two grand features of his disposition—gluttony and epicurism; and his only fear was, that since his fair clerk had accomplished her wishes, she might decamp, and expose him to the world; so he requested that she would remain for ever with him;

“ nay,” said he, “ I will leave you every thing I am possessed of, should Death lay violent hands upon me.”

“ Well,” said Betsey, “ since I have made myself so valuable to you, I will remain : no fears shall retard me, and no offers shall entice me from you ; but before I perfectly accomplish, there is one thing which must be done, and you must swear most uprightly, that you will not ask, how and what it was.”—He obeyed most solemnly.

“ That’s well, most amiable of pastors ; you must overlook strange incidents ; forget in what way you can be astonished, and regard me as one, who thirsts after elevation of character like your’s. Have you, or has our landlady the key of the door at the bottom of the back stairs, that leads at once into the cellar and the garden ?”

“ No ! but I can easily get it.”

“ Do

“ Do that, and we have only to proceed into the cellars of the house, where I must be left alone for an hour. Now leave me; get the lock appendage. Hark! I hear the steps of some one approach; run, fly, or I shall have no time to clear away the relics of our pleasure. Stay, hide that plate—pocket that boat of sauce—now cover the table over with the bed quilt;—there, ’tis well!”

Having arranged every thing, the *good man* left the room. Scarce had he closed the door, indeed he had not, when Doctor Vial made his appearance.

“ Hush!” said Joshua, “ be quiet as the dead; I have this moment been to see your patient; he is sound, and sleeps most divinely; do not disturb him.”—Then hooking the intruder under the arm, strode off with him, with no small satisfaction.

Joshua now felt embarrassed, and thought every eye was gazing on him, saying, “ You
G 2 have

have rioted in good cheer." His mind unconsciously wandered to Betsey's feast. The better to cloak his transgression, he affected to be more devotional, therefore walked more erect, and crammed his hand deeper in his breeches pocket, by which means he only, till that moment, found out that he possessed a smattering of hypocrisy. He had been to chapel, and inveighed, with triple ardour, against the pleasures and gratifications of the world. Having returned to his lodging, the last night's sweets rushed with redoubled strength upon his imagination: his mind was in an uproar, and he pictured to himself city-feasts, court-end fetes, and pious abstinences. He reflected on the kind, soothing, grateful, and delicious sensations of the former, whilst the latter possessed leanness, coldness, sickness, and the blue devils. "Am I not," said he, "blessed with organs, and faculties? yes! and have I not reason that tells me comforts from pains? yes! then I will use that to my own advantage and ease, and still retain my character, so celebrated in the world.—

world.—But then ! voluptuous living brings on maladies uncomfortable ; it fills one with humours, blotches, and qualms :—yet ! Oh the dear morsel ! I will enjoy myself : I like good things as well as any body ; and what am I, that do thus deny myself ? The world shall not know it ; I will adhere strictly to my former conduct, and I doubt not but I shall retain the same esteem in the hearts of my auditors as ever.”

With these resolutions, he determined to cultivate his sense of taste in the most accomplished manner. Having had but little rest, he threw himself on his bed ; slept sound, and awoke with a fresh appetite. The evening drew near ; Joshua had secured the key of the low door opening into the cellar. Betsey was ready ; and waited his coming.

“ I have been here, Joshua, and waiting a full hour,” said she ; “ my future happiness,

and your enjoyment, depend—Where is the key?”

“ In my left breeches pocket.”

“ Follow ; for time flies !”

She then took a brown jar from the table, bearing this in one hand, and a little penny-postman's lantern in the other. They sped—not a syllable uttered on either side. The perambulators moved on with careful, but quick paces. They passed the back stairs, and moving forwards, through a kind of shed under the wall, reached the western corner of the garden. Her eyes glittered gaily ; the holy was horror-stricken ; a kind of desperate expression played over Betsey's visage. She gave Joshua the light—he trembled from crown to sole ; then taking the key, unlocked the door, and entered the cellars. The entrance was a small damp dripping anti-room, a receptacle for loose bungs, empty cracked bottles, and four beer.

This

This place belonged to the celebrated Mrs. Rod, who rented it of our adventurer's landlady; one part of it belonged to the house, and was, by its inhabitant, made use of, the division being marked only by an iron railing, the bars of which were not extremely high, so easily clambered over, when necessity has no law. Thither the couple followed each other. Betsey twined over the iron separation, and the awkward priest did the same, with no little difficulty. She soon found the door, in which was kept the good old bodies of the liquor for the school. It signified nought whether the moon or stars were visible, for thick arches obscured the sky. They proceeded, and soon discovered the door of the inner vault: exactly three steps led down to it, and they were on the point of descending, when a noise broke their intent.

“There are people in the hollow passage!” Betsey said to the Priest; “hide till they pass.”

She took refuge behind a large empty hog'shead, erected as a mark of its having once been filled for the benefit of the governess. Joshua followed her example, carefully concealing the lantern, in case of accidents. The door of the beer cellar opened—rays of light darted along the arched passage, when two females followed them, dressed in mourning habits; they seemed in the most profound and energetic converse.

The pious had no difficulty to discern, in the right hand one, Mrs. Rod, and in the left, the French teacher, as her companion.

“ Every thing is ready,” said the head of the school; “ her fate shall be decided to-morrow: let her cry; let her sigh; we will let her know into what hands she has got: never has so iniquitous and wicked a scheme been attempted since I have kept Rod-House !”

The teacher answered thus, for she spoke English like a native—

“ Alice is much beloved in the school, and depend on it, your sister-in-law will espouse her cause warmly; but we must do what is to be done, quickly, silently, and with resolution, and not mind her entreaties: certainly your school would have lost its character, had these steps not been taken.”

“ Yes! she has disgraced my house; the contagion must spread no farther, and let it be an example to the rest, for a stitch in time saves nine. Besides, the horrible discovery made to that upright creature, Mr. Pentatuche!—before him I say, who is mine, the world’s, and my scholar’s idol; he, the most devout, innocent, and dear object in the world, for in his eyes I wished to impress an idea, that my seminary was more strict than any foreign convent! had this not been done, what could I have said? how should I

be looked upon by him ; for I would sooner sacrifice one hundred girls, than lose in his good opinion an atom.—Tomorrow is the day—examples shall be out-exampled.”

Here was a discovery for the preacher—Mrs. Rod his devoted ! they proceeded, and the governess unlocked the door which communicated with the school, and having entered, it was closed after them.

Betsey now asked, who was this Alice, with whom the good lady was so violent against, and how Joshua became entangled in the transaction. The adventure was related, and he added, that he now felt a little compassion for the unfortunate girl.

“ How ! ” said Betsey : “ no ; rather act contrary ; urge on the performance of the punishment ; proclaim the fault a crime ; it is your duty to do it, and never treat the member of any plan that does not succeed with lenity or pity. But the night is passing quick

quick ; give me the lantern, Joshua ; I must enter here ; stay till I return, and should any one approach, warn me by a whistle ; and as you value yourself, follow me not."

So saying, she left him, with the lantern in one hand, and her jar in the other. She tapped thrice at the door ; it slowly opened on its hinges, when a small flight of steps, of brown oak, presented themselves. She descended ; Joshua remained above, following her with his frightened eyes, till woman and light disappeared altogether.

Now how was he ?—where was he ?—all alone, pitch dark, and astonished, frightened out of his life, being as rank a coward as possible. He began to reflect on his imprudence, and the strange conduct of his female clerk. He found her commanding ; not, as usual, entreating : he was not able to thwart her by argument in whatever she advanced, and he seemed as if bewitched. Thunder-struck at this extraordinary strength of Betsey's

G 6

mind,

mind, he knew not how to think ; yet her actions all tended to his happiness, and why should he not return it in gratitude, by submitting to her directions.

“ My mind is her’s,” said he, “ we seem rather synonymous ; her advice concerning Alice was as I should have acted, had I not wished to impress her with an idea of my compassion for the unfortunate, glorious girl ! you will be a second Joan of Arc ;—proceed, and let us be happy !”

Joshua still continued thinking to himself ; first on the nature and properties of pity, then on the pleasures of imagination, and lastly, on patience ; for it was now near an hour since his female had retired ; and as he had absorbed all his fund of mental amusement, he began to think a little of fear ; so he drew a somewhat nearer to the staircase—he listened—all was silent : got nearer ; presented his chin and ear ; Betsey’s voice was indistinctly heard by him ; it unwound, as it

fleeted along the subterraneous windings of these liquor repositories. She was at a considerable distance from him; the half-smothered sounds raised additional terrors on his person. He regretted that he had not asked her leave to sing till she returned, by way of keeping off all approachers. Being thus goaded behind by fright, he involuntarily stepped and stepped, for a great length. Betsey's orders smote him on the recollection; he stopped short; a rising in his throat filled him with a strange something, and he drawled back as he came, and stuck himself in his ancient station in order to wait the conclusion of the adventure.

Suddenly an explosion, louder than thunder, made our watchman leap almost to the roof. He trembled, as did every thing around. The empty pipes and barrels which stood carelessly around, were so shaken, that some forsook their cobweb stations, and rolled, heedless of his shins, about the floor of the cellar. All was steady; a damp smoky
mist

mist rolled in vast volumes along the narrow avenues, right and left. The damp settled on his vestments, and he was wet as water. The vapour vanished, and all was again the same horror-darkened gloom. Another hour crept away, after which the same noise and mist appeared. He was now more wet than water! but what was his astonishment, to hear the most beautiful solo on the base viol possible; it pierced the arched vaults, and airy crannies of the doors, till lost in air he heard the sounds no more. The most violent fit of astonishment, on Joshua's part, succeeded; enchantment, witchery, or the devil must be in the place, thought our friend.

Betsy now approached; he saw the glad lantern rays, and was more pleased than possible. She seemed in the highest spirits imaginable; her eyes glittered; her face was flushed, and she spoke with uncommon rapidity.

“ Did

“ Did you hear any thing ?” asked she.

“ Twice I heard a sound more loud than had Mons Meg been fired by demons, charged with hell’s produce.”

“ Nothing else ?”

“ Yes, then suddenly there stole a light, damp, and yellow vapour, which settled on my new black coat, has wet me through, and much, I fear, has ruined it for wear.”

“ Well, the morning is near at hand, let us retire, lest day-light should betray us.”

She soon regained their house, and the curious Joshua still accompanied her. She replaced the jar, which seemed more weighty than usual.

“ I have succeeded,” vociferated she, “ beyond my warmest, nay, most sanguine hopes! I am, and shall be, for ever devoted
to

to your interest and service ; this which I have done will, no doubt, prove to us both a source of inexhaustible delights. Oh! that your mind could but share with mine in the most glorious of actions ! how much more pleasure does not the husbandman enjoy from that pittance earned by the sweat of his brow, than if he could command thousands ? how much stronger is not the happiness, at the discovery and possession of a thing which may have cost us innumerable pains and difficulties in the attainment ? but, my Joshua, I am raised above my sex, as St. Paul's is elevated above the monument : follow my advice and my wishes, and you will tower even above my grand comparison."

" But how !—am I not worthy your secrecy and cultivation ? No ! Betsey, be you the spade, I will be the untilled ground, where you may dig at pleasure, plant what you please, and then pluck the fruits reared by your own hands."

" Then

“ Then shake off all those starch and uncrumpled manners, degrading a great mind like your’s; be not so much the priest; you are bound, your actions are enchained; time will reconcile your future conduct to yourself, the world need not be acquainted with it, all men play a similar part; fashion and custom hide our nakedness from each other; the whole is a deceit; all nature you must believe to be a *Janus*, till the contrary is discovered. The time is not yet come, when I will totally unveil my conduct to you; but a little longer, and then; restrain your impatience; remember the oath you have taken;—here!” (so saying, she untied her jar, and poured some of the liquor into a glass) “ let this seal your resolves.”

The pious took the glass; the contents made their entrance; his blood was on fire. “ Delicious! Oh! delicious!” he exclaimed, with rapture, “ What is this nectarious balm?”

“ Heed

“Heed not, ask not, drink, and be happy in the pleasure.”

Taking advantage of his expressions, at a taste so novel to him, she continued, by degrees, to excite him to indulge any sensation which might give him gratification. The pleasures of the former eve were renewed, and, together with the luxury of *cherry brandy*, he wallowed in unbounded excesses, while the wary female attended him with gladness. By the morning he had so intoxicated himself by her delicacies, that it was with no small labour she conveyed him to his room. He had now tasted, in full, the stealing vapour of inebriation; he had broke the ice; shame tormented him not, and frequent repetitions, in some degree, began to blunt pleasure's edge, and mark his nasal promontory as an object of discovery. Betsey persuaded him that that she could easily remove, and encouraged him to fear no discovery. He now began to be satiated; the brandy she poured in upon him so unbound-
edly

edly ceased to take effect; his senses were, in a manner, flattened, and they did not exert themselves as when at first. The delirium of eating and drinking being passed, he had now considerable leisure to reflect on his conduct: a week had elapsed; he was glutted, mawkish, and out of order. Every day made him less anxious for those delicacies to which he had accustomed himself. She remarked it, and redoubled her assiduities. Every sort of thing did she provide; his ardour was gone; he ate because he was hungry; but fearing, lest she should make the fact public, he affected to yet relish her donations.

He was rather weak, on examining closely his mind; indeed his education had been so curious, that it had impressed none of those real and just laws of society, which are the grand outlines of human happiness. Had his connections when young been any other than what they were, certainly he would have been a different creature: ambitious

bitious of public praise, he minded not over whom he strided to ensure it. He had a miser's heart in that particular, and he might have (had self-indulgences been laid aside) starved amidst thousands, whilst counting his riches. There was a most extensive degree of covetousness belonging to him; he was extremely cruel, indeed to a kind of passion, delighting much in torturing all insects or animals that chanced to fall into his clutches. He certainly, also, had the gift of ranting charmingly, and enforced his wild arguments with as wild actions. With such qualifications, he would have been an ornament to a negro plantation, and there shone with perhaps superior lustre than in the rostrum. In his earliest infancy, his parents beheld these rising *virtues*; they died whilst the sweet creature was still a baby, and falling to the care of a kind relation, who valued him as much as the skip of an ugly animal; and judging the boy to be a stupid fool, put him with as great a one, the then preacher of the present chapel. The youth by
degrees

degrees enjoyed the same honour, his patron having been careful to instil into him the following precepts—that benevolence was alone to be extended to the support of religious buildings, and their attendants; that every soul would be damned whom he chose to excommunicate; that pity of all kinds was foreign to the breast of man, he being the head of the earthly creation, and the king of all other *brutes*. Sneaking servility he was particularly instructed in, to enable him to entice rich old maids, superannuated fathers, and husbands, to be his followers, they being objects of no small prey; in short, his kind monitor had taught him to be a cringer, an imposer, a coward, superstitious in the extreme, and to calumniate, at the very same moment, those friends from whom he was receiving unparrelleled kindness. All his virtues being carefully plucked up by his preceptor, who trained him for his profession with all the niceties of a racer, or a fighting cock; and having clipped all those growing feathers that would have marked his

his future beauty and grandeur, now left him an unnatural kind of biped *fit for any thing*; and when the last epithet is said of him, what, most gentle, simple, or learned reader, would you wish? so that his abilities in *elocution*, and seeming exemplary piety, secured him the character of the *best of men*, and one who entered into the very bowels of his profession. He was not altogether adamant as to the observations he made on females, though he wished to send forth to the world an idea that he was as upright in his conduct towards them as the greatest of philosophers, though he was not altogether ignorant; and if he read, in the course of his readings,

“ That men were fond, he smil’d, but wonder’d not.”

He, I must really say, did, until seduced by Betsey, almost always live most sparingly, and on the coarsest fare; but no sooner did the opportunity offer of doing otherwise,
than

than the natural bent of his mind predominated, and he was overwhelmed with exquisite enjoyments. As yet his other passions were not called forth ;—but all in good time ; it is easily judging from a little what would be the termination of a great deal.

He still continued to be the most celebrated swaddling haranguer of any note at the west end. The enthusiasm of listening to him increased daily, and it generally happened that a few thousands were disappointed each time ; indeed, the crowd was so numerous, that places have been known to be engaged by the friends of those who had seats in the chapel, months previous. He was also learned both in history and geography, the instruction of which science he taught most of the principal families and schools in town, and no one was accounted fashionable, who partook not of his learned banquet ; so that the religious had an opportunity of seeing, and being respectably known, to almost all the dashing females of the *bon ton*, and
yet

yet he regarded them not with the eye of a covetous—that species of gratification had not as yet seemed to have taken root, and it was the wonder of the town how indifferent he appeared to treat such a blaze of charms. So frigid and strict did they imagine him to be as to indulging his inclinations of any sort, that it became a proverb, “A perfect Joshua!”—thinking there would be equal probability of inspiring the statue of Charing-Cross, as the heart of this immaculate devotee. The cause of his indifference proceeded totally from the firm idea he entertained of a certain conquest, should he wish it; judging from his personal, as well as mental accomplishments; for the former he had not a little opinion of;—knowing that when we imagine ourselves possessed of prerogative, or are really so, it almost always happens that we never exert it, though before that liberty was granted, our impatience was unbounded; thus was his reputation fixed on the public mind, but he now entertained fears of its being otherwise;—he dreaded

dreaded lest Betsey should make known his imprudence ; but he had proceeded too far with her to retract ; she had bridled him to her will, and might lead him (when such a fear hung pending) where she pleased.—What had he done ? rioted in beastliness, both in eating and drinking ; she had made him frequently intoxicated ; he was then not himself, and knew not how he might have acted. Besides, she had made him perform the part of a thief !—he had stolen the cellar key from his landlady !—they had together entered the premises of Mrs. Rod, and Betsey had bereft her of a jar of cherry brandy. These, undoubtedly, were a few notches in his life ; and were the foundation on which every vice might be raised : but Joshua took not an immediate retrospect.

One morning, being at chapel, he was detained longer than usual in that building, occasioned by the great difficulty he had in getting rid of his cassock, gown, or surplus, from a few considerable rents it bore from

extreme old age. As he was thus employed, two females drew near him, and taking up their veils, the youngest entreated him to listen to her but a few moments. Her entreaties were granted; his petitioner seemed in the utmost distress; her cheeks were pale as paper; her eyes were clogged with tears; in short, she was the picture of *misfortune*; what more can be described of her? and in the sweetest accents of feminine virtue, breathed forth her soul's request—

“ Most reverend of preachers, you see an unfortunate daughter, threatened with the impending loss of one of the best of parents. She is suddenly taken ill; the physicians despair of her existence; all human aid has proved abortive, and the only resource we have (my aunt here informs me) is in you. Pray for her, Sir; for if there is one really devout, and truly sanctified, it is you. Oblige me, I entreat.”

Joshua

Joshua curled his fingers in his breeches pocket; thought something might here be gained; and if it was only to compliment the pretty girl who asked him, he acceded. This certainly was a spark of his gallantry.

“ Well, young lady,” said he, “ I will, since you wish that it shall be me, I’ll sooth the dying sinner, and will call on you this evening.”

She took a neat and plain written card from as pretty a red leather case, and presented him with it; then the pair withdrew, thanking him hundreds of times for so much civility. He now approached the address towards his eyes, and read, in an audible voice, the first words of the following direction :—

“ Mrs. Olivia, Piccadilly.”

The suppliant was no other than Ann Maria Augusta, and Barbara was her companion.

panion. The latter had insisted on her niece's begging that favour of Joshua, as he was, she said, the only man in London she would trust herself alone with.

The priest retired to his lodging, and ever since he had beheld Ann Maria Augusta, he felt a flatness on his mind, a kind of something queer. It is impossible to account for the actions of men; but at this moment Joshua's natural disposition seemed to leave him. "A delicious melancholy infused itself into his soul;" society disgusted him; he sought not the company of his clerk; his thoughts were all humanity, sad, and soothing, and he wished for the hour when he should perform the late demanded favour.

The time fled in a long-digested reflection suitable to the state of his mind; he thought on his past improprieties, and in a passion, tore the well-delineated picture from the walls of his chamber, which had so long been the
object

object of his admiration and wonder. As he spurned it from him, he exclaimed—

“ The poison ! ”

Unfortunate artist, who has painted 16000 persons, not to have more respect paid to thy works ! it most undoubtedly was one of your extraordinary proofs “ of the consequences of the power of practice.”

He buttoned himself close up in a new black spencer, and drawing his hat over his eyes, stole out of his apartments, unperceived by Betsey. He easily found his way to the dwelling of Olivia, rung the bell, and was instantly admitted. Barbara was deprived of the pleasure she wished of being present at the time of Joshua's visit ; but on her return from chapel, she found an epistle, instructing her of the death of a near relative, who had left her and Olivia a small legacy ; to secure which, she was obliged to set out to Rumford without losing one moment.

Amongst all her foibles, she had an affectionate heart, and it gave her the most exquisite distress to quit her sister in so dangerous a state ; particularly as Olivia wished that no addition, let it be ever so trifling, of fortune, should be neglected ; for she remembered the forlorn and helpless situation of her child, and should she die, every support and comfort possible must be provided.

Accordingly, Barbara left London, giving a few deep sighs for the memory of her amiable, but cruel Montague, being clearly convinced that at first sight she had made no inconsiderable impression on his susceptibility ; and from his never coming near her to pay the proper compliments, she supposed he had been disgusted at the awkward stupidity of her niece, and to that, her low origin. Our female's soul curled up like the sensitive plant : could she have supposed he wished to propose any thing less respectable than marriage ? indeed, by his non-attendance, she became convinced he was making
up

up all his courage to beg the favour of her just to live with him as a mistress. This, and things only accountable to herself, by degrees, quite (and the application of time) soluted her once fiery love, which was apparently vanishing, from her actions in the country—being seen by herself, hanging her head, cutting the names of loves forsaken on all the styles near Rumford; every evening she was observed straying along the ditchy rivulets, “baying the moon with hideous roar;” was also peculiar in the colour of her ribbons, and vowed poetry, nightingales, and purling rills, were at last a bore; as were also

“ Lonely haunts, and twilight groves,

“ Scenes which crimson passion loves !”

Such, kind reader, believe to be the state of Barbara's mind, when she forgot her former love, and embraced, for better and for worse, a youth of plausible figure, and a working jeweller, who had an eye upon this virgin's fortune, in order to set him up in a
H 4 decent

decent shop, and gain a neat livelihood. She soon surrendered her person and estate up to this youth, and they were the happiest of mankind. She wrote to her sister Olivia to apprise her of the honourable addition she had been kind enough to make to the family; and for reasons I shall explain hereafter, the prudent sister never answered her letter.

Joshua was conducted to Olivia's room, and there left alone with her after being warmly introduced by Ann Maria Augusta. Her mother was obliged to him for this kind visit, but she had consented to it totally to satisfy the violent importunities of her sister, knowing, by observation, that the admonitions in general of all religious zealots seldom or ever tended to sooth the dying sinner, or alleviate a heart oppressed with woe; but, on the contrary, their zeal for pointing out the evils of the world so filled their thoughts, that every word they uttered, did but say what were sins, and that those who had been thus imprudent, were sure to be damned;—
never

never telling them how to avoid such crooked paths, nor how, in future, they should atone for past offences in the eyes of heaven. Olivia had fixed the same opinions on this celebrated preacher, judging from the rhapsodical expressions which had been made use of by him in his discourses, and retailed by her sister, who professed herself his enthusiastic admirer of late. But how was she surprised, when, with a low and plaintive voice, "he calmed every fear, and dissipated every scruple:" he won her highest respect, and she only regretted that so brilliant a gem should adorn any crown but that of the Protestant church. She unbosomed her last resolves, and regretted the forlorn situation of Ann Maria Augusta, should her feeble spark of existence be extinguished, having none to whose care she might be entrusted, except her sister, or Lord Henry Mountfordington. Her *kind* monitor no sooner heard this source of alarm, than he begged she would make herself quite easy, for if she could place confidence sufficient in him, he

would be a second father to so amiable a daughter, and would likewise prevail on a most particular female friend and relation to receive the female into her house. By this seeming interest of his for the safety of her child, he totally won her esteem, and she exhausted every collection of words by which gratitude is usually expressed. Joshua arose to make his compliments, and go home, promising to return the next day.

In the opposite chamber he found Ann Maria Augusta; she was at that moment defraying some necessary expences, and the table at which she sat, seemed covered with innumerable Bank notes. Joshua eyed them askance, and bid her take comfort, for he hoped her good mother would do well. She returned him thanks of gratitude, and taking a small red leather balloon purse from her pocket, began to disencumber the table of its contents; a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and so on, for a considerable time, did she neatly fold into her repository.

repository. The holy gazed on these charms most wistfully; with what delight did he stare at her as she thus employed herself! the quantity of riches, the apparent magnitude of each, their value, and being all Abraham Newland's, could not but inspire him with pleasure and admiration; he longed, he panted for their possession, and broke the tenth commandment.

Joshua was at length obliged, from remaining so long silent, to tear himself from this agreeable situation, and the company of her who possessed so many *charms*. He then quitted the house, while the beautiful girl hastened to her mother, ignorant of the mischief which her notes had caused. She was eager to know her opinion of one so celebrated in town. Olivia thought with the generality; "even before he spoke," said she, "I was prepossessed in his favour; the kindness of his soothings, the upright appearance of his person, the truly dignified method of his delivery, and the sound of his

voice, won me ; and at the same time as I looked on him, a certain thrilling seized me, that I could not account for. He is a good man !”

“ He ought to be,” said Ann Maria Augusta, “ for he has been long enough studying that which we should think would make him so.”

“ Indeed, my dear girl, how do you know ?”

“ Our landlady tells me that his father was an exceeding poor man, and, unable to maintain him, left him, by way of a new year's gift, at the door of the late preacher, whom Mr. Pentateuch has succeeded ; and that he, out of pure compassion for the orphan, did bring him up in holy education, proving a paragon of piety, wisdom, oratory, and every other requisite necessary for making a perfect priest. This is all I know about the good man.”

“ Upon

"Upon my word, Ann Maria, you tell a mortal's biography monstrous well; I really had no idea of your knack, child, in so doing."

"I am rejoiced you are so jocular, mother, and so much better; I hope your fits will not return; I am happy religion has acted so physical a part; on my word I think he must have magnetized you to have wrought such a change."

"Yes indeed, my dear, I am much better; I am heavy, and wish to renovate my exhausted powers. Draw the curtains; tuck in the quilt, my Ann Maria, and should I sleep till midnight, do not sit up with me."

She was obeyed instantly; the bed was tucked up; the curtains drawn, and she was left to repose.

Her daughter beguiled the time away till St. James's church, or rather its clock, struck twelve.

twelve. Her mother still slept, when stealing a silent kiss, and with an affectionate daughter's benedictions, retired to her chamber; and as it had been long her custom to read an hour before she recommended herself to the protection of Heaven, she took up a book of Poems that then, and very apropos, lay on her dressing-table, in which was contained the following stanzas :—

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The woods wave around me, and loud from the steep
The swollen floods are dashing, the winds peal aloud;
Ah! drown'd in the lethe of quiet and sleep;
Full careless reposes the world's busy crowd.

Oh! sweet be the slumbers of Virtue and Truth,
And fair be the visions that float o'er their head;
May innocence watch o'er the pillow of youth,
And piety soften disease's rough bed!

But wild be the dreams of the merciless bad;
May fiends swarm around them, and glare o'er their forms;
Be their ears pierc'd with shrieks, and with deep moanings sad,
And their hearts ever tremble midst silence or storms.

No hope be their portion—Oh ! blot the dread thought !
Let grief and remorse still be born of their dreams !
For what is our virtue, without it be fraught
With Charity's sighs, and Compassion's soft streams.

Pure and gentle *his* doctrines, who died for mankind,
And peace and forgiveness to all men he gave :
Let mercy then soften the rage of my mind,
And pray for, not execrate, guilt's wretched slave.

And here as I wander through darkness and rain,
No light but the drench'd heath, half lost in the shade ;
Let me bend o'er the tome of my own heart again,
And see if no passions its quiet invade.

Does Envy devour it ? that agoniz'd wretch
Who feeds on herself, while her heart loathes its food ;
Does pale Discontent, listless laid at his length,
Wash away my youth's joy, with his slow sullen flood ?

Or burning like *Ætna*, Ambition on high
Bid the blaze of his torch set my fierce brain on fire ;
Fill my bosom with poison, and plant in mine eye
Rage, and murder, and care, to attain my desire ?

Or av'rice less riot, but ah ! still as fell,
Freeze to ice every feeling that honours the man ;
Or jealousy root in my bosom its hell,
Or misanthropy darken the Deity's plan ?

Ah ! long may I pore o'er the volume of soul,
And long may I search it, but still search in vain ;
For shudd'ring we cast o'er our passions a stole,
And see not, because to see vice is a pain.

For *self* will with sophistry shadow each fault,
And cover the shapes of the gorgons with flowers ;
Will find palliations for each erring thought,
And kindly allow for temptation's soft powers.

Such, such be the feelings when deeply we scan
The vices of others, (their vices alone)
'Tis the claim of our God, that the duty of man
Be to pity and pardon all faults but his own.

'Tis our duty and joy o'er those pages to bend,
That tell of *his* precepts, who came from our God ;
'Tis our duty to every blest word to attend,
'Tis our joy sure to follow the paths which *he* trod.

For

For *he* on the form of religion hath thrown
A lustre that lights, while it warms the chill'd heart ;
Hath taught us, that vain are the sigh and the groan,
If our actions disprove the blest words of our part.

He hath taught, that to love all our brethren below
Is the primary wish of our Maker above ;
And sure with delight he enjoins us to glow,
Since he tells us, that all our whole lives should be love.

For love of mankind then can never inspire
Other feelings than pleasure ; but pleasure so pure,
That Virtue may smile on the mild lambent fire,
And Religion may pray for that fire to endure.

And quelling each passion (for passions are born
Of selfishness solely) ensures to our days
The brilliant effulgence of youth's rising morn,
And the soothing of twilight, when past is the blaze.

Then close to my heart be these pure precepts press'd,
And warm be that heart through my life's devious road ;
And may I for ever deplore, though detest,
The *wretch*, who could hurl imp'ous weapons at God !

Having

Having finished her perusing, and also finishing her usual devotions, she retired to rest; "suffice it to say," she slept till morning in the most comfortable manner, and might, without falsity, be envied by hundreds, both poor and rich.

CHAP. VII.

As, by the strength of this illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion ;
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
And you all know security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

MACBETH.

~~~~~

**R**ETURNED to his habitation, Joshua's mind was filled with the most pleasing images. He remembered what he had just seen : he thought the happy sight over again, and once more broke the tenth commandment. He longed to be the possessor of that which alone belonged to Ann Maria Augusta. The  
innocent



innocent freedom that she used towards him, rushed at once across his thoughts; he might turn it to some account, and had decided on the steps he should take; for he was anxious to deprive her of that quality which formed her principal charm in his eyes. The strong features of his disposition seized him by starts, and he was enthusiastic till his end was obtained. Avarice now took its turn, of which he possessed a most exorbitant share; and of all passions, when exercised by one who is naturally cruel, it is the most dangerous.

Being determined to profit by Ann Maria Augusta's innocence, he easily distinguished points which were favourable to his designs, but he was actually at a loss how to come at the positive possession of what he so ardently desired. "This he found not an easy matter;" for no opportunities appeared by which he saw any probability; he could not, without great difficulty of being discovered, wrest it from her pocket; and the formation of  
her

her vestment, which she owed to Olivia's care, totally deprived him of all hopes.

He was not unconscious that his attempts were highly criminal; he saw the baseness of the act, and his love for what he had seen, was too violent to allow time to reflect, but determined, let what might be the consequences, to pursue his resolves. He depended on finding Ann Maria Augusta in some unguarded moment;—whilst he anxiously waited this opportunity, his appetite for Betsey's pleasure grew less and less daily, arising totally from the consciousness of having laid open to her his real character, and the great advantages she had derived from his weakness; he dreaded should he oppose her wish, that from revenge the secret might be made known to the world, on which his whole life depended.

Betsey was not blind to these weening actions, and determined to secure him more forcibly, by a plan yet *more* daring and dangerous,

gerous; so redoubled her assiduities to please, and endeavoured to draw from him the real cause of his late disaffection.

Olivia, in the due course of time, recovered her health; her fits had left her, and Ann Maria ceased to be apprehensive for a mother's safety. Joshua beheld this change with no little degree of disappointment, and before the sick lady should altogether quit her chamber, he resolved to try some scheme, by which possession might be gained of Ann Maria's treasure.

One evening, after visiting Olivia in her chamber, (for he made it a rule never to miss an opportunity of being there) he quitted her rather sooner than usual, and bent his steps towards the room which her daughter then occupied. It was only separated by a thin partition from that of her parent. Ann Maria Augusta sat gracefully upon a *sepher*, reading most attentively. She politely rose at his entrance, and he as politely  
begged

begged she would be seated. He took a place near her, and she commenced the conversation with her usual volubility to one whom she was perfectly at ease with; there surely could be no harm in being alone with a person she could trust her mother to, and that in her bed-chamber.

The priest examined the book which she had been reading. It was "The Monk."

"How!" said he to himself, "Ann Maria Augusta reads the Monk, and yet apparently so innocent?"

It had been Olivia's wish, that her daughter should not as yet peruse it. That prudent mother, while she admired the beauties of its language, was convinced that a worse work was not possible to be placed in the hands of youth. The whole, almost without exception, of its narrative can only tend to excite ideas, the worst calculated for a youthful mind:—scenes the most indecent are  
there

there worse than plainly described, as they inflame dangerous passions, without creating disgust, and the ocular observations of a *brothel* could scarcely raise with more force examples of improper situations. Yet this is the book which is so ardently sought after, and so fervently read by young females, who always, with one voice, deny any knowledge of it. They describe it to each other in the enthusiasm of what it has excited, and their young and susceptible hearts paint its contents in still more glowing colours, unconscious of the seeds which it has sown, and which but too frequent take root, "*as it inculcates the first rudiments of vice, and gives the first alarm to the sleeping passions.*"

Of this Olivia was clearly certain; and any other book written with more plainness, on similar subjects (had it been her wish to instruct her daughter thus) she would have put into her hands; and, in consequence, made two resolutions respecting the Monk:

the



the first was, that Ann Maria Augusta should not read till marriage had sanctioned it; the second, that it should be copied out with her own hand, and all its *improper* passages *omitted*. Such was the book she now perused with so much pleasure, and indeed, very properly so, for when deprived of its imperfections, for such I must call them, who would not read it with inexpressible delight? and even as it is, it is a master-piece of writing, and I only regret that the produce of such abilities cannot be tasted by every one. Joshua having looked at the manuscript, and finding his mistake, replaced the book upon the table.

Ann Maria Augusta returned him a thousand thanks for his attentions to her mother, and said she should never, she feared, have it in her power sufficiently to repay him.

“ Oh! you are too good—your filial affection and politeness is unequalled, and it proclaims your disposition the sweetest of  
VOL. II. I mortals.

mortals. I am interested for your welfare, therefore look up to me as a brother; forget my natural character, and consider me as your most intimate."

"Your goodness surprises me!"

"Nay, if I can assist you in any affairs, command me; if I can render you any active services, let it be; I will, from the high esteem I entertain of Madam Olivia, do whatever lays in my power."

"How perfectly friendly you are, and how exceedingly thankful my mother will be at so benevolent a proposal; upon my word, I feel peculiarly pleasant in returning you also my expressions for such excellence, and without doubt, will certainly regard you as a brother."

"Then, my dear girl, now say—speak, can I take care of any thing of value, which  
you

you might not wish to trust in so insecure a place as this, void of men."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Pentateuch! What is this valuable of which you speak? why we have nothing worth taking, God knows."

"Nay! 'twas but some days ago I beheld you rich in the possession of notes unnumbered; surely they are not all expended?"

"No! Mr. Pentateuch, they are still sacred, and I hope necessity will never oblige me to forfeit one of them. They were amongst the donations of my mother when I was young, and now that I am sole mistress of her house, I hope, with that trust, I have prudence sufficient to preserve so valuable a treasure; indeed, setting aside their intrinsic worth, I should never part from them, being presented to me by her; but should I have the smallest shadow of an idea so to do, no one should be chosen but yourself."

Joshua astonished, "Me, Ann Maria Augusta?" he cried; his eyes beamed with delight and impatience—"Me! you would chose me?"

"Yes! for the first moment I beheld you, a certain something told me I might regard you as my hereafter friend; nay, might command it. When I no longer saw you, I felt as if half protected, and I don't know exactly, but I yet wished to be better acquainted."

"I admire such frankness, such openness; do let me be the guardian of that sacred treasure? tell, O tell me that I may;—yes! yes! that smile proclaims it, now let me have it."

Wild with desire, and an extraordinary passion, he seized her by the waist. He attempted to make himself master of her treasure by impatient force, and violated with his bold hand the aperture of her pocket.

Startled

Startled and alarmed, being astonished at so unexpected an attack, she for a moment was motionless with wonder. At length recovering herself, she strove to escape his intentions.

“ Sir! Mr. Pentateuch!” she cried, “ my God! what do you mean? unhand me, for heaven’s sake !”

As if deafened by what he so ardently pursued, he heeded her not; but persisting, also as if blinded by his furor for being possessed of such a treasure, he still and with additional violence continued his pursuit. She exerted all her endeavours to disengage from his hold, and on finding herself too feeble, was on the eve of screaming for assistance, when the door was dashed open. This roused the busy Priest from his enterprise; he was sensible of his imprudence, and of the danger his passion had led him to. Reluctantly he drew his hand from the pocket-



pocket-hole of Ann Maria Augusta, who instantly flew to the embraces of her mother.

Alarmed at the confused exclamations of the pair, and being rather suspicious of the religious from his frequent visits, and conscious that he, who would not be impressed, in a peculiar degree, by her daughter's charms, must be as torpid as the out-seasoned insect; judging therefore from these circumstances, and not altogether believing Joshua to be exactly what he professed, and his being then in the full vigour of manhood, when nature is most perfect in all her intricacies—these ideas, with the cloak he might imagine he had of piety by way of preventing malevolous suspicions, all tended to convince Olivia, that he was not the person she should trust her Ann Maria Augusta with. Besides, she had made a remark from experience, that when a new acquaintance, who is under no idea of obligation, makes such warm and violent assertions of friendship, such unbounded professions of interest, and undertakes

undertakes such arduous tasks in the welfare of one he so little knows, it seldom fails but they are built upon a sinister foundation ; and the stronger and more fervent does he proffer his services, so in proportion does he intend to take advantage of honest generosity. Olivia had observed—at present she seemed not to notice his agitation, so placed herself on a seat opposite him, and said, that being out of spirits, she sought them in the company of her daughter. Her behaviour added confidence to Joshua, and, by degrees, he was himself once more. Their converse was dry, insipid, and by starts. The Priest was undoubtedly embarrassed, and well he might, for it was an awkward situation to be caught fumbling at a lady's pocket-hole. He rose to depart, and what was his disappointment, when Olivia told him, in a true Chesterfield strain, “ that now her indisposition was nearly gone, she deemed it approaching a sin to deprive others of his valuable company ; and at the same time returned him sentiments of eternal obligations that she lay under to

him for his late kindness. He would have been a fool to have misunderstood her hint; so sullenly took his leave, and retired to his lodgings, burning with frustrated wishes, and raging, in all the bitterness of invective, vowing that here it should not end.

He was gone, and Olivia now endeavoured to point out the danger to which she had been exposed; for should he have been solicited to continue his visits, she shuddered for the consequences, plainly perceiving that his was one of the most ungovernable and gigantic passions, though she had totally mistaken his intentions from the situation she had so unexpectedly surprised him in; and judging them to be, what naturally any one would, criminal as to her daughter, she put her on her guard most particularly, and ordered her on no account to receive visits from Mr. Pentateuch. Ann Maria Augusta, under such commands, complied.

Joshua

Joshua arrived at his habitation. He closed the door after him, and threw himself into an arm chair by the fire. Disappointment, shame, detection, and the frustration of his intentions, overwhelmed him. He knew not what course to pursue: debarred of the liberty of visiting Mrs. Olivia, he had no hopes of becoming possessor of that, after which he so ardently panted; and as he thought of the handle that Olivia had against him, he trembled, yet vowed the blackest of revenge, and swore, by every thing pious, he would, let the risk be the most dangerous to his reputation, become possessed of Ann Maria Augusta's treasures. Mad in the extreme, for so he must have been to act so preposterously extravagant, "starting from his seat, he paced the chamber with disordered steps, *boiled* with impotent fury, *ashed* himself violently against the walls, and indulged all the transports of rage and madness." A little knocking at his door interrupted his employments;—he unbolted the door, and Betsey presented herself.

He was vexed at the intrusion, grew gloomy, and frowned.

“ I am engaged,” said he, growling.

“ Nay, pardon me, my Joshua,” affecting to be placidly sweet upon him, “ I mean not to interrupt you ; but hear me only for a few minutes : do not forget that I am Betsey, and remember our late happiness. Can I assist, or sooth you, Sir ? tell me ; command me ; you seem disturbed ; I will sacrifice my life, nay, my any thing for your peace.”

“ Ah ! Betsey, it is not in your power.”

“ It is not in my power ! how know you that ? I can command, perhaps, more than you are aware of : conceal it not then from me.”

“ Ah ! my Betsey.”

“ Then



“ Then fear not, since I am your’s, to unbosom all your cares; I have a remedy, Joshua, I dare say; so be open, and confess.”

“ Well, then; but by this discovery I shall, in your eye, appear more weak, and these frailties which I hoped would for ever remain hidden in my heart, are at last forced from me by their own means. Know that Ann Maria Augusta is the object who possesses that treasure for which I am resolved to risk every thing. The other day, on leaving her sick mother, I beheld her surrounded by riches unnumbered. I longed! and am determined to obtain.”

“ Fear not, Joshua! follow but my advice, and you will gain every wish. I esteem you beyond bounds, therefore return my love by following the directions I shall prescribe. I have been informed, but by whom I shall not say, of your attempt to gain Ann Maria Augusta’s treasure, and

16

know

know the reception you met with. Be happy; I will point out the road that lays direct to your happiness."

" Oh ! Betsey ! too, too good ! "

" But hold—you must, 'ere I say it is perfectly possible, on your honour determine to follow whatever I demand : this implicitly you must obey, or I desert you for ever. "

" And would you leave me ; and should I never then become possessor of *those charms* Ann Maria Augusta holds ? Oh ! how can I refuse so fine an opportunity ?—Yes, Betsey, I am your's ; you may use me as you please, provided no discovery of my person shall be risked. "

" Then hear me ! I have a friend who explores the innermost recesses of the human heart ; can analyze the world, and all its products ; the heavenly roof he has within

his reach; can put out stars at pleasure with his thumb, and awe the elements whenever he likes. He can command the riches of the east; the noblest and the fairest form in all Circassia for his pleasure; and as for trifles similar to your's, if it were but half a wish of mine, he would turn your chapel to a banking-house, or Ann Maria to a bar of gold. Be not astonished at me! I see you think I am saying false; but had I never fallen in chance's way to know you, you would have been the most uncomfortable of men."

"Silly Betsey! why do you think me foolish, or are you but playing with my feelings? Thy thumber of the stars, I fear, acts not from his own, but from the moon's influence. Can I believe that in the year 1798, one of its race can so impose, that any mortal will believe his nonsense; shew me some proofs, or I will think that Satan, uncontrolled, walks in disguise amongst us."

"Ridiculous!

“ Ridiculous! leave off your preaching, and accompany me this night to the vaults of Rod-House; there witness me, and my friend’s powers, and Ann Maria Augusta’s possessions are your’s.”

“ Then if such acts by human art can be performed, shall I expose myself to divine censure by being entertained by Satan’s agents? No, no, Betsey, I will not for all the notes in England.”

“ What, coward! remember, at present you have broken sacred vows; committed one theft, and abandoned yourself to all the looseness of beastly passions;—these are much greater sins in heaven’s eye, than depriving a foolish girl of that which she will never make use of, and from the possession of which you promise yourself so much pleasure. Oh! Joshua, we were all made, by Nature’s laws, to profit by each other’s blessings; and it is only man’s order that denies us equal happiness;—therefore how can you  
sin

fin in acting from the impulse of sensation? Why do we eat when we are hungry; why do we drink when thirsty; or why do we gratify any other of our wishes? and in doing so by one, if that is a sin, so are all. Oh! shame on your coward soul! follow me- to the vaults."

"Nay, Betsey, I have heard you with astonishment: I have no faith in the mystic part of your conversation, nor will I agree with your latter sentiments; but yet, if there should be the least probability of my being discovered when possessor of Ann Maria's charms, I will not follow thee."

"Joshua, I have long observed how, by degrees, that passion, once so strong, which I so diligently fed, has by degrees grown cool. I was, and am not ignorant of its cause; though you have endeavoured to shun my pleasures, yet I am as firmly your friend; I know all your actions, thanks to this dearest gift!"

So



So saying, she drew forth a small pocket concave mirror, set in two ribs of human bone.

“ In this I can behold your every action ; now view your fair.” She put it into the priest’s hand ; he gazed with astonishment and rapture : an apartment belonging to Olivia’s lodging ; Ann Maria Augusta sat at a table ; her balloon purse was already in her hand ; the all-wishing Joshua eyed it with astonishing alacrity ; she undid the clasp, and drew forth her last note ; then, unconscious of being observed, as if by an instinct that some one coveted her prize, she covered her charms with a quire of post paper that lay near her. At this moment, an unknown hand upset the ink over the unsoiled sheets that covered her riches from Joshua’s view ; in a second she raised them from their station. Joshua could bear no more ; his desires were worked up to frenzy.

“ I yield !”

“ I yield !” he cried ; “ Betsey, I follow thee ; I am ever your’s.”

She took the priest by the arm, and hurried him hastily along. He soon found himself at the head of the stairs, in the cellars adjoining Mrs. Rod’s. Betsey had forgotten her lantern, so they had journied in the dark.

They at length gained the foot of the staircase, and groping their way along the walls, on twisting one of the corners they espied a candle and flat candlestick, which the governess nocturnally desired might be placed for domestic use. It tinged with trembling rays the huge casks, and sparkled on the brass cocks here and there arranged along the cellar.

Betsey took the candle.

“ Wait for me but three half seconds, and I am here again.”

Then

Then she turned into a passage to the left, where eight corners met. Joshua was once more alone in the very spot he had been so fatally led into before. He trembled when he recollected, by the example of the mirror, that Betsey must have dealings with the devil, and that as it was the fiend's delight to torture human nature, "possibly I may," said he, "be brought here on purpose to be made the sport of him, as I have often done when pleased at rat-hunting." He thought of flying from the vault before it was too late; but he had entered it heedless of its windings, and knew not how to return;—no alternative was left; he encouraged himself by the remembrance of Ann Maria's *charms*; and was thus reflecting, when a slow thrilling noise arrested his attention. A minute's silence—it was more sudden and louder. Joshua's heart almost choaked him, and, overwhelmed with terror, he crept into an empty barrel near at hand. Lamentations were discernible; he clapt his ear to the bung-hole,

hole, and was quite convinced he heard a voice exclaim—

“ Oh ! my God ! no prospect but death. Oh ! ye wretches ! mercy heaven ! ”

It died away on the wings of a groan, and total silence prevailed.

“ What can this be ? ” thought the horrified priest.

He had not time to consider ere Betsey's candle flashed along the damp walls, and before he disengaged himself from the case in which he stood, she was by his side.

“ Coward ! creep out, and follow me, ” said she.

She had changed her coat and breeches for a huge black robe, with arms bare up to her shoulders, and her hair bound  
by

by a fillet, on which was marked strange characters. A huge hanger was strapped round her waist, and in her right hand she bore an oak wand of unusual thickness; there also seemed so manifest a frown on her visage, that almost turned the affrighted Joshua inside out. His knees trembled, and his teeth chattered; in short, his functions nearly refused to do their office, but at so terrific a command, he dared not but follow. After turning and winding, and turning and winding, they reached a more than ordinary large apartment, and from the little light their candle afforded, there seemed neither roof nor sides to it. The priest's heart felt wet. Betsey stopped—she turned to Joshua. His face was pale as pipe-clay. Then placing the candle on the ground, with a back-handed blow of her oaken wand, struck it out, and left them in total darkness. A sound like the trickles of dribbling water ensued. Another, louder than if hell had burst, was heard; the darkness fled, and the unshapen room was suddenly illuminated. A scorching warmth



warmth now pervaded the place, and seemed to increase with every instant; when three large blue dogs passed furiously by. "Oh that I was but on earth!" thought the priest to himself, whilst he gazed on Betsey. She screamed, and drawing her hanger with one hand, and brandishing her wand with the other, made some few violent strokes at a sable curtain that was opposite, (until which moment it had not been discerned by Joshua); the blow rent it in twain, the dogs howled, and Betsey exclaimed, "Behold!"

Joshua started. What was his surprise when he beheld a figure, lank, fallow, and fullen, with a beard long as a horse's tail, and black as bear-skin. He was covered tight to the skin with red morocco leather, and his head was bound with a bandage, from which hung vials filled with different airs. In his right hand he held a huge book three feet high, which he rested on as huge a chest, and in his left <sup>Huge</sup> a bunch of keys; round him was strewed a magic circle of guineas of

of the year ninety-seven's coinage. Joshua was astonished beyond conception; he gazed with wonder on the creature, who preserved a sullen silence. The dogs ceased to howl; Betsey addressed the strange object; she spoke in a language unintelligible to the priest, for it was with her fingers. The converse was animated and urgent on her part; but the bearded gentleman appeared unwilling to accede to her request, and would often dart a look of stern anger at the tottering preacher, which, "ever and anon," was accompanied by a trio from the blue dogs. Betsey seemed now to be incensed; she was more violent in her gestures, and at last proceeded to menaces; then lifting her sword aloft, she cut, at one blow, a key from the bunch the partner of her conversation held in his left hand. No sooner was this done, than the dogs howled, and the friend of Betsey took an iron pen from the chest which stood near him, and wrote "Joshua Pentateuch" in crimson capitals in his magnanimous volume. He then placed, on the opposite page,

page, "value for key fifty years." This done, the curtain closed, the dogs fled, a rumbling noise assailed the ears of Joshua, and he was covered by a shower of soot, and all was dark again. The flat candle once more gave a dim light, and Joshua then discovered, to his great surprise, Betsey was once more breeched. The candlestick was replaced, and the couple were once more in their lodgings.

"I have succeeded," said Betsey; "he whom you beheld, was at first timorous to obey; he is the mortal of whom I mentioned his power is boundless, as I have before observed. Here, take this key; whatever lock you apply it to, it will instantly open. It will procure you access to Ann Maria's room: be silent, and you may obtain the object of your desires; when day-light appears, and the females awaken, she will perceive her loss, but be ignorant of the person who deprives her of it. Be happy then, Joshua, and let this instance of  
my

my serving you prove my unparalleled friendship.

The priest received the key, surprised and bewildered, which entirely drove reflection from his mind, and he only looked forward with impatience for the obtaining that for which his strange passion so blindly hurried him forward to—"Oh that it were midnight!"

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE  
NEW MONK,

A ROMANCE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

BY R. S. ESQ.

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Quis ignorat, maximam illecebram esse peccandi impunitatis spem?

CICERO.

Who is ignorant, that it is the hopes of impunity which is the  
greatest temptation to sin?

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VOL. III.

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1798.



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# THE NEW MONK.

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## CHAP. VIII.

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Methinks we stand on ruins ; nature shakes  
About us ; and the universal frame  
So loose, that it but wants another push  
To leap from off its hinges. CEDIPUS.

~~~~~

ALL the researches of Henry Mountford-
ington proved vain. Alice was lost, irre-
coverably lost ; which loss affected him so
desperately, as to occasion a total decay of
health, and he sunk senseless on a bed of
sickness. In this state of course no one
could expect him to visit Olivia ; and she,
VOL. III. B being

being ignorant of the cause, it made her melancholy in the extreme. The ill-timed death of Lord Charles's sister prevented him from communicating his intentions towards Ann Maria Augusta, to his uncle; and her mother hearing no more of him, conjectured that some one more wealthy and consonant with his heart had intercepted his love for her daughter, and taken possession of Lord Charles's person.

These affairs, together with Joshua's late attack on Ann Maria Augusta, drove Olivia into a train of thought the most despairing and pensive. What was to become of her daughter, Heaven only knew!

An occurrence was in *embryo*, and, had she been witch enough to know it, would have relieved her from sundry anxieties that then tormented her. Charles now only waited for a kind opportunity to lay before the Duke his intentions as to matrimony; but unfortunately for the females, a circumstance

stance happened which entirely upset that plan, and obligated him to postpone such a scheme for some days longer. His friend's malady grew minutely worse; he was never from him; his anguish was the purest sorrow: Willy's was of the same dye. All, save himself, seemed stupified with grief, and appeared not to exert the least project in order to come at the truth of her demise. He was unceasingly busied in imagining schemes for entering Mrs. Rod's, or at least of obtaining some intelligence from the girls relative to Alice; and after a million different expedients, he at last clothed himself in Highland attire, and taking his bagpipes under his arm, planted himself directly at the boarding-school gate, with the idea that should Alice be alive, and yet in the house, on hearing his voice, she might by some means or other endeavour to let him know her situation.

He had scarcely begun to drawl forth his drones, before the school door opened, and

the cook presented herself with a bowl of mutton broth ; at the same time inviting him into the hall to sup it : whilst he was thus occupied, whole myriads of flitting females surrounded him, asking a thousand questions before one could be answered. As he supped, some admired the delicacy of his knces, and wondered that he did not catch cold going so naked ; while they whispered, laughed, winked, and eyed him with no small delight, lamenting that so beautiful a young man should be obliged to beg about for subsistence, and with one voice determined to ask Mrs. Rod to recommend him to Mr. Octave, the music master. Thus determined, away they every one flew, like so many pigeons to the governess ; and all speaking at once on his personal merits, the old lady thought nothing less than that they were to a girl deranged.

During this our Highlandman was pumping one of the teachers concerning Alice, who said, that she was taken ill returning
from

from the geography room, and soon after died ; and that she (the then teacher) had seen her interred. This flattened our adventurer not a little ; but he had gone now too far to recede, so, from necessity, was obliged to finish the undertaking.

The cook appeared in the hall, and desired him to follow her to Mrs. Rod's parlour, who was surrounded at a respectful distance by the girls. The youth bowed ; and she interrogated his birth and parentage.

To these demands, Willy replied with considerable ingenuity and aptness. She then asked if he was fond of music.

“ In the extreme.”

“ Well,” said she, “ you look a lad of some smartness ; I'll see what my friend Mr. Octave can do for you.”

She was thanked with seeming gratitude ; and he quitted the apartment. Now, in one moment, commenced a loud gabbling. The girls

girls closed in upon him to such a degree, as almost to endanger his being squeezed to death. Who could blame them? About twenty spoke at a time; and when they perceived that he could not possibly answer them all, they were contented to be satisfied one by one. Willy, having much wit, was as greatly amused as themselves; and as there seemed no bounds to their questions, he set no bounds to the probability to his answers, so *Bruce*d away at no small rate. He had travelled round the world with Captain Cook; had swam in the burning lava of *Ætna*; and was obliged to eat his way through a guard of barbarians on the coast of Africa for want of better *arms*. In short he saw,

“ Humgruffins, Durgoneers, and men whose outsidies

“ Yearly doth become their in;”

with a variety of other interesting and valuable communications. After expressing their wonder that one so young should have travelled so much, they took notice of his instrument, requesting a tune, and that it might

might be wild, melancholy, merry, and enchanting.

“Nay, ladies!” said Willy, “how can I do all that at once? but if you will be patient, and just hold your tongues for half a minute, I’ll satisfy you all. First, here’s a wild and melancholy one; it’s to shew how a lady fell suddenly in love with a *something*.”

“But is it true?” said the cook.

“As that you are handsome—it happened in Scotland; and the *something* was thought so pretty by the young maiden who fell in love with it, that she called it nothing more than “the pretty something.”

“In Scotland say you?” said an elderly teacher; “are not they, in some parts, perfect savages, and run wild in the woods?”

“Yes, Madam, so did I before I was caught.”

“ Caught ! ” exclaimed the curious ;
“ what had you done ? ”

“ Oh, my dear Ma'am ! then perhaps you don't know that every first day of the new year about two hundred of our countrymen, who are totally civilized, come with large nets into the mountains, and taking us unprepared, carry whole dozens home to be scraped and educated.”

“ My God ! scraped and educated ! how scraped ? ”

“ Well, now listen ; you must know, that living, as they did, in a state of monstrosity, all their parts were unattended to, and so their persons ran wild, like an uncultured garden. For instance, their bodies were all encrusted with hair ; their nails were frequently five and six inches in length ; and as to their beards, they became so long, that necessity obliged them to be cut ; and, in the course of twenty years, I have known one
man,

man, at different periods, when all added together, had clipped from his chin nearly five miles of hair. This being the state of their appearances, in order not to frighten ladies in certain situations, an act has passed in Edinburgh, that all Highlanders shall be 'scalded, scraped, and taught manners decent of observance.' Now are you satisfied, ladies?"

Willy began to tune his pipes, whose sounds were well known to Alice had she been but within hearing; and hoping for the best, he prepared for the commencement.

"But, ladies, I crave a few moments longer before I begin, just to tell you, that Scotland is horribly infested with witches and Warlocks, that assume a hundred shapes; can blight you with foul disorders, and blow that terrible disease, so famous there, at random, in stormy weather, through the quills of the *solen goose*. It would be needless for me to tell you, that cats, hares, crabs, and

three-legged stools, besides innumerable other appearances they take, to the no small annoyance of the inhabitants. Now then, the hero of my ballad was a young *Warlock*, who took a certain shape of a certain something, of which, in due time, you shall understand."

Willy then played a sweet symphony, and began in a loud, clear, melodious, and musical voice the following stanzas :—

THE WARLOCK MAN,

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

THE sun shone bright across the way,
The dust it blew, and darken'd day ;
A bonny lass with warbles glad,
To Donald's shop did eager pad.

A Warlock, perched in corner fly,
Beheld the maid to Donald's hie ;
Then sped he to his sister witch,
Who then was blasting wide the itch.

Oh ! sister ! sister ! pray advise
In what way best I can surprise :
Oh ! sister ! sister ! pray explain
How I may prove that virgin's bane.

The witch said, Brother Warly, ape
A vessel neat of hollow shape :
Then place yourself in Donald's shop,
And at thy form she'll surely stop.

The Warlock man then swiftly flew,
And strait in Donald's shop he grew,
As sound, well glaz'd, and brown'd a thing
As free from cracks as e'er did ring.

The maiden enter'd Donald's store,
She paced the pot shop three times o'er ;
Eyed all his wares, and mugs of delf,
Nor spy'd she yet the Warlock elf.

At last, while viewing one of white,
She chanc'd to cast her eyes aright ;
" My God ! " she cry'd, " there on that spot,
" Pray how much is your *chamber* pot ? "

" 'Tis halfpence, maiden, three and four ;
" Upon my word I ask no more."
The virgin rung it three times three ;
" Oh ! yes, dear pot, thou'lt go with me."

She paid in pennies new the sum ;
And slipping fast her ivory thumb
Through handle of the strongest make,
She homeward now her course did take.

Oh ! had some kinder spirit told,
" Your pot is not of earthen mould !"
The thing she priz'd, and held so fast,
Would swiftly from her hand be cast.

But dreading not that mischief lay
Beneath an useful form of clay !
She singing onward thoughtless sped,
And placed it soon beneath her bed.

The elf, whose wish was to torment,
And only object and intent,
To sport with mortals at his pleasure,
And frustrate all their plans at leisure ;

Rais'd in the maiden's mind a thought,
To try the virtue of her pot ;
So up she hied into her room,
Unconscious of her future doom.

As she intended, so 'twas done,
And firmly fix'd on potter's stone ;
Heedless, not thinking where she was,
Nor why she sat, nor what the cause.

She with her finger on the floor,
Describ'd in cyphers o'er and o'er,
Her lover's name amidst the dirt,
With twisted face and tongue alert.

Scarce had ten minutes fled away,
Before the Warlock's time of play
Drew near ; the virgin sat content,
For now began the elf's intent.

O Lord ! O dear ! O Lord ! for Oh !
The maiden screamed upon the *Pa* ;
Scarce were these sounds pronounc'd, when sinack
The maid fell prostrate on her back.

She shrieks, and squalls, and well she might,
For faith the cruel harden'd spright
Had sudden crack'd beneath her seat,
And left her dear utensil split.

" Three times, while struggling in the stream,
" The lovely maid was heard to scream ;"
But when her frighten'd fit was o'er,
She found her bottom fine and sore.

Warn'd by this tale, ye damsels fair,
On what ye trust your forms beware !
For under many a velvet seat,
Pins slyly lurk, with sharp retreat !

The youth ceased to sing. The subject of his song pleased the ladies, and it was with difficulty he excused himself from repeating it. However they all begged to have a copy of the verses, which Willy promised to send. The bell now summoned the girls to dinner, and they quitted the young musician with considerable presents and thanks. One gave him the fag end of a twelfth cake ; another presented him with an old sampler ;
some

some with thimble-cases, old feathers, forsaken keep-fakes, and other *et ceteras*. He received every skin of their donations; but how to convey them away he knew not, so begged an old work-basket.

“Ha!” said the cook, “here is Mrs. Eleanor with one, as I hope to be basted.”

The lady approached, and gave it to Willy. It was a real seven and sixpenny Dunstable one.

“Here is my gift,” said she, “good young man; perhaps its virtues are most numerous—be penetrative!”

She then whispered, “Alice!” in his right ear. It was not lost by Willy, who grew perfectly frantic with impatience till he should once more be arrived at his master’s. Five moments fled, and he was there; he related the adventure at large. Henry, as if recalled from death, started up, and seized the

the basket ; he emptied every article from its inside ; it was torn, in his agitation, into a thousand pieces. At length a small scrap of paper was discerned, addressed to Henry. The contents were as follows :—

“ I knew your faithful servant. Obey my orders. Procure a warrant for the seizure of me and the governess ; but let it not be executed until next Friday. It is the breaking up : there will be our usual ostentatious ceremony. Be silent, if possible, as you honour the memory of Alice, and wish for the detection of her murderers.

“ ELEANOR.”

No sooner had Henry read this, than he fell lifeless on his pillow. It discovered the real fate of the unfortunate girl. In this state he lay for a considerable time ; and when he did recover, vengeance and certain destruction was determined should be the deserts of the blood-thirsty governess.—In short, it affected him to such a degree, as for a time to bereave him totally of his senses.

senses. In this state lay the poor friend of Lord Charles, who had never, until now, quitted the apartment of Henry ; but necessity obliged him to procure the warrant for the seizure of the infamous Mrs. Rod, and of course this caused him to relinquish his strict attendance, placing it in the care of the faithful Willy. Things now were arranged. Lord Charles had procured the necessaries for the scheme he had undertaken. Proper officers were provided ; and he solicited Capt. Ailesford, who, with a party of guards, promised the strongest support to prevent a tumult.

Whilst this anxious youth was so ardently engaged, he was unconscious of the villany that was going on in the family of Mrs. Olivia. Joshua, aided by Betsey and her good friend, determined, whatever might be the consequence, to gain the end of his strange wishes. The period was arrived ; it was now the night following that on which he had received the key.

key. Ann Maria Augusta, on parting with her mother, felt all those strange presentiments which people say are common when fate has doomed two mortals to separate, without an intention of ever meeting more; some unlucky accident happens, which totally puts it out of their power, and which was told in a warning sensation. The amiable daughter of Olivia withdrew into her chamber; her feelings at that moment my pen is inadequate to express, so I will not say any thing about them.

“ She sunk into a chair, reclined her head upon her arm, and gazed upon the floor with a vacant stare, while the most gloomy images floated before her fancy.”

She was in this state, when her attention was arrested by the melancholy notes of a hand organ. She listened attentively; it soothed her sadness; its melody had, in some degree, relieved her: the music ceased,
and

and she retired to rest, where she soon found peace in the arms of Somnus.

Darkness is in general the cloak for most evil occupations. It was full midnight before the covetous priest ventured from his house ; and he soon, with quick steps, reached that of Olivia's. Whilst he fumbled in his pocket for the key, a few moments' reflection took place.

"What if I am discovered?" said he.—
"Besides, what right have I to take from another that which belongs not to me?—and should the things be missed, and Ann Maria Augusta inform her mother of my real intent, on my last visit, on whom but me will she fix as the thief? but then what proofs have they, that I could be the perpetrator? Let them swear; I'll swear too;—my name is up, and too firmly rooted in the public's mind to be shaken by any accusation of the kind, let it be ever so true."

With

With this last idea in his pate, he ascended the steps of the street door ; and, on the application of the key, soon entered the house. Every thing was in perfect darkness ; he was attentive at the smallest noise, and trod lightly on his tip-toes. His hand was on the lock of Ann Maria's chamber-door ; he stopped ; all was still within.—“ They are all hushed and snoring,” said he to himself. He turned the handle ; the door creaked as he slowly moved it on its hinges ; he stopped again ; nothing was yet disturbed ; he strode forward towards the bed of the sleeping beauty ; he looked around him, but saw no vestments which contained the object of his perils. It was not total darkness here, though it might be so in the hall. One night-lamp stood on the edge of a bath-stove, and shed a few faint glimmers about the chamber. “ Where can she have put her pockets ?” said the priest to himself. He examined more particularly ; and heedless of the beauty and situation of Ann Maria Augusta, pryed at the
foot,

foot, the sides of the bed, and in the chair, amidst her other raiments, for the repository of his wishes. At last the thought struck him they must be beneath her pillow. He was right ; for it was her nocturnal precaution there to place them.

He remained for some moments devouring, in the imagination of his eyes, the contents of those appendages to Ann Maria's person, which bore his longed-for charms. — One pocket, half dropping from beneath the pillow, seemed to solicit his hand. He bent over the quiet form of the fair, and took a gentle hold of the object of his visit. This momentary pleasure, for so he felt it, increased his longing for possession. He forgot every object but that which thus agitated him. His impatience became unbearable, and he resolved not to lose another moment, and so proceeded to tear off that pillow which impeded the gratification of his intentions.

“ Ah ! ”

"Ah!" was exclaimed behind him;—
"I was not deceived: Oh! the hypocrite!"

The priest leapt with terror no inconsiderable height. He started, and looked towards the spot from whence the voice proceeded. Olivia herself stood at the bedroom door. Her looks were contempt and rage.

A noise, like the discharge of a handful of gravel against her window, had suddenly awoken her from a very sound sleep.

"Who's there?" she cried.

No one answering, she lay watchfully listening; and as she slept in the next room to her daughter, the least motion in her apartment could not be but heard. Unfortunately for Joshua, he had forgotten to put off his shoes; and they, likewise as unfortunate for him, had a queer knack of creaking at every step.

This it was that alarmed Olivia a second time ; and with a certain idea that she plainly distinguished the foot of a man, pacing slowly her child's floor, roused her from bed, and directed her to explore.

Joshua stared. Olivia gazed with wonder. She was the first to break the silence.

“ My apprehensions,” she said, “ are not groundless. Is this the pious Joshua that I see ? Is it this man the world deems truly virtuous—a very saint ! the meekest of mankind ? Oh shame ! blind world ! Hypocrite ! villain ! I perceived your design, but forbore to accuse you to the public until I had a more certain foundation for my assertions. Now all the city shall see, and mark your real character. Yes, serpent ! you shall be a *second* example how a pure religion has been blasphemed in being made a cloak for the seducer's designs ! *one* has escaped *unpunished*, but I will take care that *another* shall not find the same *asylum*.”

The

The swiftness with which this was delivered, together with the severe voice and aspect, petrified the affrighted priest almost to a rock. He had not a word to throw at a dog; nor for his life, at that moment, could he utter a syllable. Frightened to death, his jaw shook, his knees knocked, and he was perfectly incapacitated with the consciousness of his guilty intentions, and the fear of being made a public example. She ran to the bed in order to awaken Ann Maria Augusta, and vowed she would raise the house but he should be secured. The priest now beheld his situation; he took the alternative of a coward, and a despairing villain. He beheld his ruin to be the consequence, if he did not take some desperate and instantaneous measure.

“I’ll try to pacify her first,” said he to himself.

“Peace, Madam! but hear me! I vow, by all that’s right, you mistake my intentions.

tions. I meant no harm whatever to your daughter; but you shall never know the object of my arrival here, nor how I obtained entrance. Pardon me, Madam; I throw myself on your goodness and mercy. Deprive me not of that fame which I have so deservedly gained. Brand me not in public with an accusation which would be false.—Grant me this request, and depend on my honour—never more to hear of me.”

“What! must I sanction villany, and not pluck out from the world a serpent, nurtured in its richest garden? No! rascal! not to check wickedness, and make its agents high examples in the sight of virtue, is equally culpable on the part of those persons who have so beneficial a service in their power. Seek not mercy from me, you hypocrite. Halloo! Mary! Ann Maria! call the watchman! raise the neighbourhood!”

As thus she spoke, he exclaimed within himself, "Hard-hearted woman! Yet, was there not a time when I.—Yes, Alice, thou sued for mercy, and thus did I refuse it thee! 'Tis now my turn to suffer; but I have strength with despair, and will exert it."

So thinking, he hurried to the chamber-door, and as he wished, Olivia seized him.

"By Heaven!" she cried, "thou shalt not fly! I'll hold you here till, by my screams, some one comes to my assistance."

"Oh! you will, will you?" said Joshua, in a determined voice, expecting that the noise which had been made would momentarily bring some person to them. Olivia wound herself around him, and almost squeezed him in two with her grasp. He struggled to disengage himself. She bound him yet more firmly. Enraged to the greatest degree, he now, with his usual impatience,

patience when his passions were roused, at one thrust with his arm dashed her prostrate on the ground ; and she, being stunned by the fall, lay at that instant motionless.

“ Now,” said he, in a low voice, “ let me escape, whilst yet all is quiet. I think Madam is too much silenced by her fall to disturb me, till I am clear off. Ah ! but then when she does recover, every circumstance will be explained ; and, to add to the other crimes she would lay to my charge, I have no doubt but the exasperated woman would swear I attempted her life. What would then become of me ? Oh horror ! no one as yet is disturbed. I have strength, and I will exert it, and leave no trace by which I can be discovered.”

So saying, he in fury sat upon the breast of the unfortunate Olivia ; and, by the assistance of an up and down motion, attempted to deprive her of that breath which had already been lost in his late cruel exertions.

tions. After four or five minutes being thus employed, he found her make not the least motion whatever. Yes, she was cold and lifeless ; her heart no longer vibrated within her ; her limbs were stiff and powerless ; the mother of Ann Maria was no more. Joshua rose, now more terrified than ever, from his seat.

“ My God ! am I then a murderer ? ”

His blood also refused to flow, but its cause was wide from that of Olivia's, though that cause proceeded from both.— Joshua closed his eyes in horror ; he quivered, trembled, shook violently, leaned, faint and sick, against the door of the chamber. He thought not ; but that was only the mind's stupor previous to a convulsion of reflections. A rustling in the apartment adjoining called back his torpid faculties.— His sole safety now was in flight ; and he made the best of his way towards the hall-door. The key soon let him into the street,

and, unperceived, he entered his lodgings, where, shutting himself into his room, he now gave way to a most *comfortable* set of reflections, that I am positive could be envied by no one.

CHAP. IX.

"A master-piece of horror, new and dreadful."

CEDIPUS.

JOSHUA shuddered; for indeed he could do no other, when he reflected on his rapid strides to wickedness. The late scene was continually reacted in his mind, and Olivia haunted him unremittingly. Time, which heals chasms, both in a wounded mind and body, blunted the acuteness of his thoughts. Days, weeks, and months passed, and he was not glanced at as the perpetrator; so that

c 3

when

when he found himself clear in the world, and saw no probability of the circumstance ever coming to light, he began to resume his wonted spirits, and in short, paid no attention to the least touch of remorse. He had informed Betsey of the unfortunate catastrophe of his adventure ; and she, with her usual duplicity, affected to calm his fears, by adding, there was no probability of its being laid to his door ; and, by degrees, in argument, totally reconciled the priest to his situation.

“ Despair not,” said she ; “ abandon not your design, and shew me, that your greatness of mind is not to be damped by the most dangerous of events. Recollect the treasure you will possess in pursuing your intentions with alacrity. Olivia is not now an obstacle in your way ; and there is every flattering prospect of success.”

She succeeded too well in her admonitions, and he now was once more determined to
satisfy

satisfy his wishes at any price. He waited only for a favourable opportunity to repeat his former exploit; so that his incomparable partner Betsey set her abilities to work, in order to put Ann Maria Augusta for a time in the preacher's power.

While this scheme was adjusting, the poor girl suffered severely, as all girls would do in the like situation. It being her wonted custom to pay her mother an early diurnal visit, she did not on waking forget to remember that which was from custom become a part of her existence. So after dressing, she bent her steps towards the chamber of Olivia—and without regarding that any thing lay in the way, involuntarily stumbled over something, which of course impeded her, and brought her level with the floor. On rising, what was her dismay and terror when she beheld the cold form of her affectionate parent! Here distress was far beyond the limits of description; nor is it possible for any one to have the most distant idea of such

feelings, unless *fortune* placed them in situations similar. Having given way to the first transports of grief, and making the street ring with distracted lamentations, all the female attendants then in the house flocked to the spot, where lay the icy corse of the unfortunate mother, and knelt, in anguish the most bitter, with her frantic daughter. Here was a scene for a painter—not the experience of a Sir Joshua Reynolds could more than faintly represent so perturbed a circumstance. A doctor was sent for; but Olivia was past recovery; nor could he possibly account for her sudden death. She had a contusion on the back of her head, which was attributed to the fall, it being judged that a fit was the cause. She was buried; and the good woman of the house engaged to pay all the funeral expenditures, as it was not a time to *bother* the miserable girl on mercenary subjects.

Ann Maria Augusta almost lost her reason. The grief she underwent for the loss
of

of so valuable a parent was of the deepest and most acute nature. She never more smiled, and was almost incessantly in tears. Although it was the deepest ever yet known, it was but laughter to what it would have been, had the real circumstances reached her knowledge. Olivia, being rather apoplectic, and apt to walk in her sleep, with these contingencies, her death was attributed to nothing more than having been seized with one of those fits whilst perambulating.— This appearing a very plausible thing, nothing more was said of it. Her melancholy daughter was now left friendless and unprotected, her aunt being as yet in Rumford, and she knew not the direction. Lord Charles had been given up by her long since; and the only resource now apparent, was to solicit the friendship of Mr. Pentateuch;— yet it was her mother's particular orders never more to encourage him; but all this could not drive from her mind the favourable opinions she entertained of him, and hoped that her mother had judged too precipitately

c 5

capitately of his character. The parent's injunctions were not to be broken ; so she determined to apply to the lover of Alice for assistance and protection. She wrote ; but he was too dangerously ill to attend to letters. This message quite overwhelmed her, and she once again gave herself up to despair. Emma, her mother's maid, and Mrs. Wattle, the landlady, consoled her in a friendly, affectionate, and awkward manner. The latter begged her to make herself quite easy ; for as long as it might please her to remain in Piccadilly, the house, and every thing in it, was at her disposal. Ann Maria, finding this rare example of benevolence, somewhat comforted her, as did likewise the arrival of an epistle from her aunt at Rumford, informing her that she had one of the most pleasant uncles to introduce to her in the world ; one who would make her lockets and bodkins for nothing. Tuesday was the day appointed for her public entry, and her niece looked forward to it with impatience.

It arrived. Ann Maria anxiously caught the distant rattling of the carriages with her ear, and as anxiously watched the sound till, disappointed, it passed the door. The evening advanced—it was night ; no aunt, no uncle ; the hours were tedious ; but she determined to sit up for them. Restless, and upon the tenter-hooks of expectation, she listlessly attempted to amuse herself with fifty different things ; yet they were objects consistent with her melancholy state of mind. She did not take up an instrument of music, lay it down again, or fix herself at an embroidery frame, or had no silks, so embroidered with *thread*, which snapped every instant to the no small trial of her patience ; nor was she so immensely silly as to be totally disconcerted by the droppings of a candle on a *favourite* wreath of violets : No, these were objects too trivial to afford amusement to the mind of Ann Maria Augusta when so recent a disaster had befallen her. She retired to her mother's little library, and taking a book, endeavoured, in

that way, to divert the tedious time. It was her first time of entering the apartment since the demise of Olivia. The situation and arrangement of the chamber brought frequently back to her recollection the happy days spent there. With these reflections, she would suddenly burst into tears; then recover herself, read, weep, and that alternately; for how could she forget scenes never to be again? Ashamed of her weakness, she looked for a more lively book, by which, in some degree, her sorrows might be dissipated; therefore, getting on a low stool, reached from a shelf, near at hand, a collection of miscellaneous poems. She snuffed her candle which drew near its end, and opening the volume directly in the middle, read the following ballad :*--

* The following Parody is altered by its Author from one which he composed, and inserted in the Oracle of the 19th of April, 1797.

PILL-GARLICK THE BRAVE, AND THE BROWN
MARGERINE.

A Doctor so old, and a scullion by night,
Stuff'd a turkey behind a fire screen,
Lest they waste all the suet, we'll give them a light ;
Pill Garlick the Doctor was five feet in height,
Four feet and an inch, Margerine !

" Out, alas !" cry'd the stripling, " to morrow I go
To physic a feverish land ;
My beauty ! then absent in frost, and in snow,
The glazier will court you, and you, I well know,
Will give *him*, or the turncock, your hand."

" By the virtue of med'cine !" brown Margerine said,
" You wrong Tom the glazier and me ;
For though you should die with the gout in your head,
I swear by St. Peter, that none in my bed,
Whilst a toe-nail I've left there shall be."

" If e'er, by rich tripe, or by ropes drawn aside,
I jilt little Pilly the brave :
Jove grant, in a wig, with your mouth open wide,
Your ghost, at my feast, may stick close by my side,
May cram me with arsenic, and baste well my hide,
Then gagg'd, bear me down to my grave."

To Jamaica then hasten'd the Doctor so old ;
Madge voted his absence a bore :
But as she was eating cold dumplings—behold !
A brewer, all covered with hops, and with mould,
Stopp'd his dray at Brown Margerine's door.

His barrels, his bungs, and his whip made of cane,
Fill'd her ambitious soul with delight ;
The steam of small beer soon bewilder'd her brain ;
She swore she no longer would suffer such pain,
But would sleep with the brewer that night.

And now had the parish been gorg'd with a feast ;
The females expected fine fun ;
The tables all crack'd with the weight of the yeast,
Nor was any one's appetite sated the least,
When a bell (t'was a dustman's !) told "one."

Then squinting askance, Madam Margerine found
That a Doctor was placed by her side ;
Shav'd and glaz'd was his head, he utter'd no sound,
But twisting his visage, quite cool and profound,
Told a guest at the table "he ly'd !"

His wig was pull'd forwards, we've mentioned his height ;

His apron was dirty to view :

His stockings, now black, had been formerly white ;

The guests made wry faces, and sneez'd—well they might,

For his body was pea green and blue !

For his dinner an-hofer now swore he should pay,

If he did not contribute some cheer ;

But Madge, more benevolent, thus spoke, " I pray,

Dear Sir ! that your peruke aside you would lay,

And partake of some strong, or small beer."

She said, and stopp'd short—the Doctor unties

His wig, which, with maggots, was full.

" Blood and oons," uttered Margy, hard straining her eyes,

" What a monster is here ! for as I do surmise,

That is Doctor Pill-Garlick's bare scull."

All the women then set up a *yell*, not a *shout* ;

Some fell on the ground with the spleen :

A cobbler, who then was undressing without,

Ran in in his shirt, but he soon got kick'd out,

When Garlick bespoke Margerine.

"View the Doctor, you jilter, you strumpet!" he cry'd,

"The gods have compell'd me to shave:

But Jove grants, in a wig, with my mouth open wide,

My ghost at your feast may stick by your side,

May cram you with arsenic, and baste well your hide,

And gagg'd, bear you down to the grave."

Then his arms, without flesh, round poor Margy he wound,

Whilst he gagg'd her with bands made of hay;

Then popp'd with her squalling, thro' malt on the ground;

The hole which they made was not perfectly round,

And how deep it might be, I can't say.

Not long liv'd the brewer; and none since that time

To inhabit the brew-house presume:

For the workmen declare, without reason or rhyme,

That Madge under ground sucks the juice of a lime,

And is horse-whipp'd by Pill-Garlick's groom.

Twice a week in her shift, in most pitiful plight,

Her wrists to her hips closely bound:

With her eyes darting rage, and her nose broken quite,

Madge limps in the brew-house with Pilly, the wight,

Nor is any refreshment her found.

While surgeons in porter are learning to swim :

Dancing minuets, physicians are seen ;

They drink water gruel (ridiculous whim !)

Then duck in a hoghead, each holding a limb,

The shivering, starv'd Margerine.

The perusal of this was undoubtedly calculated to dispel melancholy ; but on Ann Maria Augusta it had not the desired effect ; her usual train of ideas took possession of her mind. The hour being midnight, and a dead silence prevailing, threw an additional damp on her soul's sadness. The least noise made her start ; a sort of odd dread nailed her to where she sat. The candle now glimmered, almost expiring in its socket.— Ann Maria attempted to rise ; but she tottered, and sick, sunk once more upon her seat. She would have hallooed for assistance, only she was unable. Agitated in the extreme, almost to suffocation, at last a torrent of tears relieved her, and renovated, in some degree, her senseless faculties. Being better, she rose to retire ; so taking the
wavering

wavering luminary, proceeded slowly, and silent, to the door. At this moment, an unusual stillness, and a darkness black as possible, seemed to pervade the library.—Scarcely had she reached the third chair from that on which she had sat, when a slight tap on the shoulder caused her involuntarily to turn her head.—Shudder! an emaciated human chin rested on her shoulder, the property of a tall thin figure, wrapped loosely in a white shroud, which enveloped it from head to foot. It champed its teeth three times; the bony noise shook the house to its foundation, and Ann Maria Augusta, in her terror, let fall the candle, and remained stiff in horror. All was darkness now indeed.

The spectre still continued with its scull upon the shoulder of the terrified girl, whose head remained as firmly fixed on the turn as the other's did on the rest. The ghost raised its arm, and pointed to the drapery which hung from it. The watchman went "one." The figure trembled, and stepped
precisely

precisely four paces and a half from the af-frighted Ann Maria Augusta. Then spread-ing wide its two arms, and drooping its hol-low head, groaned in a voice no other than "sepulchral," "Behold!"

Ann Maria quaked at the accent; she raised her eyes, shrieked, was convulsed, and fell useless upon the floor. Emma, who, nodding through fatigue in the next room, was roused by the noise, and flew to the apartment of her young lady. She came without a light; and how was she astonished to find all still, silent, and dark!

"Miss," she cried, half suffocated with fear, "Miss! Miss!" No answer. Then running to Mrs. Wattle, she said, that Miss was run away with the candle, God knows where. The poor female lay all this time senseless, and the other females as foolishly, and very quietly sat down, with a full belief it was really the case. At last Mrs. Wattle, being a woman of *more* thought than
filly

filly Emma, said, " Child, you must have been blind ; did'nt you look about the room for Miss ?"

" *I look about the room ! Christ ! I had no candle.*"

On hearing this, she took a light, and requested Emma to accompany her, that they might search, for she was no inconsiderable coward.

The first thing which presented itself was the body of Ann Maria senseless on the ground. Emma screamed ; and taking her in her arms, carried the poor girl into her chamber, and carefully deposited her on the bed. At first they imagined her dead ; but, by divers applications of sundry specifics, soon restored the unfortunate to her respiration.

The first words she uttered added not a little to their surprise.

" Where

“Where is she? Oh! is she gone? My God! I must have slept—it cannot be!”

“Who, my dear, slept? Yes, you were asleep on the floor when we came in.”

“Yes, it was so! I saw her pale, ghastly, and in her shroud. She champed her teeth, and said, ‘Behold!’ I did behold; but what?”

“My dear Miss, wake; rub your eyes; who disturbs you?”

“My mother’s ghost. She spread wide her arms; and on her winding-sheet was written, in burning characters truly phos-phoric, ‘Oh! my child! my child!’ I saw no more till now.”

Mrs. Wattle, who was as superstitious as superstition itself, said, “Well, well, I will have a parson! for such lodgers will never answer me.”

me. I'll go directly, and have it laid. O Christ! now for all I have holy stones, double nuts, and cocks' ham-strings, yet my house is tormented. I will have a parson! I will;" and away she flew, without considering the time of night, the winter storm, or that she was neither cloaked nor capped. Mr. Pentateuch was her loadstone; for like a quack's advertisements, he was supposed to cure every thing, on the application of such a medicine. I fear the remedy was worse than the disease. However, he being one of the most upright, she, without ceremony, rung at the bell of his habitation, and rapped as though heaven and earth were coming together. The whole house was up in arms. Dr. Vial peeped from the garret in his shirt, crying, "I'll be with the lady immediately; perhaps ere her labour is urgent."

Then Pentateuch, and next Peter, put forth their heads, demanding if the house was on fire.

"No!

“No! no! no! for God’s sake let me in, Mr. Pentateuch; ’tis you I want to speak with; command any thing in return; do pray let me in!”

By this time the landlady, and all the lodgers, ranged one behind the other, came into the hall. As all were of professions liable to be disturbed, each thought himself the object so violently wanted. A washerwoman presented herself; then a serjeant of a recruiting party; then the Doctor; and lastly three or four others.

“No! I want Mr. Pentateuch,” cried Mrs. Wattle.

He came down stairs, and the rest went up, grumbling at being so terribly disturbed.

“Oh dear! Oh dear! will you but come this moment to my house; bring the Pilgrim’s Progress, and lay Mrs. Olivia’s ghost. My house is haunted; I shall get no lodgers;

and the poor young creature will be dead of the fright. For God's sake come, pray!—Heaven bless you, Oh most virtuous man!”

Joshua's blood, at the name of Olivia, ceased to flow with its usual alacrity, and now seemed but to ripple. A cold sweat bedewed his head and feet, and he was undetermined how to act.

“Credulous woman!” said he, “impossible; the world is *now* too enlightened for Satan to allow his subjects leave to travel;—return to your house in peace: you must have dreamt——”

“Go,” whispered Peter, “or it will seem suspicious.”

“It's as I wished,” said she to herself;—“we'll have him yet.”

Jogged by his clerk's elbow and assurance, and reflecting on the road which would be
again

again open to pursuing his intentions towards Ann Maria Augusta, he contented, apparently with reluctance. They proceeded onward, Mrs. Wattle informing him of the whole incident, exaggerating with all the graces of superstition; beginning at the sudden death of Mrs. Olivia, and traversing, in a long and tedious manner, through the whole affair, to the very great terror and astonishment of the affrighted priest, whose belief, in the non-existence of such appearances, went no deeper than the surface of his mind, so he and his companion were in reality nearly on a par, had he not been apparently superior, by a gloss of expressions contrary to his feelings, like a leathery complexioned old maid dexterously painted.

So strong an effect had the late adventure made upon Ann Maria Augusta's frame, that she went from one fit into another; and towards the morning, grew more composed.— Joshua appeared at her bed-side with Mrs. Wattle, who, in her great hurry to get home

with the priest, had walked nearly a mile out of the direct way ; and it was perfectly daylight before they reached Olivia's habitation, in Piccadilly. His presence soothed her much ; yet it brought to her remembrance her dead mother's commands.

The priest endeavoured to persuade her, that it must have been the concomitant circumstances of night, late hours, melancholy, disappointment, and terrific reading. He treated the idea of ghosts with ridicule, and his arguments eased her sick mind in a considerable degree, but did not convince ; for seeing was believing. As Joshua had left his lodgings in a hurry, and without consulting Betsey how to conduct himself, he took his leave for that purpose : pleased in having found the means of once more gaining entrance to Ann Maria, he promised to again visit her the next day. Emma obeyed the instructions of her dear mistress, and watched the priest as close as possible. Olivia had made the faithful girl acquainted with the
supposed

supposed intentions of the wicked pretender to religion. The penetrating eye of Joshua was not blind to the suspicions of the servant, who never left him a moment alone with Ann Maria. This made him wish for Betsey's advice, how he was to gratify his renovated wishes.

As he left the house, Mrs. Wattle met him, and requested, that in his prayers her habitation might not be forgotten ; and after a long entreaty on her part, he promised to watch there all night ;—but she must be secret ; for should the town know he passed one nocturnal rotation away from his own lodgings, he should be considerably hurt in reputation ; and more especially, as it was in the house with so beautiful a young creature. Joshua wished to persuade himself that all the late occurrences had proceeded from the confused imagination of Ann Maria Augusta ; and being partly convinced of it, he had granted, from that moment, Mrs. Wattle's request. Having ar-

rived at home, he communicated all that had passed to Betsey, who failed not to encourage his intention of keeping a vigil in the haunted room, by endeavouring to prove to the priest, that all which he had heard only arose from the apprehensions left on their minds by Olivia's sudden and almost unaccountable death; and that it being an improbability for the spirits of dead mortals to stray discontented on earth, he might be certainly assured of not suffering in the least by a midnight visiter of that description.

“ Besides,” added she, “ this will be such an instance of your courage, and will shew the zeal of your religion; therefore you may exercise it without danger, since there can be no possibility of interruption. Now hear my scheme for your future happiness. The nephew of the Earl of Murtem prepares to demand Ann Maria Augusta for his bride; and if my plan is not speedily executed, he will become possessed both of her and that
which

which you so ardently desire. I have missionaries, therefore be not astonished how I came to such knowledge. Now do you administer an opiate draught, which I will give you, to the young lady. It will throw her into a slumber, much resembling death, in which she will continue time sufficient to give her attendants a firm idea she is dead.— And as you have the greatest ascendancy over her landlady, you can prevail on her to let Ann Maria be buried in the ground belonging to our chapel. I will manage every thing so as to deceive the credulous fools.”

“ Stay,” said Joshua; “ what will all this answer? She certainly cannot be interred in her pockets?”

“ Ha! I have it! you ask no questions; but the day following that, on which it is said her funeral will be performed, go in the evening (for you well know the way) to the cellars of Mrs. Rod, and I will direct you at what spot you will find the person of Ann

Maria, with not a vestment touched. She will then be absolutely in your power : and whatever it may please you to please yourself with, so act and be pleased."

" Ah ! can it be true ? Heavens ! then will her treasure be mine, and without my being suspected ! Happy thought ! let me think it again ! I am transported with your kindness ! How can I ever return enough my gratitude ?"

" By profiting by my counsels, and acting implicitly to my commands ; and should my exertions procure the gratification of your wishes, I shall think my trouble amply recompensed. I will supply you with the vial which contains the sleepy draught."

The priest hesitated not a moment to adopt this infamous plan ; and one more visit to Ann Maria Augusta set him nearly wild. As he sat by her bed-side, the pillow betrayed to him a sight of what contained those charms

charms on which he had thought, and expected with such boundless delight, on the night of Olivia's murder. Sometimes, as the young female moved, the tapes would be seen ; sometime a sudden motion of the bolster discovered part of their swelling forms. Thus gluttled the hypocrite his eyes, "and coveted other woman's goods." No sooner did he leave the house, than he, from the direction of Betsey, proceeded to procure the fatal medicine. He got it. Full in determination, reflecting on no one circumstance except the possession of her wealth, he returned to Piccadilly. Ann Maria Augusta was still exceedingly unwell ; and, on entering her chamber, the physician and Emma were then attending.

Joshua, in a low voice, most hypocritically hoped his patient was better. She was, and would soon be well. Now how he was to administer his potion, was the thing. No opportunity seemed likely to take place ;—and the vigilant Emma watched his actions

with the eye of a leopard. Unfortunately, however, she left the room; because, I suppose, from there being another in the place, she conceived Joshua durst not take the slightest liberty. Being out of the way, the priest (whilst the Doctor conversed with the lady) kept fiddling and rambling up and down, and grasping an unobserved instant, deposited his *baulm de mort* amidst the draught Ann Maria took every half hour. The colour of each fluid was synonymous; therefore the only chance of discovery rested in its differing in taste. The project having succeeded so far, he now seated himself quietly by the bed-side, and every now and then edged in a soothing word. Emma returned. The physician left the house, and Joshua now saw the fatal liquid poured into a cup. It was gulped down, finished by a contortion of the lovely features of Ann Maria Augusta. At the moment when the deed was done, as is generally the case, the man began to reflect.—Betsey might have given him poison; and,
by

by her inflammation and instigation, he might be the author of a second murder. It was too much to think upon, and it was too late to be recalled ; but he hoped that she would only sleep for a time, and he could have it in his power to act a miracle before his auditors and followers, by making them imagine he had raised her from the dead. With this diabolical idea, which would clench the link of his reputation not to be separated, he retired to his lodging, and to the counsels of Betsey. On his way down stairs, the tail of his coat was arrested by Mrs. Wattle.

“ Why, surely, you an’t going away, Reverend Sir ?” cried she ; “ I thought you said that you would stay all night, and lay the ghost ; for I swear, by my body, I won’t trust myself one more hour after dark till it is done. Although I have yet Dr. Whitfield’s sermons sewed in at the peak of my stays, yet, for all that, it won’t do. Devils be devils, and ghosts be ghosts.— For Christ’s sake, do not break your word !

Because I'm poor, mayhap you think if Satan did flash off with a body, I would not be missed; but I have a soul as well as the King. Although it an't cased in velvet, yet it's clear as New River water! Now do, for Christ's sake!"

After much reluctance, he complied; for it was a job he did not at all relish; appearances must be sustained, therefore, for that reason alone, he granted her request. When the faithful Emma learned this determination, she was much astonished, and trembled for Miss Ann!

"But," said she, "if he does dare to enter her room, and wants to be rude, he shan't do it till I am mastered." So, on the strength of this determination, provided herself with the kitchen cleaver, binding it round her waist, beneath her apron. Thus armed, she quietly let him take possession of the library.

Mrs. Wattle opened the door, almost frightened to death ; gave him four mould candles, wished him a good night, and said there were holy books plenty on the shelves. She shut the door, and Joshua was left to his meditations. There was a strange stiffness about his skin he endeavoured in vain to shake off. The silence of the night, his own natural disposition, the late circumstances, the fusty smell of worm-eaten books, the length of time he had to remain there, and gloomy bed at the nether end of the room, on which Olivia used to rest, added many *pleasures* to his *pleasing* situation. His whole mind now ran on the spectre. Every whizzing moth, or crackling board, almost made him leap roof-high from his seat. He shut his eyes, and swallowed his spittle, but to no purpose.— Ghosts, apparitions, hobgoblins, and other strange non-descripts tormented him eternally. Every half second trebled his terrors ; and he dared not stir a foot nor finger, but sat fixed in one position ; trickling by

alternate perspirations. Qualms, quakes, and jirks tortured him for near two hours, when he, with a wonderful exertion, reached down a book, and without moving his head, either one way or other, brought it close up to his eyes, and commenced staring. He read all the way up to the top of the page, down again, up again, and knew not a syllable of its contents.

Such was his situation and occupation, when the sudden jump of his chin proclaimed the noise of a footstep. He turned his eyes, not his head ; but there was nothing. They were once more directed on the characters of the old page a few minutes ;—a noise behind him. Having no eyes there, he knew not what to do ; indeed he feared his fright would totally undo him. A still longer noise followed ; he dropped his book ; and instantly seizing the seat of the chair, and with a rotatory and instantaneous exertion, changed his front. Being still firm in this his place, and as erect, he gazed at the spot from whence

whence he thought the noise had issued.—
All was still : so was he.

“ My God !” he involuntarily exclaimed, in a low voice, “ to what a state have I brought myself ! I shudder at what I have done ; yes, I am plunged into an abyss of misery and sin so deep that it is in vain now ever to extricate myself ! Well may I be overwhelmed with terror and affright. I am like one in a consumption’s last stage, that originated when enjoying pleasures, and pursuing human appetites to their very extent ; or, like a rolling snow-ball, that is only impeded in its career by the accumulation which it imperceptibly gains.”

As he said this, two books fell suddenly from an opposite shelf. He started at last from his seat ; he considered that this might be merely the effect of accident ; so picking up the two volumes, he scanned their titles ;—extraordinary to say, one was a work endeavouring to prove the existence of spectres, and that they were another species of being,
4 and

and could beget young hobgoblins, blue devils, and other sprights at pleasure; that the author, from strict observation, had observed, that they paired annually on St. Agnes's Day, when a certain number, proper for the long winter nights, were manufactured. The other contained an Essay on Snuff-taking. Having once more placed himself in his old station, and in possession of three works, he set to hard attempts in order to shake off his fears; so read infernally fast, and in a loud whisper. Another quarter of an hour fled, when the loudest noise possible to be made from such a circumstance, occurred. This was occasioned by about a dozen or two more books falling suddenly from the place, from whence the former couple had descended. A square dark vacancy was left. The noise hurried the priest, with great violence and fright, to the contrary end of the room. He breathed thrice, and turned about. Heavens, what horror! a white marrowless scull now filled the vacant shelf; fire flashed from its eyes, and

and it wagged to and fro in silence. Joshua's fear cannot be expressed; he had nearly forgotten himself, and might have boasted more of his health than his condition!—but there is no accounting for consequences. He trembled; the scull groaned, and still kept wagging. He was at a considerable distance from the spectre; and at the same time near the door, should it prove ungovernable; so summoning together all his fortitude, he faltered forth, "Satan, avaunt!" The head groaned, and still kept a regular motion. "Satan, avaunt!" he cried louder, and with more courage. The thing heeded him not; on which he, taking resolution, launched, with great fury, one of the books he had in his hand at the moving *caput*. It missed; another flew, another and another. One more fortunate than the rest struck the object of terror; it fell with considerable noise on the floor, and rolled across the room to the foot of Joshua, who fled as it approached with no little expedition. A considerable time elapsed before he
ventured

ventured to stir. By degrees however he advanced, examined, and laid hold of it.— Here was an exertion of heroism ! Judge his astonishment, when it proved to be a scooped turnip. In rage he hurled it from him, and burst it to a thousand atoms. Vexed that he had been made the sport of a band of women, he determined to take vengeance on Mrs. Wattle instantly. With this resolve, he proceeded to the chamber of Ann Maria Augusta, when he was met by Emma in the greatest lamentations, saying, that her young lady, she was sure, was dead ; for all she could do, nothing disturbed her ; that she lay stretched, stiff, and breathless.— Tears prevented her saying more. Joshua's anger was superseded by his gladness that the contents of the bottle had taken effect so speedily. Mrs. Wattle was bellowing in all the paroxysm of distorted grief ; but the moment she discovered Mr. Pentateuch, her first enquiry was, whether he had laid the ghost ? He dared not shew his resentment intended, for now he must make the land-lady

lady his friend. His answer satisfied her, and she returned to grieving.

“I’ll haste,” cried he, “to the Doctor, who resides in my habitation; I know his abilities well; and if any thing can be done, he’ll do it. Grieve not, woman—it is the will of the Lord to take unto his bosom this unstained female; therefore rejoice.”

He went, and quick returned, not with Dr. Vial, but with a friend of Betsey’s she had neatly provided, and who had previously learnt his lesson. Ann Maria Augusta was pronounced stiff, past recovery; dead to all intents and purposes; and that it was now totally out of human power to render any assistance; and that, as from her appearance, she would soon be in a state not *keepable*, he advised them to send her off to an undertaker; “and,” continued he, “this is as honest a fellow as any in the world (presenting Mrs. Wattle with a card); he will do the business twenty per cent. under the usual

usual price. I know from experience; he always buries most of my patients."

"And *you* have so much for *every undertaking*," said Emma. Whether he did hear or not, Heaven knows, for I know not, as he gabbled on to Mrs. Landlady; and, in order to expedite the priest's plan, he whispered her, "Ghosts and dead bodies are bad night companions."

"O Christ!" cried Mrs. Wattle, "don't frighten me! I'll go to your friend directly; he shall come instantly, and do his best."

The priest, and then the Doctor, jogged homewards, whilst the other went post haste to Mr. Mute, the funeral performer.

The trio had not made their exit five minutes before Barbara arrived, full of glee in the expectation of being applauded by her sister and niece on the elegance of her choice; but what was her disappointment, surprise,

surprise, grief, and anguish, on the knowledge of two such sudden events! Having so elevated an idea of Joshua's integrity, she wished to put the management of settling the affairs totally in his hands, which, he said, he would willingly comply with; but he much feared his time would only permit him to refuse it. Mrs. Wattle, whose great goodness had been sufficiently tried, was now saddled with the business; which business she kindly saddled on Pentateuch's physician. This adjusted, Barbara returned to Rumford, rather depressed than rejoiced.

CHAP. X.

Thy daughters, Babylon, to grace the feast,
Weave the loose robe, and paint the flowery vest,
With roseate wreaths they braid the glossy hair,
They tinge the cheek which Nature form'd so fair,
Learn the soft step, the soul-subduing glance,
Melt in the song, and swim adown the dance.

SOUTHEY.

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**H**IS whole attention, bent upon bringing to justice the assassins of his sister, Lord Charles little thought how severely he was suffering in another quarter. He had now assembled his uncle, Lord Murtem, and Capt. Aylesford, who were provided with attendants sufficient to prevent any interruption of their plan ; followed by the prayers  
and

and wishes of the sick Henry, whose existence was become hateful to him. Lord Charles was at the gates of Rod-house near a good half hour before the time appointed by Mrs. Eleanor. Though rather many in number, they created no surprise, as the mob, on that occasion, was most numerous and motley. The governess, from pure ostentation, always made these breakings up, a form of great ceremony and magnificence. The unhappy brother placed himself opposite to the iron-gate, through which the procession must pass, convinced that the governess would inevitably approach him.

The girls were employed in attiring their persons in the most dexterous manner. The windows of the house were illuminated. As they stood on the outside, the gazers could hear the full swell of a fine band, which Mrs. Rod generally procured for the night. It was a custom in that seminary to pick from amidst the female collection one of the most beautiful, which was considered as a high honour



honour to the young lady ; as, by her vestments and figure, the *Genius of Accomplishments* was represented. Charles could observe, from the surrounders, their great contempt of so useless a piece of pageantry ; and said, the money might easily be better employed than it was. “ Every one in their turn,” grumbled they. His own good sense had long pointed out the greatest degree of impropriety the pupils of public schools imbibed, or indeed of any institution, where the one sex has little or no connexion with the other ; and he only wished that a period would arrive when every family would be its own seminary. This opportunity was favourable to encourage such a project ;—therefore, to those who directly surrounded him, he took no small pains to set before them, in the most exaggerated stile, how enormous were the abuses but too frequently practised in boarding-schools. Thus was he busied, when a noise proclaimed the procession on the point of coming forth.

All the tradesmen employed by Mrs. Rod, and her male servants, always attended the procession. They came first, marching two by two, with a mark of their profession in their hands. Dr. Vial was at their head, Mr. Pentateuch having excused himself attending. The people made way for the train; and the artificers, &c. ranged themselves in due order, on each side of the gate. The doors of the school were thrown open; the cavalcade began to move. First came the musicians in pairs, at an ordinary but measured pace. Next came the half-boarders, and, being a sort of demi-rank, held down their heads. To them succeeded a young lady of second rate beauty, who represented *Embroidery*; she held a large silver needle, from which hung a golden thread, a skein of which, intermingled by different coloured silks, hung loosely round her neck, and was conducted by another female, bearing a specimen of her abilities. She was followed by one as *Music*—an overture in one hand, a small harp in the other. She was  
robed

robed in white, on which was worked divers *flats* and *sharps*, all perfectly *natural*, and from proper airs relative to such transactions. After her appeared *Drawing*, surrounded by attendants as *flowers*, *landscape*, and *figures*, properly dressed, to the great entertainment of the spectators, who, I am sure, must have felt for the folly of their governess.

Each of these representatives was separated by a band of music. Now passed the train of boarders; next came the teachers; amidst these Charles expected to find Eleanor, and doubted not, but from Willy's description he should discover her. She saw, and knew him; then addressing her companion eagerly, "We are safe;" he heard her say, "'tis her brother."

He was easy, and gazed with content on the continuation of the shew. Now came forth its grand end—it was a damsel representing *Accomplishment*. Her dress was the finish of all the rest; it consisted of the essence

fence of all their elegances ; and in her person centered all their charms. She was beauty itself, if that can be considered amidst the rest of her attributes. She was surrounded by the parlour boarders, who arose to look up to her as the grand goal of their studies. Lord Charles sighed, thought on Ann Maria Augusta, and secretly exclaimed, “ What an angel ! ” But this was mere icy admiration. She passed him ; so did the remembrance of her.

“ Who is she ? ” said a stranger, in Lord Charles’s sphere of attention.

“ The loveliest woman in the world ! a Miss Henrietta Villestrode ; a parlour-boarder ; one of immense fortune ; and, as you may perceive, the ornament of the procession.”

She was now a considerable distance.—The governess herself followed. She stepped with no small portion of pride, at the head

of a few stragglers, and at the tail of the cavalcade. Her countenance was observing the faces of the bystanders, and seemed anxiously expecting their general approbation. Thus went she forward; but how great was the general confusion, when Captain Ailesford started forward, together with a Bow street professional, and challenged her as his prisoner.

Amazed, surprised, she was immovable. No sooner did she recover herself, than she exclaimed that it was false, and called upon the people to rescue her, as one who protected the morals of the English fair. They were preparing to take the female cause in hand, when Captain Ailesford ordered his soldiers to be on their guard. At the dread command, every fist fell; every stick returned upon the ground. The governess turned pale, and trembled. She requested feebly her crimes to be alledged.

“ That



“That you shall know in time,” replied he; now secure Mrs. Eleanor.”

“Eleanor!” repeated the governess, faintly.

At this moment she spied Lord Murtem and Lord Charles, who were at the heels of Captain Ailesford. Then in a wild, frantic, and in a shrill tone, cried, “I am betrayed.”

“Betrayed!” said Eleanor, who now arrived, conducted by a few soldiers, and a Bow-street runner, together with her companion in the procession. “No, not so, but discovered—in me behold your accuser: you know not how well I am instructed in your guilt. Sir (she continued, turning to Captain Ailesford), I commit myself to your custody. The governess of Rod-house is a murderer, and I will answer it with my life.”

A general squeeze of surprise took place amongst the auditors ; and “ Explain, explain ! ” was loudly demanded from all quarters. The terrified girls had fled ; some one way, and some another. The school-house was regained by a few, whilst others fled to their relations ; and many ran, God knows where. The *all-accomplished* was one of the first to fly. The mob still demanded an explanation ; and, in order that Eleanor might be heard to more advantage, the people desired her to mount the balcony of an adjoining house. The teacher complied ; she ascended, and then, with a degree of eloquence seldom experienced from a timid female, addressed the multitude as follows :—

“ My conduct must appear, in the eyes of all, inconsistent with the character of a woman ; but *that* at any time I would lay aside to contribute in the least degree to the welfare of my fellow-creatures, or to punish infamous and black crimes, which, thank God ! I have now an opportunity of doing. Had  
I failed

I failed in my attempt to reveal this transaction, I know, from circumstances, that my ruin would have been inevitable. Hear, then, Oh ye multitude ! a plan the most cruel and revengeful possible !

“ Amongst the boarders of Rod-house, none was more lovely, more blessed with a good disposition, than Alice Clottleberry.— I was her most intimate, and knew every secret of her heart. I was not the only one who was attracted by her virtues; all who possessed any degree of penetration in the house loved her. We all have our faults; but Alice had none; none that could be termed one. However, she had violated the rules of Rod-house, and the kind governess vowed she should be made a terrible example; and as the unfortunate female had no friend near her but her brother, who was most attentively deprived of a sight of his sister, it determined Mrs. Rod, since she was thus unprotected, to punish her most severely. The law for the misdemeanor she

had committed was to be thus obeyed—The culprit was to be flogged, till senseless with pain ; and then, for four days, to be fed on bread and water, or longer, at the pleasure of the governess.”

A murmur of disapprobation at the conduct of Mrs. Rod stopped her proceeding—but a few moments, and it was peace.

“ A council of the teachers was called ; I was of the number ; it was to enjoin silence, if she proceeded to still severer measures against Alice. Her commands were submitted to by almost all ; and when I attempted to excuse the poor girl, the voices of numbers poured like a torrent on me, and I was ordered to be silent. My wishes for Alice’s safety were not singular ; the teachers, Walsch and Brooke, joined my party.—When I discovered this, I took courage, and said that, in common justice, the young lady ought to be examined ; and then her punishment could be better determined on.—

It

It was granted, though with reluctance on the part of Mrs. Rod.

On the night previous to this trial, I went to the bed-room of Alice, at an hour when I imagined every one would be at rest. I comforted her, and told her she might depend on me for assistance. Her agitation was somewhat calmed ; and for fear of a discovery, I rose to depart, when the distant steps of some one were heard in the passage leading to my friend's chamber. I should have been discovered had I gone forth ; I therefore hid myself in a small closet close by the bed. The door opened. The governess entered, followed by four teachers.— They advanced towards the bed of Alice.— Mrs. Rod reproached her, in terms the most virulent, for what she had committed. She said she was a disgrace to herself, her friends, and her school ; that she was resolved to make a private example of such a fair hypocrite ; and told her to hope for no mercy, as neither her brother nor her uncle could now



assist her, being now acquainted with her criminal intentions, and had given her (Mrs. Rod) full power to act as she thought best.

“And ’tis my will,” said that wretch, “that you instantly swallow this.”

She presented a breakfast basin to the trembling victim ; it was too plain what were the contents. Alice sued for her life. The brute persisted, and insisted on her drinking the horrid liquid. The spirit of the unfortunate rose in despair, and told her bluntly she would not ; then springing from the bed, attempted to call for assistance, and made no weak struggles in order to frustrate the governess’s intention ; but the vigilant dragon was too well prepared. “Seize her!” she cried. Her myrmidons each took an extremity of the writhing girl, who was nearly exhausted by her exertions ; whilst the inhuman fiend poured the lethean draught down the throat of her senseless pupil, who sunk motionless to the earth in  
a fainting

a fainting fit. However, a short time brought her back to life ; and the *quartette* of active teachers put her into bed, and were seated, together with Mrs. Rod, round her.

“ Now, Madam,” said she, “ you have swallowed the soothing balm ; a few moments, and you will be in the cold embraces of death. You are a wretch ; but be thankful that I have cut you off before your wretchedness had proceeded beyond the bounds of redemption ; but for my part, you deserve eternal punishment and misery. I have been too kind to you, even to mention that there is a probability of Heaven’s pardon. Die, and let another punish you ; I have been too lenient.”

This chilling harangue threw the beautiful Alic<sup>e</sup> into strong convulsions ; and a short, a very short time elapsed before she was lifeless. The governess retired with her teachers with perfect *sang froid*.

“ It was now I ventured from my retreat; I condemned myself for not having burst forward to the assistance of my friend ; yet numbers were against us, and I was almost motionless and fainting with the scene.”

I must, reader, explain one thing to avoid being taxed with absurdity, in making Eleanor able to describe every circumstance of the late transaction so plainly, when placed behind a door of an inch thick. Certainly I allow, *that* it was thicker than any *curtain*; but then it had a key-hole ; and that key-hole was so placed, that the contents of the closet could observe every thing.

“ This occurrence was supposed to be only known to the five who perpetrated it; therefore it was given out, Alice died suddenly. I could not but be melancholy; for I longed for an opportunity of declaring the murder. My conduct was observed by Mrs. Rod, and every movement I made was particularly attended to. This is all I have to say on the subject ; only I repeat, that  
the

the governess of Rod-house is a murderess ! that she has abused the power entrusted in her hands, and has been a tyrant, barbarian, and a hypocrite ! I also accuse the four teachers, Wallace, Briants, Armstrong, and Winter, as her assistants."

Thus ended the narration of Eleanor. It could do no other than create horror in all hearts. The indignation of the mob was almost ungovernable, and they insisted on the governess being given up to them instantly. To this they were refused. It mattered not. They grew more unmanageable. In vain did Captain Ailesford attempt to convey his prisoner from the throng. He threatened to order his men to *fire* a passage through them, if they attempted the least violence.

This mattered not ; all the peaceful exertions of the soldiers, the exhortations of Lord Charles or his friend, were nothing ; the multitude pressed in on all sides, and tore the

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screaming

screaming woman from her protectors.—She protested she was innocent, and could clear herself from such false accusations. The populace heeded not her words, but hurried her amidst them, in a most unmannerly stile, punching, kicking, dirtying, and pummelling in a most furious manner. She was hustled from one to another with wonderful activity. Some, more strong than the rest, would seize her by the waist, and precipitate her over the heads of three or four. Again she would be rolled amidst rush, ready collected for the muck cart; then hurled aloft, and rolled beneath alternately, more like a foot-ball than a human carcase. Heedless of her cries for mercy, one, blessed with nearly giant strength, caught the mutilated governess by the small of the back, and shot her over a high dead wall, some yards before him, to the great satisfaction of the mob, who said, there she might die, and be damned.

Unable to put a stop to such horrible proceedings, Lord Charles and his uncle had



witnessed it with sorrow ; but when they learnt the incensed rabble were attacking the seminary, it in a manner roused them, and they hastened to the house, and resolved to defend it, if possible, or at least secure its inhabitants from insult. Most of the girls had fled ; a few yet were there, whose situation became truly dangerous, and called aloud for help.

As good luck would have it, the iron gates had been fastened ; and with this precaution Lord Charles hoped he should keep out the mob, till Captain Ailesford arrived with more attendants.

This exasperated congregation, having now been raised by their exertions in punishing the governess, vowed not a stone of her house should be left standing. They sent whole volleys of pebbles at the windows of the school, which were answered by the screaming of females, and the rattling or broken window glass. They now, in numbers,

oers, had scaled the walls, entered the house, and dashed the furniture, by wholesale, out of the windows, to the great detriment of the sculls of those beneath. Globes, piano fortes, music desks, tambour frames, specimens of needle-work, French grammars, slates, tables, chairs, beds, blankets, and looking-glasses, were thrown forth, doing more mischief to others than injuring themselves. Some were employed in pocketing valuables; others in breaking open closets; and others as maliciously in setting fire to the suite of rooms, which had been the immediate possession of Mrs. Rpd. The flames spread far and near; no engine could, or dare approach, for the mob. Part of the roof soon fell in, and secured near five and twenty of the rioters, who were literally baked alive. Lord Charles was shocked past conception at having been the cause, in some degree, of so serious a disturbance.—He endeavoured to rescue some of the miserable wretches, if possible, who were within. With this resolution, he entered,  
attended

attended by his uncle, and a few soldiers ; but the huge fragments of the building tumbling ever and anon about their ears, made them wish to return with as much alacrity as they entered. Charles's good fortune directed him to a small door at the farther end of the school-room. He opened it, and found himself at the entrance of a passage, curved, yet distinct from the house.—The party, now having closed the door after them, consulted on what method they could best get safe from the present scene. The passage they then occupied led to the private store-rooms at the end of the garden. Accordingly they resolved to explore. It was now nearly twilight ; and if it had not been for the assistance of a small sky-window, the company would have been in total darkness. As they proceeded, Lord Charles observed a little door, some distance from him, open ; a person peeped forth, and retired precipitately in fear. Our youth darted forward, and cried, " Follow." He in a moment reached the spot, passed the door, and pursued

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fued the object, who sped like a rocket before him. A sudden twist in the avenue cut off the fugitive from his view; and he now only heard the sounds of retiring feet. When he reached the turn, he also reached total darkness. He stopped, listened, and knew not whether to proceed or retire. In his eagerness, he had left behind his friends, and had hurried himself onward to a labyrinth, whose intricacies he had no knowledge of whatever. Thus stood he when, as good Fortune always does manage circumstances of this nature, at a considerable distance, he discerned a long stripe of light, apparently the crevice of a door. Being provided with a pair of pistols, he drew one from his pocket, and stepped, step after step, till he reached the place whence the rays seemed to be emitted.

The door was a little ajar; it proceeded from a night-candle which flamed before an iron chest. Near it stood a collection of females: their white garments were lighted by

by the beams, as they illuminated the room. Lord Charles guessed very easily the cause of this assemblage ; yet he stopped, and was attentive.

“ Lord, my dear,” said one, “ I vow there could not be less than two hundred ; all soldiers too !—I had just time to bang the door after me ; but, for all that, one of them came pell-mell after me, as hard as he could run ; but, thank God, I got safe, and left him in the lurch.”

“ And were they looking for us ?”

“ Oh ! yes, I am sure of it. I know we shall every skin be murdered.”

By this time Lord Charles had stolen unperceived behind them, when a sudden scream from one set them all in an uproar. All, to a woman, fell upon their knees before him, and implored him to spare their lives. She who had been formerly speaking was  
more



more violent in her requests than the rest, when a glance of the candle soon shewed him the lovely form of Henrietta Villestrode :— he desired them to calm their inquietudes ; assured them he came not to offer the least injury, but, on the contrary, would protect them from the rioters. During this gallant speech, the girls had all clasped him eagerly round the lower extremities, with various expressions mingled interestingly in their countenances ; so that the young nobleman seemed as though there issued from his legs and thighs, in all directions, starry rays of female beauty. On perceiving their mistake, he by degrees was disencumbered of his appendages ; and had it not been for the great convenience of *suspenders*, I would not have answered for the fall of his breeches, the general tug on those affairs was so violent.

He found that they were some of the number who had taken refuge in the mansion ; and, on its being attacked by the mob, had fled for safety into Mrs. Rod's private store-room.

room. Charles advised them to remain some time longer where they then were till all was peace.

“For,” said he, “I think the windings and dark turnings to this place will be a sufficient protection to you, as I think it would be a very great difficulty ever to discover it.”

“Lord! good Sir,” said one, “look at your watch, and tell me how much longer we shall remain here; for, as I hope to get home, I am most horribly frightened.”

“I will protect you—fear not.”

“Oh! Sir, it’s not altogether that; but our governess used to forbid our ever coming near these passages after dark, because she said they were haunted.”

Lord Charles smiled.—“Haunted! my dear girl; I should have imagined you knew better than to believe in such nonsense.—The idea of ghosts is most absurd.”

“No!

“ No! no! we have already heard enough to convince us all to the contrary of that. Five times, as I am alive, we heard it. Oh God! listen.”

- They all flew instinctively to Lord Charles, sunk on their knees, and each took a morsel of his drapery or person. He was astonished; no voice could he hear.

“ Oh women! women! will you thus let your imaginations overcome your reason,” said he; “ I wonder——”

A great groan, long drawn, interrupted him.

“ Now, don't you wonder?” said one of the affrighted; now will you say it is imagination. This, for five minutes together, has been heard. Is it not a ghost?”

The groaning continued louder. Lord Charles listened attentively; but the sound  
was

was so mutilated by distance, that it now seemed a moan. The noise again ceased ;— the ladies rose, and Lord Charles seated himself upon the iron chest in the middle of the apartment.— “ Well, this is strange !” thought he : it cannot be any thing supernatural ?” that he was positive of. Another groan. Charles started from his seat, amazingly surprised.

“ My God !” said he, clapping his ear to the lid, “ the noise comes from hence !”

The whole were attention, and, with one voice, exclaimed, “ Lord ! don’t go near it.”

One cried, “ I know the cause !”

“ And in what does it consist ? for by Heaven’s I’ll see the cause,” said Lord Charles impatiently.

“ If you had but heard the stories the cook told us about an iron box Mrs. Rod had,

had, you would be astonished to death; and, as I live, this must be it. She told us, that a house-breaker had entered these very passages, and had found this very room, which you may see is well stuffed with stores, both of wares and eatables; and he observed, amongst numerous things he had taken a fancy to open this very chest, wherein our governers put her most valuables, it was said. Well, he tried all ways *inventable* to open the lock. At last, by accidentally striking it, the catch gave way, and left the lid loose.— There he had it, he thought; and, with the very greatest difficulty, raised it sufficiently to admit his left hand; but unfortunately the right grew tired, and dropped. The heavy sheet of iron fell with vast force upon its brother, which secured him fast enough for the night. He experienced the greatest anguish, no doubt, and, I dare say, groaned with considerable fervency, which wrought him to such a degree, together with the fear of being taken and hanged, that he, with unsurmountable resolution, drew a knife from



from his pocket, and cut his member off by the wrist. This is all, and these must be his groans ; for they say he was found dead next day in Hedge-lane, Charing-Cross, and ever since his ghost has tormented this place."

This was no proof to Lord Charles. The groans, at intervals, still continued ; and he swore that he would force the top of the iron chest from its hinges, but he would see its contents. He tried to move it—impossible ; then seizing a poker, he hammered at the lock, but to no purpose. He examined every nail, but could discern nothing but strength impenetrable ; then seizing once more his appendage to the grate, darted the point, with great fury, in at the key hole. The instrument had reached a secret spring, and the lid raised suddenly with a jirk. A general scream from the females accompanied it. Charles was delighted ;—he lifted its roof quite up, and discovered an iron ring fastened to its bottom.

"What

“What can this be,” said he, catching it in his hand. To his utter astonishment, it was the means of discovering a small trap door. This excited the general *curiosity* of the females, and they all assisted him in opening it. The effort was accomplished—a deep dark hole only could be discovered; so that the aperture seemed more like a square sheet of black paper, than any thing fathomable. No groans were now audible; but every one was convinced it was from hence they had proceeded. Lord Charles bent over the sides of the box, and holding fast on its edges, thrust his head into the dark abyss. The damp air chilled him like spring water; yet he heeded neither that nor the bad smells which accompanied it, but stedfastly gazed and listened. Whether it was the quick ray from his own eye he knew not, but he thought he discerned a spark below; he rose instantly, and prepared to descend. All the entreaties, remonstrances, and prayers of the females, were useless. He could not, being very polite, leave them  
in

in the dark, so resolved to *explore* in the dark. He had immersed himself, as far as his waist, into the hole, endeavouring to find, with his feet, some steps, by which he could conveniently descend. By this expedient, the rails of a ladder were discovered, and he entered with safety, amidst the “good-bys, “and God blessings,” of those above. He was obligated to get down with caution, as the utter darkness rendered hurry unsafe.—However, a few instants brought him to the ground: which way to turn, he knew not, as neither light nor sound could be heard or seen. At all events, he determined to proceed straight forward: that was wrong; for he soon kissed the walls with his face.

“I’ll take the right,” thought he; “for though I may be wrong, yet I was right when I set off.”

This is no time for punning, so Lord Charles proceeded. “It was to the right he groped, and groped, in silence, with one arm

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stretched forth ; the other pistoled. Distant groans told him the object could not be a mile from him—he went on slowly ; a shrill, yet plaintive speaking sigh, reached distinctly his hearing ; he ran momentuously towards it ; it became more audible as he advanced, and he soon beheld a little ray, which an acute corner had hitherto concealed.

It proceeded from a small lamp, placed upon a heap of something brown, which he afterwards found to be bungs, and whose twinkling light only pointed out the horrid gloom which surrounded it. All was once more still ; and the only interruption of so dread a silence proceeded from the flame, which hissed every now and then with the dampness of the air. As Charles came forward, the fog was yet more wet, and an odd sour smell bore it company. His senses recoiled back upon his soul, and he grew faintly sick ; closed his eyes, and supported himself against the dripping wall. A groan called

called him to his senses ; he turned himself around, and beheld, in a corner of this loathsome hole, an object stretched upon a small mattress, so thin, pale, and languid, that he hardly thought he saw any thing. It was a woman ; her hair was loose and dishevelled, and hung in lank streamlets so thick, as to entirely hide her face. Her drapery had once been white ; but the damp and dirt had materially altered its appearance. One hand lay listlessly upon her bosom ; the other was stretched far above her head ; a large earthen jug, and an empty basket, stood near the upper end of her humble couch.

Lord Charles could hardly credit his visionary faculties ; he was transfixed in wonder.

“ My God ! ” he exclaimed, in a very low accent, “ what can this mean ? ”

The unfortunate turned herself round, and wept most grievously ; then murmured, hardly articulate—



“ Oh ! God ! no one comes ! no, I am left here to die. Oh ! ye unfeeling monsters, cruel, hardened wretches, I have no friend near to close my dying eyes ! Oh heaven ! such a death ; to linger out for want my poor existence in a dungeon ! I who never would perhaps have known what hunger was, now to be shut out in gloomy vaults from the world, by those who ought to have proved my protectors and my friends ! Oh God ! I am deadly cold—cruel Heaven, how hard is my lot ! chilled, damp, and faint—no water ; not one drop ; not a morsel of any thing to blunt my hunger. Great God ! what fiends !—Oh that I was dead ! ”

She was silent ; and the huge tears started from her eye, and trickled, in a hurry, down her pallid cheek.

Lord Charles could bear it not a second longer, and he hastily advanced towards the captive. She heard his steps, and raised herself feebly on one hand.

“ Ah !

“Ah! what then do you come? I fear it is too late!”

Faint and exhausted, she dropped again upon her hard bed. Charles drew close to her.

“Give me some drink, or I die; do, for mercy’s sake! Oh Armstrong! I thought you had left me to perish. I am dying for want of sustenance—help me, for God’s sake!”

“It is not Armstrong,” said he, in a loud whisper, for fear of too suddenly surprising her.

“Who is it then? Is it Briants? my eyes are dim;—are you Wallace? Be whoever it may, do only but bestow half a drop of water, and you shall receive my last breath’s blessing! Three long nights, and yet four longer days, have these lips not received one atom of nourishment. Why not grant my request?”

request?' or do you come to end my wretched life?"

"No, I feel for your misfortunes, and will relieve them."

She gathered strength with surprise, and gazed earnestly and wildly on the intruder.

"Am I awake? Do I see? Are you a man? say, tell me—Oh! speak to relieve me.—Is it true? or do you at once annihilate me by disappointment?"

"All is settled; you have nothing more to fear. Those you complain of have met with rewards due to their merits; trust yourself to me, and a few moments will restore you to liberty and your friends."

"Oh! yes! yes! yes! what guardian angel has directed you to the unfortunate? Oh Heaven! why did I repine? pardon me, stranger, I am weak; raise me in your arms; these

these walls have torn from me all my strength !”

Charles stooped to raise the female in his arms ; the candle beamed full on his face.— The miserable creature shrieked, and fell from his grasp. This he attributed to the state of her enfeebled frame ; he saw her situation was dangerous ; and the sooner medical assistance could be applied, the better. So determined, he caught the senseless mortal in his embrace ; then bent his course towards the hole through which he had descended. The rays of the candle above, as well as the talking of the females, directed his steps. He gained the ladder, and, with some difficulty, hoisted his burthen up to the ladies, whose surprise was boundless ; as was their joy, on seeing a feminine form thrust through the square aperture. Every face and heart were delighted, and they instantly flocked round the two ; and whilst Lord Charles recited the discovery, they used

every means to restore the female to her senses.

“ Now,” said the youth, “ I think by this time every disturbance must be quelled ; I will venture forth, and see if all is safe.”

One of the ladies, offering to guide him along the passages, he was about to proceed when a broad stream of light, and the sudden trampling of feet, the rattling of arms, and confused buz of a multitude approaching, greatly alarmed the company. Again they crowded round Charles for protection ; and Henrietta was the only one who did not leave the motionless prisoner. She supported the sufferer's form by her own ; and applied a genuine Delmahoy to her nose, while tears of pity poured in rushing cataracts from her heavenly eyes. The strangers drew near ; the name of Lord Charles echoed through the narrow avenue ; with joy he heard the sound ; it was his friends, Lord Murtem and Captain Ailesford, followed by soldiers, bearing



bearing torches, and each armed with a bayonet. They had anxiously been seeking him, the Lord knows where, in order to let him know all was again peace and quiet, the mob having retired an hour since. This was a happy word of intelligence to the affrighted girls. The iron chest discovery was related, in a most concise manner, to the Earl. Lord Charles besought him to take charge of her, as well as the rest of the females; it being his intention, aided by Captain Ailesford, and a small part of his men, to examine, with great scrutiny, the innermost recesses of the hole below, as he doubted not but that he should find a few more instances of Mrs. Rod's severe chastisements. Every thing being arranged, the young ladies politely, and at the same time, blessed fervently our enterprizing Lord; and it was the earnest demand of Henrietta to attend on the unknown. She had her own private interest and reasons for so requesting; but that to herself—whilst Lord Charles explores. Having divided his party,

and taking the command of one half, Ailesford had that of the other; and, by degrees, entered, one by one, into the black dungeon. Scarcely had he got firm on his feet, when a noise of quick footsteps struck his ear. Screams, sudden and louder than the owl, trembled on the damp air.

“Do not you hear?” cried he; “my God! this in England! how wonderful! This way—follow quick.”

“Help! help! help! O God!” cried one, whose heavenly tone shot through the sensations of Lord Charles like an arrow. The explorators fled altogether, and swift; but the youth fled by himself, and swifter.

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CHAP. XI.

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————— Oh fight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold;  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

## PARADISE LOST.

ALL this while, Joshua was unconscious of the dreadful scenes which were passing so near. The accomplishment of his plan now occupied every thought; every thing, as yet, had succeeded to his wish, and he chuckled, not a little, at the prospect he had of astonishing the world by an apparent miracle. Ann Maria had drank of the opiate, and had been conveyed to the undertaker's, from whence she was again conveyed to the cellars of Rod-house (exactly as she had, to appearance, expired); Betsey, and her emis-

F 6

saries,

saries, contrived all this; and now the poor creature was entirely at the disposal of the infamous priest. The breaking up of the school greatly assisted his designs, as the domestics would have prepared every thing for the ceremony the day previous; therefore there was no cause of apprehension of being disturbed by them; and he might easily, whilst she was yet entranced, deprive her of what he now grew perfectly impatient for. With this security, he doubted not but he could easily escape unseen with his possessions; and when the instant drew near for her awakening, with Betsey's aid, the miracle part of the business might be managed with much *eclat*. The night came on; Joshua waited a little longer; then taking the fatal key of the vaults, proceeded, entered, and soon got over the rails of separation. Here he paused for breath; buttoned another button of his coat; cocked his ear; and just began to recollect he was alone; and for fear of dwelling too long on such an idea, he hurried forwards, precisely as Betsey had instructed

instructed him, and soon gained the private cellar, which contained the mistress of his attentions.

The door was small, and half open; he put forth his right arm, whose hand bore the faithful penny-postman's lantern.—No noise.—He next advanced his head, and looked carefully from side to side. The female was there, firm in the embrace of Morpheus: but in what? in a huge cask. He knew the directions of his adviser, therefore was not ignorant how to act. He had provided himself with a hammer and pincers; but this precaution was unnecessary, the head of the vessel was slightly fastened on the outside; it flew off with the most trivial touch, which touch Joshua knew where to apply; then holding the light, discovered the upper end of Ann Maria Augusta; between two untapped barrels lay that of the sleeping beauty. The most delicate of pinks glowed upon her cheeks; she was dressed precisely in her every day attire, which was that, when  
Joshua



Joshua first beheld these charms she was mistress of.

“ Oh ! Abraham Newland ! Abraham Newland ! ” murmured the priest, “ for thy sake, and a few of thy signatures, have I committed murder, and torn my mind with racks and tortures horrible ! Now you are in my power ; the produce of my guilt will at least be mine. I have not to contend with prayers, breathed in tones of unequalled melody ; bright eyes, filled with tears ; hands lifted up in supplication ;—no, the ingenious draught has done the business ; before the morning yawns, mine you shall be, for mine you must.”

He drew her, still motionless, from the barrel. He seated himself upon a bank of bungs, and, supporting her in his arms, searched impatiently for the slit of her pocket-hole. His awkwardness added additional impetuosity to his endeavours, and he thought himself secure that she would not return to life

life for some twelve or thirteen hours, but he was mistaken; his boisterous exertions, and the vast shaking, in conveying her person to the abode of Liquide, added greatly to the evaporation of her somnerific mixture. She opened her eyes—closed them again. The priest was petrified; her lids were again extended; their orbs were fixed on Joshua.

“Where am I?” she said, starting:  
“How came I here? let me go! Flora, where are you? where am I?”

She strove to rise, but the priest held her fast.

“Be silent, Miss, and don’t stare so,” said he.

“Joshua! what my friend? why am I here? who has brought me? why are we alone? where is Flora? Oh my mother! Here are nothing but casks, and bungs, and loose bottles! this place frightens me! dear  
2 Mr.

Mr. Pentateuch, take me home; Oh my dream! for pity's sake do oblige an orphan. Oh! my mother! why do you tremble? do not look so horrible."

"Why so frightened, Miss Ann?"

While he spoke thus, he repeated his attempts, and in a method not so decent as could be wished. Ignorant of his real intention, she forced herself from his arms. "My God! what do you mean?" she exclaimed; "Why am I brought to this place? convey me hence; let me return to Mrs. Wattle's, whose house, Heaven knows, in what manner I have quitted!"

He was deaf to the fair one's expressions, and again seized her fast.

"Nay, be peaceable; resistance is useless; every soul on earth thinks you dead; I possess you alone; and you alone possess what I wish, and will possess. This struggling

gling is childish ; no aid is near ; nor neither heaven nor hell shall avert my intended project."

He continued his employment, which was totally mistaken by the poor female for another cause ;—natural enough. She repelled, and he proceeded.

"Heavens ! can I relinquish objects so white, so soft, so valuable ? no ; can I give up these pleasures, and leave them to another's enjoyment ? No, Miss Ann, never, never ! I swear it by this, and this, and this !"

Every fleeting moment added fresh ardour to the wishes of the priest ; and to Ann Maria, terror more intense. She tried again to disengage herself ; but finding her bodily exertions in vain, now had recourse to mental one's ; so began to scream, with a very great degree of vociferation. The gloom of surrounding arches ; the pale ray of the lantern ; the sight of the empty and full barrels ;

rels; the fusty smell of the yeast, and cares, as she imagined, of the priest, created great fear in her mind. Her shrieks were unheeded, but she continued both the use of them, and of her hands. Faint with her agitation, she dropped upon her bended knees, clasped her manual extremities together, and pitifully implored the wretch's mercy. But the uncommon blockhead, instead of coolly requesting the possession of what he desired, took a cowardly advantage of her situation, and most rudely, and *almost* unprecedentedly, proceeded to gain his ends in the greatest furor of unexampled passion. Heedless of her tears, supplications, and cries, he most barbarously, violently, and laboriously, after numberless bruises on the part of the female, made himself master of her little pocket-book. Eagerly he examined its contents, whilst the unfortunate Ann Maria lay senseless on the earth from her late exertions. The notes were in his hand; he unfolded them with rapture not conceivable: but how was he surprised! they



they were in number not so despicable—it was ten. But then the sum of each, “there’s the rub;” all “one pounds.” He started at the sight; “Oh boundless passion!” he exclaimed, “What have I done? been a murderer, a robber, and a violater of the laws of humanity!—For what?—“TEN POUNDS.” A secret impulse made him see the baseness of the crime he had committed; the very object which had so lately been his summit of happiness, could he but obtain it, now it was possessed, was his aversion. He threw it from him with rage, exclaiming, “Oh! man, man! cursed is thy existence, when liable to be hurried blindly forward by those passions, whose gratification alone is the means of tearing from your sight the fatal bandage.” Reader! can you believe that he could weep? if so, believe it now, and conceive him so doing. Joshua was absorbed in himself. Ann Maria Augusta returned to life once more. The priest’s back was towards her; she rose, and tried to escape.

Her

Her footsteps recalled Joshua to himself: he seized her by the arm.

“Whither would you?” said he.

Ann Maria trembled, and spoke, for she thought wrong.

“What would you more? is not my misery completed? are not you contented, or am I yet doomed to undergo more cruelty? let me return home, wretched as I am!”

“No!” half stifled with contending passions of rage, remorse, pity, and disappointment, “What? that you may publish this transaction to the world: that you may brand me with hypocrite, or betrayer: that you may deem me a robber, a villain, and a murderer. Ha!” said the priest, in a low voice, whilst his heart’s blood curdled round its source—“Murderer! did I call myself a murderer?” raising his tone: “yes, I am a murderer!—stay!—hold! did you not accuse

cuse me of being a murderer?—Yes, I have been the murderer of your peace, of my own, and—Oh!” Ann Maria was terrified almost to annihilation. “Shall I disclose it—yes; let me tear her heart from its bosom by the recital! my brain is burst; debate and reason quenched; the storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart splits with the rack, while passions, like the wind, soar up to heaven, and put out all the stars. Thus will I tell her with my words—I killed your mother! behold in me her murderer!”

His ferocious exclamations, loud voice, and frantic manner, chilled the lovely girl to ice; but when such an avowal took place, his words approximated prophecy; she dropped instantly lifeless as a stone; not even had she strength to make a single moan.

He now beat his forehead; paced too and fro the cellar actually in a state of delirium. He still was meditating; he bit his lip, rolled his eyes, and stopped suddenly, as if recollecting

recollecting himself; then gazing on the form of Ann Maria, he said to himself, "I am conscious that if this female escapes, I have nothing to expect from her mercy. In the frenzy of my passion, I disclosed the murder of her mother. Her accusation to the world I have not courage to deny; the recollection of my cruel crimes will be sufficient; I should be my own betrayer.—I have it! her person is unstained, and I now, too late, perceive she has mistaken my intentions. This vial contains yet some portion of the sleepy mixture: I will, while she is still senseless, administer it; she will again sleep; my miracles can be performed; and by a timely oath before a magistrate, if she attempts an accusation, with the aid of Peter, we can prove it a dream:—it shall be done. Then must I add perjury to my list of crimes! Oh Joshua! heaven has laid its curse upon thee! do not reflect—proceed; this is your only means of saving your reputation from being blasted."

He

He approached, and raised her a little from the ground, in order to pour the liquid down her throat with more convenience. His hand trembled as he advanced it with the bottle; he looked around; the scattered contents of the book struck his eye.

“ These things must not lay thus,” said he, “ nor must they be left !”

He then collected them together, and put them into his waistcoat pocket. He again prepared to administer the dose; the crystal was applied to the divine mouth of Ann Maria, but whether it was from its coldness or not, she moved, breathed, stretched, and rose from the ground, and frustrated the intentions of Joshua. Directly too, at this juncture, Betsey rushed in, perspiring, and out of breath.

“ Oh ! Joshua, Joshua, fly ! Rod-house is conflagrating; its governéss has been rent in pieces by a mob, and should these cellars  
be



be entered, and you caught in company with a female, God knows your fate ! my knowledge where I should find you, and my interest for your welfare, made me hazard so daring an attempt."

" I'll haste to my lodgings," cried the priest.

" How? impossible ! the garden is already crammed with soldiers. Lord Charles Clotlebury, with several runners from the public offices, are now searching every atom of the building. Ann Maria will be found, and then what a discovery !"

" Ha ! there ! there !—what's to be done ? She shall drink the contents of my vial ;—leave it to me, Peter.—Drink instantly," in a most stern voice, " or another death shall await you."

" Pugh ! pugh !" cried Betsey, " that won't do at all ; take this pistol, and blow her  
her

her brains out at once. After robbing her, of what you say she prized as her life, and that too having been accomplished to her knowledge, what can you expect but instant ruin, should she once more return to the world? Decide—here, 'tis ready; tremble not; practice maketh perfect; this is but a trifle to your former works; heavens! dispatch; we are lost!—they come! I'll leave you to your fate—is this obeying my commands?—there is only one moment, one alternative, or one death for you!"

A noise of distant voices struck the ear of the stupified priest. He flew to the door, by way of making it fast, to prevent intruders. Ann Maria was off like a shot, and the reader may in some manner judge of her swiftness, when Joshua shut it to before he perceived her fled. The moment the priest perceived his mistake and danger, he pursued as speedily. She ran, and he ran, and she ran; but he ran too fast for her. She heard, with rising heart, his steps gain upon her;

her; she screamed—and he—fired. Ann Maria fell.—The pious turned sharp round, and flew quicker, if possible, back again to the cellar-room.

The truly unfortunate female bled apace. Captain Ailesford arrived first; he perceived a woman bleeding on the earth; had heard the report of a pistol, and likewise observed a man fly at his approach; so passing by the former object, pursued the latter with a party of his men, whilst Lord Charles came up with the rest, and would render any assistance needful. She was raised, for she had fainted through fear, and loss of blood; life ebbed again.

She raised her fair eyelids, and then her head, which, till then, hung listless on her bosom.

“ Powers above ! it is Ann Maria ! ” exclaimed Lord Charles, clasping her in his arms.

Though

Though aimed by a bad shot, yet chance had but too well aided his want of practice ;— the wound was deep, large, and mortal ; the cold creepings of death were upon the lovely girl, and she had but a short, a very trivial time to exist ; but that time was a period of great happiness, and seemed but the antecedent of what she, in a few moments, would awaken to. All that Charles could say, could not persuade her to be removed. She feared that any additional exertions would only expedite her dissolution ; expressions of the warmest love for each other were exchanged ; and at the same time, she was wise enough not to die without disclosing the perpetrator of her present situation. Her lover was wild with despair, and desperate with impatient revenge. The contrast was truly moving, and sad. Her voice grew faint, and scarcely audible ; his grew louder, and a deaf man might have heard it. A glazy dimness overspread her eyes : his flashed fire, and shone like basilisks. Her heart beat slow, long,

and irregular, whilst his was all convulsion, uproar, and sudden palpitations. ,

In this state was the beauteous Ann Maria Augusta, and by an instantaneous impulse, she raised herself from the arms of Lord Charles ; then lifting her hands to heaven, exclaimed, in a voice more celestial than human, while her heart's blood trickled from her bosom, " May God forgive him !"

She fell dead and lifeless again into Charles's embrace ; his agony never will again be equalled ; he pressed his warm cheek to her's, once so blooming ; he gave loose to his anguish, and bathed her face in torrents of rushing tears, as if heaven and earth had come together ; bitter wailings, and sincere grief, could not have been exercised in a more exorbitant manner, than they now were by our truly wretched youth.

In



In this paroxysm of despair, his attendants were obliged to tear him from the dead body by force, and he was conveyed, in a perfect state of delirium, to the mansion of the Earl of Murtem.

In the mean time, Captain Ailesford pursued the fugitive, whom he caught by the nape of the neck before he had time to regain the cellar. It was in vain for Joshua to deny the truth; the pistol, which he still held in his hand, left no room to imagine otherwise; and when it was perceived that it was the "Reverend of the West End," how astonished were the spectators! the soldiers could not believe their eyes. Joshua dropped upon his knees, and implored them to let him go —

"To Newgate certainly!" said a runner.

“ Then if you take me ; ”—here he sobbed aloud, and in words hardly articulate, said, “ If you take *me*, you ought, in justice, to take Peter.”

That bird was flown ;—she knew too well the consequence of delay ; so the priest, overwhelmed with remorse, was conveyed alone to the cells of Newgate, and comfortably accommodated with a pair of heavy irons.

All searches for Peter were vain ; he was not to be found at his lodgings, nor no one could give the least intelligence of him. Every thing was once more tranquil. The late circumstances were the talk of the town, and the astonishment of its inhabitants ; and as for the preacher’s followers, they would not believe a word of it, but said, it was all envy, and a private pique.

Rod-House was now nearly on a level with the ground, and hardly a single mark of  
Inigo

Inigo Jones's ingenuity could be distinguished from the present confused chaos.

But let us view the habitation of Lord Murtem. There Henrietta was benevolently attending the unknown female, whose existence was hardly perceivable, and it was with the utmost difficulty, on the part of the attendant, that any medicine could be administered; but this, by perseverance, was soon conquered, and the physician, apothecary, and the amiable Henrietta, soon had the felicity of seeing a great possibility of the stranger's final recovery. The concatenated circumstances of this unfortunate's situation, raised the most glowing interest in the breast of her fair nurse; and when a discovery, no less strange than true, took place, what was her astonishment and rapture, when the person of her patient proved to be the long lost Alice!—Be not surprised that this was not perceived before, but till that moment the bed-curtains had remained drawn, and so they continued for some time, the light be-

ing thought too powerful for her eyes. This reason, accompanied by that of her emaciated form, her death incontrovertibly believed, and the great confusion of her dress, added much to the non-discovering who the captive actually was. It cannot be told what happiness the transcendent Henrietta experienced on finding her dearest friend; not even the pure friendship of a Pylades, or an Orestes, equalled that which existed between these two females. They had emptied every recess of their hearts to each other when at Rod-House; and Miss Villestrode rejoiced at the renovation which had taken place, as there was something peculiar, on her part, to communicate to Alice, from whom she expected comfort and hopes. Every one has their cares, either imaginary or real: our fair one's were of the first description. Lord Charles, unintentionally, and unknowingly, had created a little spark some months ago in the breast of the lovely nurse of his sister. Some time elapsed, and it was still a spark;—but the adventure of  
the

the iron chest had formed it to a flame, which flame now raged in the heart of Henrietta with ungovernable violence; therefore the instant Alice was able to hear friendly communications, her friend poured forth her torrent of lava, which swept the boundless praises of Charles, both mental and personal, with no small rapidity, into the ears of his sister. She was in a situation somewhat similar, though yet far distant; misfortune, disappointment, and time, had reduced her's to regulation and reason: she heard, saw, and felt, for she knew the virtues of Miss Villestrode, and was happy in finding it to be the case; gratitude demanded her to advance her friend's suit, so all the incentives to strengthen Henrietta's passion were invented by her. She likewise went so far in the affair, as to solicit her uncle's aid, who approved the design, liked the lady, and had no doubt but Charles would do the same; indeed the frequent hints his nephew had given him about marriage, raised an idea in his mind that



this lady probably was the object; but on his learning the awful relation of Ann Maria Augusta's death, and Charles's strong emotions, all was obvious; so, after the usual thoughts of compassion for the poor sufferer, he hied him to the disconsolate youth, by way of condolence, and hoped, in time, to place Henrietta in Ann Maria's corner of Charles's heart. The young man felt, with as exorbitant a feeling as any young man could;—though very bad, yet he was not reduced to a "*bed of sickness*;" for when friendly consolation was timely offered, he cried, "Leave me to myself; leave me to myself." So Lord Murtem finding nothing at present could be done with him, left him to himself.

Alice now anxiously enquired after Henry Mountfordington, and was shocked to hear of his woeful situation; yet was glad too, as it displayed, in the most forcible manner, his constancy to her.

Alice's uncle now posted off to this young gentleman, though not with the expectation of the same answer from him. He was actually on a bed of sickness; but the moment Lord Murtem told him, (which he did in as slow and cautious a manner as possible) the overjoyed lover sprang from his bed, caught the nobleman in his arms, burst into tears, and fainted *quite* away. Being put to bed, and returning to himself, naturally his pleasure was manifest, for in the course of four days, his health, flesh, and spirits, totally returned, and "*Henry was himself again.*" Not so with Lord Charles; in four days he was wasted to a lath, had lost his spirits, and was in a fair way of losing his life; and if it had not been for the entreaties of Alice and Henrietta on the fifth, he must inevitably have perished; for during the whole of that time, he had neither eat, drank, nor slept: however, the persuasions of the beautiful Miss Villestrode, who, on her knees, requested him, brought Charles once more to himself, and he gave them his promissory word

to reconcile himself to the loss. A few more days passed—he was more composed, had taken sustenance, and raved less of Ann Maria; a few more remained; long silent at times; asked questions natural to civil life, and wished to spend his evening with Alice; so that by *degrees* he became perfectly easy, and apparently found pleasure in the company of his relations. The two female friends were not idle all this while; Alice was exercising insinuations, and Henrietta, attentions; and one afternoon, whilst the usual circle were collected, and each adding a little soothing mixture to the youth, he requested his sister to recount in what manner she had discovered herself to be in that vault, from which he had had the good fortune to rescue her;—any thing to amuse him, so she proceeded as follows:—

*Conclusion,*

*Conclusion, or Winding-up the History of  
Alice Clottlebury.*

“ After having been forced to take the poison, for such I supposed it to be, I gradually was deprived of my senses, and seemed to die away in the easiest and most comfortable manner possible ; and when I again began to animate, my feelings were the strangest imaginable. I looked around, under the fearful idea, that I, of course, must be amidst the damned, as the last word I had discerned was the malediction of my *kind* governess. No demons approached, no moaning victims struck my ear. I drew my breath very deep ; ‘ Do I exist ? ’ said I, ‘ or am I now only a spirit ? ’ I felt myself all over ; ‘ My God ! I am flesh and blood yet—where am I ? ’ Near a whole hour elapsed, during which time I was moving my head from side to side, before I had courage to rise. All seemed like little sparks of light over me, and on each side. I stretched forth my hand, in order to get up ; I half rose, but  
that

that was all I could do, for I found that I was confined in a sort of wicker case, whose apertures admitted some glimmering rays, and from that circumstance, I naturally thought that I had passed one world since my death, and that now I had been by its inhabitants carefully packed, hampered, and directed as a parcel for hell. I was speedily undeceived; for by my restless tossings, I burst the top, and by degrees, crept from my shell. I saw, to my utmost astonishment, a tin lamp fastened on the opposite wall; several hampers, similar to mine, surrounded me; it was very strange; I looked more particularly; loose banks of saw-dust appeared here and there, and huge rows of black bottles were arranged on either side. The next object which attracted my observation, was the door. I flew to it, but it was fast. I pulled and pushed, but it was still unmoved.

“The thought then struck me, that the draught given me by Mrs. Rod, was no  
other



other than an opiate, and by her, meant, merely as a punishment. With this thought, I sat down to watch for some one's coming. I waited to be sure for a tedious hour;—no one came; I was very cold indeed, being but thinly clad, that I might fit the basket. I now shouted as loud as I could; turned my back to the door, and kicked with my heel; no one came. Disappointed, shivering, and melancholy, I gave myself quite up to despair; fell prostrate on the earth, and wept aloud. Hours on hours passed away; I grew faint for sustenance; “My heavenly mercy!” cried I, “for what is all this inflicted? I have been once killed—now have come to life, and am again doomed to perish.” As I said this, chance directed my eyes towards a small bottle rack; a china plate stood upon it, which, till then, I had not observed. I started from my seat, and made towards it in haste; it contained a small loaf, and a tumbler of pump water. “*I threw myself with avidity upon these humble aliments.*” The bread was hard and stale,

stale—the water was cold and chilling; but that I soon remedied, and more from an impulse of revenge, than from any other motive. I took a bottle from the binn, broke off its neck against the wall, and discovered the contents to be port wine. Thus was I employed when the door suddenly opened: I ceased my repast; the governess and her teachers entered; each bore a candle. Terror riveted me to my seat; she advanced, and looked sternly on me. The remains of my loaf dropped from my hands, as did also that of the wine I was in the act of pouring into my tumbler.

“ She yet gazed firmly, and with angry eyes.”

‘ What then, you have found existence again,’ she said, ‘ and appetite?—yes, and my wine too, as I live:—you drunken wretch! this is shameful indeed! Well, I came with a full determination to mitigate, in some degree, your punishment; but that shall not be the case: no! for your assurance  
in

in broaching a bottle of my old port, your penance shall be doubled. I do not intend to destroy you, Madam, but I intend that your own feelings shall act as my agents in chastisement; therefore, hear my sentence—your friend's impertinent importunities, and your insolent and wicked intentions, brought on yourself what you now experience. All London believes you to be dead; your relations are fully persuaded of it, and you are now totally in my power and possession, and you shall positively follow my impositions; here you must live for ever, therefore, comfort yourself, and be resigned to that fate, from which nothing can rescue you.'

"She paused, in order, I suppose, to see how I received her ordination; I was silent—she again commenced.—

'Now learn what you are doomed to undergo. Not far distant are a range of cellar rooms, long since rendered useless by their  
damps;

damps; these you shall have the range of, and I will take special care, that *no wine* shall be within your reach; bread and water eternally must be your food, and that but in small quantities, and sparingly. Thus shall the remainder of that time I have decreed you to remain, be lingered out. Follow me !'

“ This was but a second part of the scene I had experienced in my chamber. I entreated, wept, and fell on my knees, imploring her lenity, but it was all to no purpose; they forced me along, through winding passages, wide cellars, and arched vaults; at length I was dragged into a sort of cell. An old plank or two, rotten with age, lay useless on the earth, as a proof that a door was once erect at its mouth. In one corner was a little mattress, on which lay a thread-bare carpet, by way of covering. A bank of bungs supported an unlighted lamp, near which stood a stone jar, with oil; a pitcher of water, and a basket with bread, were also by it.

it. Such was my costly habitation; it was in vain to murmur. I dropped a tear, heaved a sigh that cut me to the heart, and exclaimed within myself, "My God!" yet I was not destitute of hope.

'Here is your chamber; here you must remain; now follow me,' said my noble governess.

"She turned out of the place destined for my wretchedness, and I was once more shouldered after her by the quartetto of teachers. After proceeding along a dark avenue, we stopped at the foot of a ladder.

"Whither would you lead me?" cried I.

'Oh! Madam, be easy,' returned she, 'no farther, I give you my word; here we ascend, and now shall leave you to yourself, and the rats.'

"She



“ She stepped up the appropriate vehicle, and raised a small trap-door with her hand. The ray of the sun darted in swiftness down the chasm, and Mrs. Rod as quickly darted up; the rest followed;—I was left below. My heart beat high; my blood was chilled to ice; my spirit was not yet broke, and I disdained to let her see me cry; so summoning up strength, almost to overwhelm me by the exertion, I said, in as cool and disdainful a manner as I could—

“ You might have had the civility to have lighted me back.”

“ Exasperated at my deliberate and seemingly unconcerned demand, she exclaimed—

‘ Insolent girl! no! but had it been to hell, you should have been welcome; grapple in the dark, faint through disappointment, or dash your headstrong brains out against some lucky wall;—Begone, vicious! and learn in solitude, subjection!’

“ I could

“ I could support it no longer, and dropped to the ground, senseless, and overpowered by grief.

“ I came again to myself, and found relief in a sincere fit of tears. A total dark silence prevailed. I rose, felt for the wall, as by it I hoped to discover my humble habitation. I wandered in this way for a considerable time, but yet saw no appearance of the light: hope, which never forsook me, urged me forward; so with my arms extended, I pursued my way, stopped often, and wished for the very place I so much loathed. I had not gone much farther before my foot caught in something on the ground, and I fell with wonderful violence against that which, from its form, seemed to be a barrel; I rolled over it, and was completely jammed in between two more. The force of my prostration was great; I was stunned, and unable immediately to extricate myself; and after struggling and resting alternately, gave myself up to my fate, seeing

seeing no prospect whatever before me but starvation and death. I thought the situation Mrs. Rod had left me to, the most horrible in the world; but I was mistaken, for the present was still worse. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I fell asleep, notwithstanding my bed was not the most commodious; and how long I slept, heaven knows, for I awoke with a distant noise—at least I thought I was awake, though I am certain what I relate, you will say was a dream;—well, I awoke with a distant noise, and when I opened my eyes, I beheld, coming towards the place where I lay, a figure immensely tall, with a beard reaching down to his knees; a great book under one arm, and the Lord knows what in the other; for this frightened me more than all my former scenes. He was followed by three blue beasts, something like bull-dogs, only erect. He came close to me; I trembled immoderately, and on my word, his skin was of a bright red, and shone exceedingly; he passed by me, and I could hear him say to one of the  
the

the animals, ' Did she not say at midnight?  
his ruin is not far off.'

" How was I astonished when the beast answered in the affirmative. They were soon round an angle of the passage, and by the light which one of the bul - logs bore, I perceived myself surrounded by barrels, and not ten paces from Mrs Rod's ladder. I was now preparing to disentangle myself, when a new vision presented itself; a female in sable, strangely habited, with a huge hanger and pole, stepped wildly forward; a man in black, lean and tall, followed her, apparently very much terrified. How was I thunderstruck, when I perceived in him the unrelenting author of all my misfortunes, the infamous Pentateuch. They passed on; I was again left in darkness; " Do I dream?" said I, rubbing my eyes; " was this imaginary? have I not seen our teacher of geography led by a woman to the devil?" for such I judged the first to be. I must have dreamt—

dreamt—there was no noise—yes, I had been asleep.

“ Not knowing whether to believe it or not, I at last escaped from my couch, and after wandering once again, found my sorry cell with much joy. I threw myself on my bed, for my ideas were totally engrossed by the strange appearances I had seen; what confirmed me that they could not be real, was the utter impossibility of any one's getting admittance into the cellars. I first persuaded myself they were there, then that they were not; all merely that I might be diverted from recurring to my own forlorn condition. Thus passed a very, very long and tedious time, till I was disturbed by footsteps. I thought on the red man, and covered myself over with my carpet. The person entered; I looked through a hole; it was the teacher, Armstrong. She had brought my daily pittance; and as she placed it on the black earth, I could perceive her drop a tear for my fate.

“ Ah!”



“ Ah !” cried I, “ what do you then deign to shed that for the wretched Alice ?”

“ She made me no reply, but deposited her burthen, and took her leave. Many visits of this kind she paid me, and at last I got out of her with much difficulty, that it was her particular orders to treat me with silent harshness. The first she punctually obeyed, and the last she seemed to forget.

“ Day after day I lingered; my health and strength I visibly perceived were exhausting, and I found, that I had no prospect of aid, as to escaping, from my attendant. Thus did I pass many weeks; my frame enfeebled by the noxious damps, and breathing the foul and half-putrid air, impregnated by the stagnant bottoms of empty beer casks, the sweet evāporations of filthy rats, toads, worms, earwigs, and black beetles. The longer I remained, the stronger grew my abhorrence; I fretted, sobbed, wept, raved, and exclaimed, till I entirely overturned

Nature's system, and was totally incapacitated, by mental and bodily vexations, to stir from my wretched bed. I feared to go to sleep, because of the annoyance from vermin. Sometimes the creeping, tickling drawlings of the beetle, on the point of immersing into my half open mouth, would suddenly wake me, and I frequently in my fright, by an impulse ungovernable, shut my teeth, causing almost sickness, from the abominable taste of the horrid creature I had bit to death. Sometimes the quick earwig roused me by its titulation; unknowing of the cause, my hand I often directed to the spot, and crushed the loathsome insect to mummy on my temple, leaving unpleasant vestiges of blood and slaughter. Often have I, at waking, found whole nests of young rats, playing hide and seek in the large fullness of my hair; at such times I shrieked with terror and disgust; rose half erect, whilst they dropped like hailstones all around me, some breaking their legs, backs, tails and other implements of nature.

“ Such were the little incidents of my then situation. Armstrong being taken suddenly ill of an inflammation in her bowels, to such an extreme as to make her perfectly delirious, and therefore dangerous of approach; she having the sole command and care of my person, and no one daring to take that trouble upon themselves, of course neglected her, and she, of course, neglected me. This cause never once entered my head, which cause the good Eleanor has since acquainted me with.

“ One day passed away; nothing to eat;—no Armstrong! She may have forgotten, thought I. Another day;—no one came. Once more I cherished this idea. A third day flew;—no body came. Faint, weary, reduced to skin and bone, and unable to rise from where I lay, I abandoned myself to despair, and likewise to no hopes of relief. Every sensation was at once put in motion; I was hungry, thirsty, cold, damp, and odd; “hunger gnawed my heart-strings;” I

actually roared aloud, and made the light, which was nearly exhausted, tremble by the vibration of the air. A growing numbness began to pervade my form; I thought I saw sights, and heard sounds; my moment of dissolution, from these symptoms, I judged was near. I had resigned myself to my fate; lost all hope of escaping, and had given up all prospects of existence, when my lucky stars brought to my relief the most affectionate of brothers. All the incapacity of my senses then were strong upon me. At first I knew him not; my eyes were dim, I could not see at all; my ears were deafened by the clogging dew, and I was unable to distinguish the peculiar voice of my deliverer. But when I was otherwise blessed, my heart was nearly torn asunder with joy; Nature refused to do her office; my agitation took refuge in torpidity and the arms of my beloved Charles—a name, which till age has blunted the remembrance of late occurrences, or by Nature's course, worn from the tablet of my heart such valuable characters, I shall

shall ever prize with my life. To you, my friend, (turning to Henrietta, who sat at her left hand) I have the greatest obligations to discharge, and I anxiously hope that period is not very far off, when they shall be paid. Let me, though last, not the least loved, remember to recollect my Henry! by the recurring to past happy scenes whilst in captivity, strengthened my mind, and foiled, in some degree, the anguish of my situation. Once more I am restored to health, to happiness, and him:—yes, Henry! the world would be a motley chaos of unconnected mortals, if I was deprived of thee, and of these few amiable beings: here is my hand—my life, my heart, and all my wishes have long been your's; and my past sufferings make the present blessed scene act with happiness, whose *exquisity* is joy a hundred-fold. Now I have but two small desires more to gratify—the one is, to behold you, my brother, assume your usual health and spirits, that the recollection of Ann Maria Augusta has taken flight with her soul, or “buried in her grave!”



grave!" Grant this, and time will reveal the other."

Thus ceased the well-meaning Alice, after once again addressing her intended; complimenting him on his unexampled constancy, and hoping, that in her he would be fully repaid for so long and tried a state of melancholy and patience.

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Here ending, Henry returned the compliment in an harangue that would have done honour to the powers of an Erskine. Lord Charles expressed himself in the same able manner, as did the Earl of Murtem, and Henrietta. The marriage, therefore, was in as decent and timely a time as the appropriate preparations could be prepared; splendour was out-splendoured, and its magnificence was never equalled in the east. "The deed was done!" The lady departed with her valuable Henry to his seat in the

the country, amidst the well-turned compliments, neat-adjusted messages, and public acclamations from all quarters of London, accompanied by Lord Charles, and the angelic Miss Villestrode. Willy was not left behind, and his delight proved as powerful as the most susceptible feeler in Christendom. All being now in some degree deprived of the sudden effervescence caused by joy being poured upon the sobbing particles of misfortune, had now time to look around, and reward second-rate friends. The worthy teacher Eleanor, was detained as a confidential, and also as a superintendent of the young offspring, which one would naturally expect from so unbiassed an union. In short, all were rewarded according as they deserved. Those who espoused the Governess's cause, had either fled, or fell amidst the fury of the enraged mob. The carcase of Mrs. Rod was never again found, and it was thought she crawled from under that wall, over which she had been forced in so indecent a hurry; had recovered, in some degree, of her maims,

bruises, and contusions, and by the secrecy of disguise, a dark night, and a good friend, set off for some port, put to sea, and gone the *devil knows* where.

All these things being done, every one was content, still, and quiet. Happiness was not satiated; it again burst forth like the eruption of an Etna, and flared once again. Lord Charles, by an impulse as strange as it was sudden, laid violent hands on the sweet Henrietta, and vowed she should not escape his grasp, till she should promise, the very next day, to make him as happy as Alice had done her Henry. Pleased, confounded, overjoyed, and delighted, she as momentuously complied. A kiss sealed the resolve, and the next day made Miss Villestrode Lady Charles Clottlebury: the flourishing enthusiasm with which our new-inspired *adorated* his bride, totally eclipsed his affection for Ann Maria Augusta, and he only now and then thought on her with a sigh.

The

The after-revolving years of Henry and Alice, of Lord Charles and Henrietta, were more like the happiness of heavenly beings than those of an earthly mould; having been, at one period, devoured by grief, and the foot-ball of misfortune: therefore any little circumstance natural to the human temper, which might occur during the remainder of their lives, were but the ticklings of an animalcula to their past Herculean adventures. Had the sharpest sword been produced from the artificer's repository, it would have been blunt indeed when compared with the keen edge of the afflictions encountered by them.—Now for a naval comparison. Having weathered the *lee-shore* of despair, and *doubled* the point of misfortune, they now *ride* fearless in the bay of content, and look *astern* at the departing storm: should they once again be annoyed by a brisk gale from the coast of affliction, why they will bear it—a trifle; for it may “seem to them gentle as zephyrs, which breathe over summer seas.”

Do not let us forget to wind up the faithful Willy's tale; the remembrance of Ireland, the Giant's Causeway, and his poor Fanny, still stuck about him like mud accumulated from a long walk. It would be cruel in me not to relate his happiness, as well as that of his master's. I know his wishes, therefore will transport him to the abode of the female just mentioned. 'Tis as I wished—they are married, and are now in England, sipping in moderate draughts (by the side of the other two couples) from the goblet of peace, health, progeny, and prosperity.



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CHAP. XII.

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O conscience! into what abyſs of fears  
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me, out of which  
I find no way—from deep to deeper plung'd!

MILTON.

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ON the day following Ann Maria Augusta's death, all London was a ſcene of converſing buſtle. One of the ſoldiers, who witneſſed the tranſaction in the cellar, had, in a moſt indefatigable manner, minutely related abroad the whole affair. The wonder, aſtoniſhment, and confuſion of Joſhua's followers, would not credit it; and the woman, where the pious uſed to lodge,

H 6.

vowed

vowed it was a vile atrocious lie, and that the good creature, and his clerk, must surely be kidnapped, by a parcel of crimps, as soldiers. This idea however she soon gave up, when, by the numerous attendants to enquire of her the real state of the case, she herself learned it, and the once adorer of the priest's chapel now abused him as a deceitful old rascal, vowing she should never get her rent. While his character was bandied to and fro by all parties, old and young, high and low, the miserable Joshua was now left to his own cogitations in a dark cell, loaded with heavy irons. If mortal ever felt pangs of remorse, it was he;—the fear of what he was to expect, presented itself before his terrified eyes; and the recollection of the past cut his innermost vitals. What a situation his unbounded passions had led him into! He that was once revered by the observation of every one—at peace with his God, himself, and human nature; now a wretch, deprived of liberty, enchained, execrated, and reviled, as the most accomplished sinner

sinner whose name is extant on the page of Newgate's Chronicle: a fell murderer, a treacherous robber, and a beastly gormandizer. As he reflected, he trembled; he could hope for no mercy, evidences were so palpable against him;—the late hour, dark cellar, and discharged pistol, sufficiently marked him as the villain; impatience, dread, and horror, hung around him; nothing amused or diverted his mind; he dared not to look up to heaven for relief; and if he cast his eyes down, they were impulsively closed.

The day arrived for his trial; the narrow door of his cell was opened, and his grim keeper summoned him to follow. Joshua tottered;—how different from his chapel walk! no longer were his hands deposited in his breeches pocket—they were folded; no longer did erection mark him as an upright man—he stooped; his head hung melancholy on his shoulders, and his dejection proclaimed his guilt.

He

He was conducted to the hall of trial ; the customary preparations had been made. At the table sat the wily lawyers, *pro* and *con*. all wigged and gowned. On a throne of judicature sat the awful judge, with proper attendants, secretaries, surrounders, and others. Joshua was brought to the bar. As his eye glanced downwards, he perceived his heavy irons ; their forms struck his soul with uproar ; he turned white as Dover Cliff, and with difficulty, supported himself from fainting.

All eyes were directed towards the culprit ; a dead silence prevailed ; the trial at last commenced by a learned, moral, and appropriate oration from the judicial chair. Cursory witnesses were produced ; checkered questions put, and oaths taken. At length a small door opened ; a constable appeared with a soldier : he held the fatal pistol in his one hand, and the pocket-book of Ann Maria in the other. The bearer placed himself opposite to Joshua ; silence was proclaimed

claimed thrice, and the remainder of the more particular accusers entered. Every one knows the little forms attendant on the trial of criminals, of their condemnations, &c. but we all know that hanging days are on Wednesdays, in order to allow a sufficient collection of sufferers to be made. Now there being one not far distant, Joshua's trial was hastened on that account, particularly as they wished him to accompany one of the same sect into the other regions, who was under sentence of non-existence, for stealing a knife and eight-pence upon the King's highway.

The grand accusation of the priest's was, that of "unlawfully killing a reasonable creature in being, and under his Majesty's peace, with malice afore-thought, both expressed and implied." This being the leading feature of his crime, the examination commenced in all its different branches, of whether Joshua was "*a person sound in memory and discretion; for a lunatic or infant are supposed incapable of committing crimes.*"

The

The affirmative being ascertained, the proceedings went forward; the day drew near to a conclusion; the court adjourned; and Joshua was led back to his prison, with his mind more depressed than ever. All the time of his appearance at the bar, he had never once looked up;—he was ashamed, and well he might be. All the evidences ran against him; and hanged undoubtedly he must be, for there seemed no prospect of any thing else. He first thought of putting an end to his existence, and thereby to defeat the intention of his prosecutors, who seemed bent on making a conspicuous example of him; but then that would be only adding a full deeper sin to his present lists:—then again he thought of confessing the whole, together with Olivia's murder; the idea puckered his nerves; his frame's anguish sickened his soul, and he sunk into the stupor of a labyrinth of terrors, exclaiming, “Why was I born?”

The reader must allow Joshua here forgot himself: the question was obvious,

almost to an infant, or lunatic, neither of which he was; as from his trial for extinguishing the existence of a reasonable creature, did totally away this excuse. With a mind more agitated than a *West Indian* hurricane, or a *Biscayan* ocean, he expected the approach of a second appearance before the scrutinizing investigators of Blackstone; then suddenly crying, "In my folly, yet in my virtue, have I not damned hundreds far more innocent than myself; have I not told them to hope for no mercy from heaven? Why was I thus arrogant? I condemned them without a knowledge of any crime that they had committed, and I told them that from God they must expect no mercy: and if I really did believe this, that Heaven would not pardon their slight offences—what must I expect from my earthly judges? I look forward to that fate which I so justly merit. Yet how dear is life! Curse on you, Betsy! may hell consume itself in thee! may you never sleep whilst this globe contains so treacherous a form! the infernal regions are too

too blissful a spot for thee, author of all my crimes, deceitful wretch ! Weak, blind, misled Joshua ! where can I now seek comfort ? Oh ! my torn heart ! Dare I ask forgiveness of him, whose sacred laws I have so often, and so infamously violated ? Curse on thee, once again, thou female demon ! Oh woman ! woman ! thou first caused man to sin ; to thee has he to attribute all the future crimes of human nature ; thou first opened his eyes to his own frailty ; to thee has he to attribute all his weaknesses, and thee ought he to curse whilst he can speak, hear, or see ! yes, I am driven like Adam from Paradise, and the curse proceeded from a woman ;—I execrate the name ; I loath that fount, that sight, that ——”

The bar of his prison-door was unfastened ; the bolts were shot back ; the gaoler entered with a letter ; made his exit, and again fastened in his charge. Joshua trembled as he opened it—he read—“ A lady will wait on Mr. Pentateuch ; she must not be denied
an

an interview, as it will be of the greatest importance and consequence to his future welfare."

His astonishment was great ; he sat like one thunderstruck on his seat, whilst the twinkling glare of a little candle gilded the strong walls of his dungeon. A hope of some kind darted into his clogged intellects, and he remained nearly inanimate, when the entrance of a female arrested his attention. Joshua rose as she approached ; the turnkey had been tickled by the necessaries, so left them alone. The lady threw off a cloak, long and wrapping, and in a voice, well known to him, said—

" Do you not know me, Joshua ?"

The priest started, and fixed his swollen eyes. Betsey stood before him. She had quitted her breeched attire, and now wore a dress more becoming decency and her sex ; it was the most elegant, simple, and graceful habit

Habit conceptionable; all taste, and flowing in loose drapery round her well-turned limbs. Her face beamed beauty captivating; she still possessed her wonted insinuation, and seemed to smile with an assurance of peace. He gazed on her with wonder, for it was the first moment he had beheld his clerk in such a dress.

“ If my ears do not deceive me, I thought I heard the voice of Peter; yet my eyes would persuade me it issued not from any thing mortal, for such an aspect so heavenly I hope belongs not to this earth.”

“ It is Betsey,” she replied; “ I am come to extricate you from those misfortunes, which your own violent passions have hurried you into.”

“ Heavens! what a change this garb makes upon you! Where have you been? whither did you fly? How! did you say you
came

came to extricate me? answer, for pity;—tell, is there any hope?”

“Joshua, my Protean shape has, and can for ever baffle the power of justice. I can range in freedom, and it is by that alone I have the prospect of delivering you. I purchased this interview at a very dear price! but that is only the foundation on which you must raise your liberty. Dare you execute a scheme, by which you may bid defiance to your persecutors? Be not surprised; look not so unbelieving; desperate diseases require still more desperate remedies; on your assent depends your life; look on me—can I be refused? You see, by my not forsaking you in the deepest of miseries, my unbounded affection. I, who have risked all, who had left my friends, my sex, for you; look on me again; I can give you life and liberty. Oh! my friend, to be tied like a dog by the neck, and then swung at an extended rope, amidst the shouts and hisses of an enraged mob! think on the scene
still

still previous—the tolling of the dead-sounding bell; the knocking off the heavy clanking chains; the awful parting compliments of fellow-sufferers, and the recoiling terrors of death's apprehensions; and last of all—Oh! blood! to be stretched upon a long deal board, and carved, and hacked; your flesh sliced in pounds from your late existing carcase, and your bones dried for the observation of the surgical multitude!—with all these horrors before you, can liberty be repelled? No; refuse not to accede to the plan I will propose; the time is not very far off when all this will take place.”—She paused.

“Betsey!” he said, “I have too well followed thy plans, and my own blind desires; yet I will not upbraid thee. I am more than ever convinced of your affection and interest for me; life is yet dear to me, but I fear there is no possibility of my again enjoying it; tell me, I beseech, what is this scheme, so certain of delivery?”

“A thing,

“ A thing, of course, most desperate, yet sure ! but before I do devulge, or aid, I have a paper which you must sign ; the contents of- it you shall not know till that is done, nor will one measure until then be taken by me towards your delivery.”

“ Ha ! what can it be ? a paper, and my signature ! say, will this ensure my life ?”

“ It will ensure your escape, and life ; but on no other terms shall it be granted. Lose not so glorious an opportunity ; remember the iron fate which awaits you ;—a gallows is an ugly object to view ; a rope is an awkward thing to feel ; and the curses of a surrounding collection of spectators are unpleasant sentences to hear. Think, Joshua, on the conscientious pangs when on the brink of the new drop ; think on the innocent blood you have spilt ; the hypocrisy you have practised ; the thefts you have committed ; the damnations you have profanely dealt forth ; and then will you not wish to
put

put the evil day far off? Run not into misery ten-fold, to what you now experience; the mouth of hell yawns to receive you; live, and but make one more struggle, and you shall have time plenty to ask forgiveness of Heaven for those crimes that would at present adhere, and prevent your exertions in so doing!"

"Betsey, your councils I see are dangerous; if I follow them, I fear I must add a crime still greater to my present number; if I dared to ask forgiveness of heaven, one hour is the same as if I had a year to live. My wickedness is too flagrant to hope for the least mercy; no, my hands are too well stained with blood; I have soaked them to the bone already;—the deed! Oh! ask me no more!"

"Then I leave you, Joshua, to an inglorious, disgraceful, and unmanly death; sign this, and you are restored to liberty and life, aided by yourself, by me, and by my friend."

"I will

“ I will not, I know not what it is ; nor will I heap more sins upon my soul.”

“ Be obstinate, be damned, and die ; and when it is too late, repent your ill-timed resolution. I quit you, yet ere the hour of death arrives, should love of life enlighten you to reason, I leave with you this card ; read it ; send to where it directs, and I will attend ; let it be not too late ; farewell till then, or for ever !”

She let fall the card upon the ground ; wrapped her cloak around her ; waved her hand to Joshua, and left him :—alone, solitary, and encumbered by heavy chains, with frowning mien, and arms folded, he sunk into a chair, reflecting, as was natural, on his plight so woeful. Thus was he when the morning broke ; a few hours fled, and he was again summoned into court. The examination ceased, the evidence was summoned up, and the jury left the hall. During this period, a period so critical to Joshua, his

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heart beat high ; every noise he thought was the twelve entering to proclaim his guilt. His apprehensions were grounded on expectation, and were shortly realized. The verdict was *Guilty* ; one ten minutes decided it ; the priest trembled at the word. Seeing now his inevitable destruction, and that no hopes whatever remained of pardon, he assumed a bolder aspect, and requested he might be heard but for a few moments. The silence was general ; curiosity fluttered round the ears of the auditors ; Joshua commenced. He disclosed every circumstance of his guilt ; owned to the death of Olivia ; but kept one secret, which was that of Peter, in order, that if there could be any possibility of his escaping, by thus candidly owning to his crimes, she might not be implicated and seized, which would totally have obstructed her plan. In consequence of this avowal, his sentence was pronounced with all the terrific ceremony connective with such abominable infamy. He was ordered to prepare himself for death in a few hours, and that afterwards

afterwards *John Catch* would prepare his body for Surgeons'-Hall.

The pious, rather more violent than when led forth in the morning, was conducted to his cell, furious and revengeful. He bit his lips, gnashed his teeth, and silently execrated his judges. The huge bolts grated into their metal sockets, and left the criminal to ponder over his forth-coming punishment. Whilst he thus mused, the card of *Betsey* caught his eye; he darted on it with avidity; read aloud its characters. He stopped, thought, beat his breast, stamped with force upon the ground, and cursed his day of nativity.

“ I will send instantly,” said he, “ as I must die, and things cannot possibly tear my feelings more. I will accede to any thing; Oh *Betsey*! another plan; I will be revenged; Oh world! Oh chains! Oh!—death; heavens! can I bear the thought?”

An intermediate gloom seized him; then an instantaneous recollection of his only refuge flashed across his mind. He started from his seat, called the keeper, and sent him for the lady who once had visited his prison. The time was not long before Betsey was with Joshua. The distant rattling of clanging doors pronounced her approach; a flash of light from the lantern of her conductor, and on the lapse of a few minutes, she stood before him. How different was her aspect! an angry austerity was visible on her countenance; she seemed swollen, and the flash of superiority darted from her eye. She drew the paper, which she had already solicited him to sign, from her pocket, and with one hand presented it, whilst the other held forth a pen. This change in her aspect, clearly denominated to the priest that she knew too well his dependence on her. A smothered tear of despair and vexation trickled down his face; they both were silent

“ Well,”

“ Well,” said she, “ will you sign, and be released to liberty ?”

It was a sad stormy night ; the elements partook of Joshua’s convulsed situation ; the thunder rolled, the walls of Newgate were shook to their foundation, and the pelting rain rushed in torrents from the spouts.

The condemned addressed Betsey—“ Take not an advantage of my deplorable state ; you too well know I am under sentence of death ; but—yes, if what you assert is true, that I will be restored to liberty, I will ! but then ——”

“ No ! sign it, and then all shall be made known to you, but one thing ; I will let you know the contents of this, and after your signature is here applied, then for my plan of escape. Every labourer is worthy of his hire ; every possession has its proper value belonging to it. I have set a price on your life,

life, which life shall not be saved from destruction, unless what I demand is paid."

"What, rapacious woman! is the price?"

"Shall it, the reward of my services, be defrayed? In the first place, Joshua, I know you possess in *stock*, at least three thousand pounds; in money, at Mrs. Rod's bankers, eighteen hundred. All this must you make over to me, as a ransom for your life and liberty; answer me, is your existence worth the price?"

"Insatiate vixen! skin me at once:—no, shall I thus be left destitute to starvation? 'tis too, too unconscionable!"

"What, you wont? on what then, or from where, do you expect deliverance? Die, and be hanged, cut and carved, blind-sighted man! sinful wretch! hell, I tell thee, yawns for thee; tremble at the approaching hour, when those eyes will be closed;

closed ; reflect, life to you is yet valuable, and when past rescue, you'll cry aloud for succour ; and as the devil's piercing fangs dart into your head, you'll think on me, and wish ! yes, think now, whilst not too late ! What ! dally thus for a paltry sum ?”

“ A paltry sum !” repeated Joshua ; “ say you so ? if so trifling, why demand it for your services ?”

“ 'Tis a very, very mean ransom for such a life as your's ; to be sure, there is a place where murders can be excused for *paltry* sums, but here it is different—your death must pay the fine ; your death—death ! how the word chills !”

The priest was silent, frowned, bit his lip, breathed loud and quick, struck his breast with reiterated violence, and pronounced in anguish, “ Oh ! yes indeed, I cannot bear the sound !” He reflected in excruciating agony on his plight. Betsey saw, with joy,

the instability of his resolve, and renewed the awful word, with still more horrid connections. Thus, nearly terror-stricken to annihilation, he was prevailed upon by the artful female to take a pen she presented, in order to affix his signature to the paper she so evidently wished. He then dipped the quill which he held, into a horn inkstand which she held; it immersed deep, and was instantly filled with the sable liquid: he shook like a blade of grass in a storm; the fatal writing was placed before him; he prepared to mark his name. Suddenly he held his hand, started up hastily, dashed the signing instrument from his manual extremity, and exclaimed—

“What am I going to do?” then turning to the expecting Betsey, “What, stock and all?—leave me, I will not; if I do, damn me—that’s all—begone!”

“Infernal fool! I will not leave you; you shall sign it; what, is it thus you trifle with me,

me, unstable mortal!—It matters not, I will leave you—die; eternal punishment awaits you; thy present feelings are but heavenly rapture to those pangs that death awaits thee to awake for. One short three hours, and then woe be to thy neck! Oh! that a man of thy pious character should thus be served; call on thy congregation; they'll rise up in arms, and tear your feeble form from merciless chastisement. I am gone, yet hear me—if you once more send to me, and again trifle, I well assure you that this arm shall drain the life's blood from thy accursed heart."

The coward priest, astonished at her frantic and resolute tone, was in a moment awed into compliance; he seized the pen once more; "*necessity compels me, not my will.*"

"Sign, and be restored to liberty," vociferated the half-disappointed woman.

The paper was yet open; the pen stood erect in the ink—he seized it, and put its

point to the yet unblemished corner of the writing.

“Quick,” said she, “time flies; the execution of this expedites your liberty.”

The prison-clock proclaimed the approaching day.

“Listen—dispatch, or it will be too late.”

“And for what” interrogated the priest,
“am I to exchange my name?”

“Your release from hence, with mine,
and your own exertions;—is it done?”

“Now all I am worth,” whined Joshua,
“do I part with for my life; once more I
am restored to liberty, poor, oppressed with
sin, an outcast from the world, persecuted
by the shafts of justice, and at last, mayhap,
driven by wretchedness, despair, and crimes,
to finish the grand climax of my existence,

by perpetrating a yet greater wickedness—the murder of myself. Oh! rather let me die, comparatively virtuous!”

“Weak wretch! one who would tire old Job!” cried the exasperated maid; be resolute, or by heaven, this knife shall do the deed you so much dread!”

At this juncture a distant bell tolled; the deep voice of a distant watchman, and a sudden clanking of heavy fetters.

“They come for you, Joshua,” said the artful woman; “life is far preferable to death; now or never: lose this opportunity, and you lose your existence. Hark! the distant bolts!”

The forlorn man’s heart gurgled in his throat, and in a paroxysm of fear and impatience, he signed the contract. Betsey pocketed it most swiftly, smiling at the same time with victorious glee.

* "Now how will you save me?"

"But you most solemnly agree to all which I requested, or to what you've put your hand?"

"I do! bear me hence!"

"Do you make over all your ready cash, your stock, and fundries to me, for ever and a day?"

"Yes! yes! why trifle thus?"

"Well now I know your keeper sleeps, for I took care that he should. I'll open your prison-door, and between us, I think, we may silently dispatch him. You must then dress yourself in his clothes, and attend me out, as was his usual custom. Tremble not—it must be done, it is your only means of flight; and when you are without this house of oppression, my friend, whose knowledge

ledge you have well experienced, shall attend thee to a place of real safety in the country."

Joshua could not again retreat; indeed Betsey left him not a moment to reflect, for she had opened the door, and already dragged in the sleeping victim, who, by her kindness, had been thus entranced. The large knife was put into Joshua's hand, and he as quickly buried its point in the heart of the gaoler. The blood poured in immense floods from the wound, and Joshua's hands were crimsoned in his livid gore. He turned, and stared wildly on Betsey; a fixed and resolute horror marked his countenance; he grinned most ghastly, and in a firm voice said, "Are you satisfied?"

He was soon attired in the keeper's habit, but he could not wipe the blood from his hands; then he stared wildly on his companion, and cried, "What think you? are these extremities not enough stained with innocent blood?"

"Innocent"

“Innocent!” repeated she, with a sneer, “talk not of innocence; fear not to remove such banes to happiness from before you. No! you have shewn yourself equal to an Alexander, and I doubt not but he had the same opportunities of removing whatever were impediments—by the simple instance just done, proves that ye were brother souls. The way is open—fly! at the corner of Fleet-Market you will find my friend, with horses; so speed you, he will provide a place of security.”

“Impediment did you say? talk not of innocence! then let thy guilty blood atone for all that guiltless I have spilt.”

So saying, he stabbed, and stabbed, and stabbed, and then she fell, exclaiming—

“Treacherous villain! may the eternal curse of heaven pursue you, ungrateful monster! may hell’s torments this moment seize you! eternity blast thee!”

She

She groaned ; I think the devil must have caught her black spirit in a pill box, and dispatched it by a proper rout to his dominions.

Joshua took his way towards the door ;— he passed, well veiled by the partial light of here and there lamps. He came to the outer door :

“ Whither would you, *Will* ?” said the turnkey.

“ For a pot of beer,” mumbled Joshua, with unparalleled presence of mind. He passed, was in the open air, and would have expedited by running, but it was only at this instant he found the irons were still on ; however, the furtout of his dead keeper hid this defect. He reached Fleet-Market. The friend and horses were there. The priest, as yet, was intoxicated in an insurrection of his feelings. He bestrode the one
beast,

beast, whilst Betsey's colleague did that of the other. Full speed was their pace, and ere morning dawned, many, many miles had they rode in silence.

In the mean while, the hour drew near for the execution of the criminals; the funeral bell tolled; the fetters were knocked off the condemned prisoners. Judge the astonishment of the keepers, when, on entering Joshua's cell, the two murdered were found, and the priest off. They hastened to make it known to the Governor; the hue and cry were sent forth; immense rewards offered for the apprehending of the villain, and officers were dispatched in all quarters.

Whilst this was passing, the priest and his guide traversed, like cannon balls, across the country; a few moments placed them near the suburbs of a large town.

“ Stay

“ Stay here but for some little time ; I will go into this place, and provide for suspicions, and your future safety.”

So saying, he rode for the distant houses, and Joshua turned a little out of the high road. Once more alone, at liberty, and in the open air, he gave a loose to his thoughts. The object now before his eyes, was the bright beams of a morning sun, whose growing warmth exhaled the damp dews from a broad heath, by which the priest was surrounded on every side. This bleak flat increased his budding reflections ; no gloomy caverns, or steep rocks, rising above each other, divided the expanding rays ; no clusters of trees, among whose branches the wind of night mourned itself to hoarseness : all was one straight and unbroken line ; nothing, save the high erection of an oaken gibbet, stood proudly from this barren surface. The kite screamed, and hovered over a few rotten bones, that once had been the agents of a
human

human being. The priest cast his eye upon it;—a gallows!—how he shuddered! This object drew forth a considerable train of ideas, which were only interrupted by the swift passing of two horsemen. Half an hour passed, the guide was returned, and with those who had so recently passed.

“That is he,” cried the man; the others laid violent hands on the unfortunate Joshua.

“You are our prisoner,” cried they; “the Justice will pay you, my man, the reward. Come along, my boy, you shall swing before evening yet; do not think to rob Jack Catch of his fare so easy.”

“Whither, and for what have you thus acted, treacherous scoundrel?” said Joshua, bursting with despair.

“Nay! nay! be easy, Model of Piety! the man who *condemned*, as if he were some immortal

immortal judge! that *virtuous ornament* of human nature, Mr. Pentateuch! Pray be not angry! sure you have had liberty, what more would you? Take him, hang him, the companion of this my last night's journey, officers of justice! how grateful, as an example of a virtuous cloak for sin, will this be to the world! Hell is too good by far for thee and her, whom you so lately murdered. You remember me, no doubt; it was I of whom you had that key. I will unveil all; I have knowledge, and that knowledge will be here, for once, well applied. Your crimes, as they at present stand, are as insects killed by a child;—know then, Olivia and Ann Maria Augusta, whom your kind passions deprived of life, were of your own blood—the one your mother! and the other your sister! both perished by thy arm. Now tremble, tyger! monster! unequalled in the annals of wickedness! inhuman parricide! mean thief! disgusting glutton, and insatiate miser! I had long observed your
growing

growing pride, and stifled disposition. Betsey stepped forward at my instigation, and between us we determined that your actions and passions should weave their own snares; it has succeeded beyond my hopes or my wishes, for Betsey has also fallen, together with one less innocent than all. Mortal! meet your fate; that fate, whose punishment on earth is not half so torturous or terrific as it ought to be. You are now secure, past escape; no means whatever can rescue you. Behold the multitude from the town, and again behold the gibbet on which you are to linger! Tremble, villain, for I long to view you pendant."

During this strange speech, Joshua was absorbed in horror, affliction, and wonder; but the last few words in a manner roused him.

"Perfidious, treacherous miscreant!" raved the priest, "Is it thus I have been deluded

deluded with the hopes of life, and at once plunged again into the gulph of disgraceful extirpation? Fool that I was! Oh! *unimpressible* experience! yes, Heaven has marked me as her tool of example. I must die, unpardoned by my God, and by his creatures. These hands proclaim me a murderer, and my heart is rotten with sin."

By this the whole multitude, Constables, Mayor, Justices, and a detachment of Militia, soon laid their violent clutches on the person of the priest, who trembled and wept in disappointment and despair, whilst he was once more addressed by his last night's guide:—

"My promise to Betsey is fulfilled," said he; "I have conducted you to a place of security and liberty, where you may enjoy the morning breeze, and midday sun, uncontrolled, at ease. Are you not safe from prison? Alas that thou wert, not to take another course!

course ! Why did you trust to the directions, when out of Newgate, of one whom you murdered, and feared to trust your person with after signing that paper which you Justice bears ? You might have known your fate ! had you not been blind ; had you not turned down Ludgate-Hill, towards Fleet-Market ; and had you not trusted yourself to me, you might have escaped with certainty. I leave you, *upright man !* to meet your death, as it becomes a coward foul like your's !”

On hearing this ejaculation, Joshua's feelings boiled over into actions of his body ; he writhed, kicked, dashed his arms abroad, and at last found refuge in execrations and oaths. The Justice spoke—
“ Seize fast the culprit ; on with his iron cap ; bind back his elbows to his hips, and force him to that oaken gibbet !”

As

As this was ordered, so was it obeyed; a hundred hands flew at the priest; a huge grating of iron bars encompassed his crown; his arms were strongly pinioned, and he was hurried forward to his end.

The distant ether and houses rang with poor Joshua's shrieks; the multitude continued to drag him nearer the object of death; the rope was made fast to the throat of the struggling man, and he roared;—without giving him a moment's warning, he was hauled, by the united strength of all, to a stupendous height. He kicked, and contorted, in all the agonies of suffocation. Five minutes did he dangle; the earth again received him; he breathed; it was a very short respite indeed; he again ascended yet alive, and the executioner made fast the hempen string. A kind of stirrup was applied to his feet, and he was now left loose in the airy waste, like a huge earring, wafted to and fro, amidst the shouts of the departing mob.

Thus

Thus hung he!—his soul had not forsaken his body; his senses were totally benumbed, and he had been launched into the gulph of destruction, heavy laden, by his untimely exertions. He wagged backwards and forwards, till the troubled air grew calm, and his useless and enchained body was pendant and motionless from the gibbet's arm.

Two days, and his low groans became more faint; he was on the point of expiring in the greatest want, most excruciating pain, and terrible anguish. A storm arose, the winds roared, Joshua was banded from side to side; the sudden gusts rent up his sable garments; the ravens, kites, hawks, and crows, took flying picks at his face; one, more lucky in a long bill than the rest, darted deep into his eye, tore it out by the root, and pierced the agonizing brain of the dying criminal.

The

The sky was black with thunder, rain, and other clouds; the lightnings flashed prodigious; the water poured like the falls of *Niagara* from the heavens, and the earth seemed the bottom of the ocean. A stream of sulphureous flame rent Joshua from his hanging place; he fell to the earth, gave one groan, and one weak gasp, and his soul sunk to rest. There lay his corse, rotting, unburied, and the prey of maggots, worms, and birds.—Lord knows where it is now!

Fatigued traveller! why shrunk you back, when yon bleak gibbet drew you near? The air is not infected by the pale corse's odours? Was your nose annoyed by the passing breeze? Ah! traveller, hold not your nasal promontory with your hand; stifle not sensations, whose powers were not called forth; cast not an odium of disgust on the example of human justice. Pity the unfortunate—he has suffered, and suffers still.

still. His air was majestic, but his neck was broken: his dress was that of religion, but his heart was the most wicked.

Traveller! to look with a proper reflection on this grand lesson, is the foundation of virtue in yourself, and the means, by prompt observation, to sow it in the breasts of others.

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